

缪娟

中国当代言情小说

翻译官

(典藏版)



青春文学十年经典，同名电视剧即将开拍，
法国系女生与翻译官精英
职场恋爱情的极致。

这个秋天最动心的爱情，最甜蜜的爱情，
人生最动心最甜蜜的爱情，最甜蜜的爱情。

新增精美手绘本，附赠 完美典藏



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“治愈系”作品

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最精彩最动人的事件，最精彩最动人的

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Les Interpretes - Chapter 01-58 Part 2

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Chapters 1 & 2

Hey guys,

So let's just say I've been waiting a long time for this...but IT'S FINALLY COME OUT!

This is probably a little late (hehe) but hey at least it's happening now. Since my editor is pretty busy, I've decided to post the first two chapters of *Les Interprètes* in honor of the adaptation (like always) since it seems to be pretty hot right now. So until my editor gets back for me to post another chapter of *To The Fading Away of Our Youth* here's the *Les Interprète* feature.

So in features, I will probably be putting a 'trending' adaptation or c-novel in the limelight by translating some chapters to give you an idea of what's going to happen. I suppose this is more of a preview/nurturing people's new obsessions (lol) but I'll be translating/summarizing chapter 1 and chapter 2 this time...

[] []



Chapter 1

Qiao Fei

April, the national french exam just ended, we are waiting for our grades.

The sunlight was very good, it was a bright spring day.

Huge bright windows looked out from the library, over the distant blue sea. The sea rose high in the spring and the opened seagull wings, tempting one into

laziness.

I sat in the library, my back a little fatigued, as I flipped through a dictionary at random. This was an old habit. I saw a particular term, fatalité, a feminine noun, meaning fate, destiny, misfortune.

Short Summary Before You Read the Next Excerpt: *Qiao Fei is basically at the library for the whole day, just reading French stuff (like she always does) and then her friend, Xiao Dan reminds her that there's a lecture that afternoon. She's a little more excited because one of the lecturers is a special someone [Chen Jia Yang]. She's heard of his glorious name before but she's never met him until now...*

And the previous excerpt uses such great diction I couldn't resist! The author is pretty great. Anyways...

So it was Cheng Jia Yang.

I had already sketched many images of him in my heart which ranged from a gentleman, wise scholar, aged scholar, to a handsome guy. However, his appearance was beyond my expectations.

Standing on the stage was a very young guy, tall and skinny. He was wearing very casual soft-textured white trousers but it showed a very dignified air. His whole face was very white. I was a little far away from him so I couldn't clearly see his features. I only saw a pair of eyes which were black and radiant, and a smiling composure. He had black hair over his ear. Thus, more or less, he had some feminine qualities.

I was like the rest of the girls in the lecture hall, my eyes were unblinking, and my heart was far far away.

Then I heard him say, "Should I speak in Chinese or French?"

His sound was deep and clear, like pools of water.

I heard another person mutter, “Whatever you want, little brother.” This voice was a little unappreciative.

Nevertheless it was I, the Qiao Fei who had seen Cheng Jia Yang for the first time.

Short Summary Before You Read the Next Excerpt: *So she rants a little more about Cheng Jia Yang and then after the lecture she thinks of him again. The subject then shifts from Cheng Jia Yang to herself and in the next excerpt she basically describes herself and what she lives for.*

By thinking of him in this way, sitting in front of a big mirror, I began to put on makeup.

My face was painted white, I also had painted long eyebrows, on my small face, which almost flew into the temple (side of the head behind the eyes), and bright red lips. My hair was so black it seemed blue, and I put it up high, revealing my neck. Foreigners would like this kind of Oriental woman.

I changed into a golden skirt which hugged my young body tightly. I faced the mirror, laughing a little, and then laughing a little more. I looked very charming.

I pushed open the door and at first glance I saw feasting.

Short Summary Before You Read the Next Excerpt: *So she’s at her workplace which is a winery in case you guys didn’t know. She has to keep everyone happy which is a little hard especially when people are drunk. But in any case, her goals and feelings for life really get me in the next excerpt...*

I think I was not the only female student to pass these kinds of days, and the people like me did not count as a few. I felt fairly rich and knew certain kinds of self protection so it was not too much of a loss like a “big big” loss.

I support myself, I love life.

Cheng Jia Yang

Short Summary Before You Read the Next Excerpt: *Honestly, his part of chapter*

*1 is a little boring. He's just come back from France and a female friend of some sort, Ming Fang is introduced. They banter a bit about her email because apparently she gave him the email that she used less often... *cough and then he eats dinner. Yep.*

Chapter 2

Cheng Jia Yang

This night, my sleep felt like a mess. When I woke up in the morning, my head extremely hurt. My old nanny, Mrs. Zhang left milk and breakfast outside my room, when she left, she said, "Yesterday night, Xu Dong called you, and wants you to call him back."

Xu Dong was my best friend who had grown up with me. When introducing us, from this type of clique it was inevitable to mention our parent's backgrounds.../ *won't even translate the next part because I think we all know Xu Dong and Cheng Jia Yang are from uber rich backgrounds by now.*

I called his cell phone. The person who answered was a girl, who sounded innocent, "Looking for Xu Dong? Oh, just hang on a second."

"Hello, who is it?" Xu Dong did not sound clear-headed, I thought that I must have disturbed my dear friend's sleep with a pretty girl.

"I am Jia Yang, Xu Dong are you busy? Come and meet me, ok?"

My old friend immediately became enthusiastic. We agreed to meet at the International Club. My own situation was not excellent however. Since I did not drive I called a taxi to go to the place.

When I got there Xu Dong was already waiting for me. It was a long time we had met again. His old problem still hadn't changed. When I went up he hugged me in his embrace, his mouth saying, "Little brother, you must want to kill your big brother."

I used my arm to push him back half a meter, “Here, there are a lot of foreign friends. Will you watch your step?”

He took my words as if they had flown past his ear, and intently stared at my face, “It is still Paris’s atmosphere that is good. Just look at yourself, this trip has made you become handsomer with more delicate features.”

“If you keep saying these things, I’m leaving.”

“Why is your temper so big? You haven’t readjusted to the time zone yet right? Big brother was just kidding, don’t compete in experience with me alright, your interpreter excellency.”

When we had exchanged serious talk, if not a few pleasantries, Xu Dong suddenly grabbed my hands.

I have known him for many years, his gentleman’s sexual orientation had no problem, but it was the annoying habit that stemmed from his hands and his feet that made others irritable. I tried to throw his hands aside, but he only grabbed me more tightly. He turned over my hand, shifted it around, looked at my fingers, and then put it in front of his nose to smell it.

He raised his head, his face was surprisingly serious, and he said to me, “You have no problems right?”

“What are you saying?” I took back my hand, “What problem?”

Short summary before the next excerpt: *So they banter about a few more times and then Xu Dong sees a girl walking around and immediately perks up to attention. So the next excerpt is when the girl finally turns around because she was kind of “ignoring” the many signals that Xu Dong was sending her way haha. And Xu Dong seems a lot more goofy in the book... or is it just me?*

The girl finally turned around, Xu Dong was extremely happy, “Oh wow, very good.”

A small face turned around, with wheat colored skin, her large distinct black

and white eyes, with a smiling countenance. Her like was really not bad. This was my first time meeting Qiao Fei. Later, she did something that would make me laugh many times in the future. She reached out to the car that held the two of us, shook hands, and then shook hands again.

So after she walked away... Xu Dong parked in front of the French Department's door and started begging me to be sure to find this girl for him, which department she was from, her name, her background. For this great favor he agreed to do anything. Seeing him this way, I could not help but rebuff with, "Then how did you lose her just now?"

"Isn't there an obstacle? A car that costs 100's of 10,000's of dollars, I cannot sidestep it. Good brother, I'm begging you."

I got off the car, mouth promising, my heart thinking, such a big foreign languages university, so many girls, if I had to find just one, that would be easier said than done.

But I didn't think that so quickly, I would meet her again.

When I arrived the dean Professor Wang was not at his office. It was currently the weekend but still, it seemed like before. Two to three lower level classmates were cleaning the office. Some were wiping the glass, others were sweeping the floor. All were engaged in conversation so they didn't notice me. At this point, a phone rang, under the table, a girl straightened, one hand holding rag, her other hand grabbing the phone. It just happened to be the girl from before. I thought that coming had not been a waste, and began thinking of ways to blackmail Xu Dong.

The girl who answered the phone faced me, and saw me, blinking her eyes. In the phone she said in French, "Professor Wang is currently unavailable, he is in a meeting, would you like to leave a message?"

Ok, I will record it. The France Trade Promotion Association, Mr. Reynolds, asks the professor to finalize candidates participating in translation by Monday.

What is your phone number?

13085792371, or my home phone is 88692273, remember this well.

No, no I am his student, you are flattering me.

*My surname is Qiao, Qiao Fei. I will definitely carry your message over.
Good Bye.*

The girl put down the phone and said to me, “Brother are you also looking for the head?”

“Yes, is he not here?”

“He is next door at a meeting, just wait for a while.”

“All right then,” I sat on the sofa. She squatted again, and kept wiping the table. I said, “Your French is pretty good.”

“The sentence just now was not that hard.”

“Your pronunciations are also pretty accurate.” I was being sincere, for vocabulary, grammar, communication, can be improved through effort, however, the tone of voice is a natural thing, a person has to born to imitate a reaction and tone, so quality is more valued in senior translations.

“Thanks.”

She stood up, sweat on her face. She used her own arm to wipe it, and told the rest of the girls, “Have you guys finished? We should go, I’m hungry.”

They cleaned up all the tools, Qiao Fei took the recording from before and gave it to me, “Brother [1], if you see the head later, explain this to him alright?”

I replied with, “No problem.”

All the girls left. I sat down for a while. The head finished his meeting, grabbed his own tea cup, and came in. When he saw me, he gave me a hearty wave. I gave him Qiao Fei’s recording, he looked at it a bit, “Jia Yang, I needed for you, just for this.”

Monday, the France Trade Promotion Organization will meet some textile companies and needs interpreters. It is not difficult, and there can be alternate interpretations, but because there was a certain professional that still had to do some preparing, the director gave me some material, and said to me: “I am with

the organization units, and when you go, you can take a few of our department students to experience interpreting within the ranks.” I looked at the list the director gave me and, there was Qiao Fei’s name on it.

[1] A more casual term to use to refer to someone

Qiao Fei

After we left the head’s office, Xiao Dan’s and Bo Bo’s eyes almost looked like they wanted to kill me.

“Why did Cheng Jia Yang only talk to you?”

“I must be just lucky.”

“Talking with you would be enough, why would you leave early? This made us unable to strike up a conversation with him. I prepared for so long!” Bo Bo’s entire countenance looked crazy.

“When you’ve finished talking, you should leave,” I righteously said, “Plus, if Cheng Jia Yang continued talking to me, my heart would jump out of my chest.”

Chapters 3 & 4

Enjoy~
Chapter 3

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Qiao Fei

Summary: Qiao Fei talks about her foreign languages degree and talks about how she only wanted to become an interpreter for a stable, well-paid job, and so she didn't have to learn math (saame). She said that she feels that interpreters are only mouthpieces and that language is only a tool, which makes people tools also. BUT, it was Cheng Jia Yang who made her change her outlook on translating. And she thinks about that fateful day, the day when he would never forget her. (cheesy if I ever heard it)

So, in the next excerpt, Qiao Fei and her classmates are all working with Cheng Jia Yang.

Every person all had many "First times". This was my first time being an interpreter. My whole body was sweaty. I felt that this job could absolutely fend off the cold for 39 days *(haha, but she's basically saying that she felt so hot and sweaty that she could survive out in the cold for 39 days)*

French people could be counted as bold, as they paid people on the scene. I not worked for 30 minutes yet, and I had already received 300 yuan. Looking at Cheng Jia Yang's hand's envelope in his hand, a small thick stack, he said to me, "I'll treat you to some food."

Four of us, sat in Cheng Jia Yang's German car to go to a very famous seafood restaurant in town. When it was my turn to order, I asked for some of the best salmon, a taste that I missed and coveted dearly. It was 388 yuan per dish. I had somewhat of a weird idea, *If this rich brother wants to treat us, then let him spend money.*

After everyone had ordered, I tapped on the waitress again, and said, "If I

could also have a serving of potato braised eggplant, like that potato and tomato dish. Smashed until it's pulpy, and put on part of an onion." *Tranzgeek: I have never heard of this.*

"I am from the Northeast." I said to the laughing Cheng Jia Yang.

"Yeah, yeah." A male classmate said, "She eats onions raw."

The waitress had a stubborn temper and said to me, "Sorry miss, this is a specialty seafood restaurant."

"Please," Cheng Jia Yang said to that waitress, "Tomatoes and potatoes, which shop doesn't have this? I'll talk to the boss."

The woman's face reddened and she elegantly walked away.

Summary: In any case, she seems to be convinced (of being an interpreter) by the conversation she and Cheng Jia Yang have during the meal which goes like this:

"I feel that your translating reaction is very fast."

"Really? Thanks."

"In the future, are you planning to be an interpreter?"

"I originally was not, but since you have looked well upon my performance today, I will consider it." I pointed to his envelope full of the money that he had just made, "Brother, is the income okay?"

Everyone looked at Cheng Jia Yang's open envelope. Like the French, he took each bill and put them one by one on the table, "Two hours, 4000 yuan."

"Wow," I said. To the others, I said, "Everyone work harder."

They all nodded their heads fiercely.

Summary: Afterwards, there is a bit more conversation, but it was a little pointless so I ended up not translating it. Qiao Fei does end up paying the tip for the meal, but that's basically it. Anyways, on to the next chapter.

Summary: Cheng Jia Yang is still in school currently, (hope I didn't confuse anyone >_<), but he's graduating shortly. In any case, he has a lot to get in order before he graduates but he still has time for friends...: D

By the way, Ming Fang from the previous post was getting married to someone other than Cheng Jia Yang which he was veeery sad about which will impact many things that happen in this chapter. If you're watching the adaptation you can just think of Ming Fang as Wen Xiao Hua minus Gao Jia Ming (the doctor).

Xu Dong finally thought of something. One day while we were eating lunch, he asked, "Last time I asked you to help me find that lady, what happened?"

The one he talked about was Qiao Fei.

I said, "Nothing." I put a piece of juicy steak in my mouth, and looked at the Xu Dong who was currently staring at me, and repeated, "I didn't find her, finding people isn't that easy."

In fact, the day before, as the outstanding student representative, I had just given the third prize awards and certificate from the French National Examination to her.

Fei's performance was very different. Smiling, she took the certificate from my hands, and surprisingly, in front of all the audience members, said, "Many thanks to the college, I thank my parents, I thank the director and their team, I am very happy to get an Oscar. I love you guys. " Then, she put an arm on her chest, with her 'emotional restraint' and 'concealing her excitement' look. It was definitely the Oscar style.

Oh my gosh, this girl was really a clown. I believed she was simply well prepared, she knew she would get this result. The students became a laughing group and the teachers were tolerant and understanding of this excellent student's humor.

I thought of her laughing countenance before, and I became very curious, what kind of household did this child come from?

In front of my eyes, Xu Dong swung his hands, "What are you thinking about?"

"Nothing."

He looked at me, “I have something I want you to do for me.”

“Say it. Why are you being so polite?”

“I have a bid that I need translated into French. I can’t trust others. Help me look at it.”

From his bag, he took out a typed document. I took it and flipped through it. It was Xu Dong’s company’s bridge construction project in Mali, Africa, “My dad is watching my performance, I must gain this project.”

I said, “I need a week.”

“All right. This is too good. I almost thought you wouldn’t accept.” As he talked, he grabbed a banking card, putting it in front of me, “Put some heart into this ok?”

“Stop it,” I pushed the card back, “How can you be like this with me?”

“Suit yourself,” Xu Dong took back the card, “If you don’t want money then this business is done. Since I’ve hit the mark, your big brother thanks you.”

Bids, these kind of documents, had little content, but because of the special nature of the business wording the work was very demanding. In a week’s time, I translated Xu Dong’s bid, when I finished flipping the pages, I had also finished my career as a student, and thus as a double master, I entered the Ministry of Foreign Affairs of the high turn Bureau and officially began work.

On my graduation day, after the ceremony, I hoped that I could see Ming Fang. I went to the English Department teaching building to find her, and I saw her in a classroom, proctoring an exam.

I hadn’t seen her for two months, and maybe because of these marriage and complicated issues, Ming Fang had become skinnier. She wore a pale blue skirt which still allowed her prettiness to shine through, making me think of my younger years.

I was at her house’s backyard, eating big bites of fruit ice, watching her sit on the swing reading. Sometimes she would smile to me and say, “Jia Yang, the strawberries got onto your nose.”

I sighed, and left that place.

These lingering emotions flopped about and made one's heart annoyed. I wanted to forget her.

I had just started working, and I already had a hard task ahead. The French politicians were visiting, and the Chinese People's Political Consultative Conference Vice president would be receiving them. I was sent to translate.

*Summary: So after the reception, the vice president walks over and asks him how his father is doing and he answers with a bunch of business updates. Then, Zhou Nan comes over, who just happens to be **spoiler** *****[*
]

He calls Cheng Jia Yang by name... like how do you even know Cheng Jia Yang? It seems implied that they have never met.

"I am Zhou Nan."

I had no impression.

"Ming Fang is my fiancée."

In any case, we were linked by the Fu family. Should I call him "brother"? I probably should.

I shook his hand, putting force into it, to show affection I said, "Brother, Ming Fang should have introduced us sooner."

Qiao Fei

Summary: Qiao Fei is at work at her winery again, and she just happens to run into Cheng Jia Yang. Woohoo. Methinks their relationship is actually moving very quickly... He seems to be in the winery because of heartbreak...I mean given his feeling for Ming Fang and her shallow feelings for him if she gave him the email she used LESS often.

This chapter was a little weird... so since Cheng Jia Yang is drunk, he begins to act a little rowdy... it seems that he has no idea of what he is doing, but in the end Qiao Fei escorts him out of the winery, a bit excited by his actions. I put a bit of the more PG excerpts here soo

"This sister, we seem to have met before." He said, looking at my face, taking a close look. I was not afraid. He had already become drunk, putting on airs, and

forgotten his own other world.

“In dreams, my precious brother?” He laughed. “What kind of wine do you want?”

“An expensive one.”

“No problem.”

Next excerpt:

What world was this? In the nighttime, the elegant prince kissed a girl?

But what could I care so much for? This odd occasion was real.

Chapter 5

Since Les Interprètes was so well received I have decided to take it on as a side project.

[] [] []

Qiao Fei

Summary: So in the last chapter, I mentioned that Qiao Fei escorted Cheng Jia Yang away after the two got a little caught up in kissing and such. Well...they went to the beach apparently (for no reason) and as you can imagine, Qiao Fei's initial dreaminess transforms into disgust when she sees his drunken mess as he pukes and pukes and pukes and then falls into a drunken stupor/coma. Qiao Fei is basically just talking about how unlucky she is after the dreamy kiss into being forced into taking care of such a person (-_-). What did you expect?

I heard Cheng Jia Yang's voice, but I couldn't hear clearly. I didn't know if he was speaking Chinese or French. I carefully distinguished his articulations, and found that he was actually calling for "water".

I said, "Where?"

He closed his eyes, "Inside the car."

Inside the car I found some mineral water, and patted his face. I forced his mouth open and poured in the water which made Cheng Jia Yang cough. He forcibly sat up, gargled the water, and drank.

Then he saw me, and his eyes looked a bit sober.

"Do you recognize me?," I asked.

He nodded.

"Who am I?"

I didn't know what I thought, maybe I wished that he would recognize me by name.

"Ye Zong Hui's little sister."

Right. I almost vomited.

“Do you have any troubles in your heart?”

He nodded, watching me. He was really handsome.

I sat down,

“Is it because of love?”

“I met her fiancé.”

Honest person. This was true luxury. He could actually destroy himself for love.

“Doing this to yourself, she doesn’t know.”

“I don’t need her to know. Even if she did know, it would be equivalent to her not knowing.”

Logical problem.

“Why don’t you find her to talk about it?”

“This isn’t a drama.”

He was so drunk, and yet he could still rebuff others. He had really earned his reputation.

That was true, it wasn’t a drama. But his head actually lowered, and leaned on my shoulder.

I didn’t know how to drive, and thus had to wait for him to wake up on the beach. I was cold, and tried to find warmth in his embrace. *Skipped a bit in between because for no reason she literally brings up smoking but anyways...*

His phone rang. I picked it up. The opposite person said, “Jia Yang?” It was a young voice.

“Oh.” My vigilance was very high, “What did you say he was called?”

“.....I’m looking for Jia Yang.”

“Are you looking for a skinny, white, tall person? Who are you?”

“Miss. Who are you? Call the guy by your side, I am his big brother.”

This was too good. He was probably my savior. I put the phone near Cheng Jia

Yang, and patted him on the face. He emitted a chaotic yelp.

“He is in this state,” I said.

“Nevermind.” The opposite person laughed, “I won’t bother you guys then.”

“Wait a second, you can come to pick him up. We are currently at the West Beach, #26 highway, on the south side.” I told him accurately. “He’s drunk. He can’t drive home.”

“Ok.....” Of course this was a difficult situation, of course Cheng Jia Yang’s appearance would surprise his family members, “I’m coming.”

“About how long?”

“30 minutes.”

I received the line, and looked at Cheng Jia Yang’s sleeping face, and said, “Auntie [1] will accompany you for 20 minutes.”

Ten minutes before Cheng Jia Yang’s big brother arrived, I left him, and journeyed to the town on foot. Before dawn, the number of cars on the highway was very few, and sometimes there would be some coaches (touring vehicle) that passed by. I looked at the license plates and saw that none of them were from my hometown.

Summary: So she’s walking to the bus station, looking for the car that will take the hot guy back home. In any case, by chance, she meets Cheng Jia Yang’s brother, who asks her where #26 highway. Her thoughts go a little PG-13 when she’s thinking about the kissing and maybe the stuff that usually occurs in the bedroom.

She gets home via bus and then falls asleep on Sunday morning to take a nap but is woken up by her phone. When she sees the phone number her heart literally goes “Ge deng”. Hmmm I wonder what time it is.

[1] Auntie is not used as a family term here, but as a term of familiarity and also to convey the way she will be taking care of him for the next 20 minutes.

Cheng Jia Yang

Note: Jia Ming just drops Jia Yang off at his house and then leaves. Later, he revisits him.

After I woke up, I lay in my own house. Yesterday was a messy day. I remembered I had went to “Allure” (the name of the winery), I remembered I had drunk a lot of wine. Besides the wine, I had also lingered in someone’s soft and fragrant lips and then the pain, I remembered puking.

“You awake?”

It was Cheng Jia Ming. I had not seen my big brother for a long time. Right, I remembered he took me back home.

“Jia Yang, you’re tired. You don’t ever drink like this.”

I sat up and asked him, “What time is it now?”

“Sunday night, you’ve slept for a day.”

“No wonder you came to see me.” Thus the gesture was inadequate.

“Right.” He gave me a cup of water and I looked at him. I hadn’t seen him for two years but he hadn’t changed a bit.

“Are you living well now?” Jia Ming asked me.

“I just graduated recently, I’ve started working in the Foreign Affairs Department in interpretation.”

“In the end, they still pulled you into this circle.”

“You’re a doctor, I’m a civil servant, there are no differences between us. No one has went anywhere.”

“I do what I like.”

I had enough (...)— *I did not translate the phrase in between*, I stood up and walked over, “Don’t bully your patients.”

Jia Ming who was older than me by three years was the “black sheep” of the family (the odd one out). My parents had always allowed him to continue with his work in the foreign affairs, but to fulfill their wishes he received a degree in medicine and became a doctor. (*He talks about their differing viewpoints and basically why they aren't really that close*)

“I knew that mom and dad were not home so I specially came to see you.”

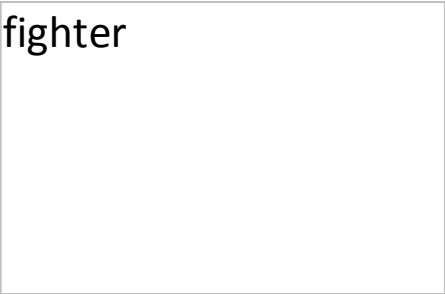
“What did you come for?”

“Ming Fang is marrying this week, do you know about it?”

It seemed that the whole world wanted to investigate the issue from me. My feelings for Ming Fang were all clear in Jia Ming’s eyes. “So you came to ridicule me?”

He hesitated, and thought about it, “Thinking about it now, it does seem that way.”

“Get out,” I said.



I heard the sound of Jia Ming shutting the door and sat down, opening the French book on the table, *World News (in any case he reads some bad news in France)* there were actually no good news.

The cell phone rang. I looked at the phone number, it was Xu Dong.

“Jia Yang, I reached my goal. My dad is very proud of my performance.”

“Congratulations.” There was finally some good news.

“How will your big brother thank you?” He said, mysteriously laughing.

“However.”

“You can treat us then. This weekend, your big brother will give you a big present.”

Chapter 6

The Offer- from a “friend” to another friend

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Qiao Fei

Summary: The beginning was a bit irrelevant but in any case a new character appears who you can consider Wu Jia Yi if you’ve watched the adaptation. Her name is Julia and she is really close to Qiao Fei so she refers to herself as Qiao Fei’s big sister. Well they’re coworkers so they probably should be pretty close. Qiao Fei basically laments about how she has to struggle through life while Cheng Jia Yang is born of such a high social standing and then she goes to work at the winery “Allure”.

“Fei Fei.” She called me as I was preparing to leave, “Slow down, your big sister has to talk to you.”

There were no mistakes, especially in such a suitable place and time.

“Help your sister a little, I need to cope with some big clients.”

But...

“This is a credibility problem, I cannot let them make fun of me. Just help your sister out a little, 60,000 dollars, all for you, I’ll give it to you for free.”

60,000 dollars.

I frowned, as this type of big money made me uneasy. However, Julia misunderstood me, and felt that I was not sure. She grabbed my hands in one motion and instantly became tearful.

“Fei Fei, speak. After you come, big sister will still be counted as loving you right? When you weren’t happy I comforted you. When the big aunt came(*Big aunt as in someone who was super mad at her*) I even let you borrow my napkin.”

I quickly said, “Stop. You grabbed that napkin to use as a handkerchief. All

right, I can do it, but I do have two conditions.”

“Talk to your sister.”

“Big sister, I want the money first.”

“I saw that you would have an offer. No problem. Next one.”

Summary: They just talk a little and then the chapter ends. Nothing important, really. Qiao Fei doesn't technically have a second condition but that's pretty much it.

Cheng Jia Yang

*Summary: This chapter has been officially rated PG 13 but anyways... **Read the next part of the summary at your own risk ***[***

]

But finally, FINALLY he actually starts talking about relevant stuff as with Ming Fang, the woman that he loves and he goes to attend their wedding.

I had never thought of her happiness, but I only thought about my unhappiness if she didn't accompany me. I didn't want to smile in front of her and I would rather her keep a cold countenance like me. I didn't want their wedding to succeed, but it was almost a full house. I hoped that while they married there would be a tiny happening, just right of a disaster, and that the garden would turn into an island, leaving just me and Ming Fang.

But, at Teacher Ming Fang and Zhou Nan's luxury and warm wedding, the pretty bride laughed, entertaining the many guests that attended, as of now, the sky was fine, cloudless, the grassy gardens filled with a grassy scent and the permeating perfume smelled like Lily. The long tables were pieced into a horseshoe shape, which was a symbol of luck. Ladies and gentlemen carried soft conversation, with greetings and congratulations. The best gown, a Western dress hung in loose folds and made a rubbing sound.

I drank some champagne, and finally heard Ming Fang and Zhou Nan turn towards me. My mother gave them the selected gift and held their two hands,

jubilant, congratulating them she said, “I wish you guys happiness, 100 years of unity.”

“Thank you, thank you,” the two said together. It really was marital harmony.

The banquet began. It was not a buffet. Each dish was put on the table one by one, I drank a lot. I heard the nearby gentleman say, “Jia Yang is really good at keeping wine down.” (*uh no.*)

“The wine is good, is it fitting for your sorrows?,” the girl beside me spoke.

I turned to look at her. This face, it was obviously unfamiliar but there were feelings of déjà vu.

Summary: The next part was a little pointless because it was just his interactions with the girl which were a little beside the point. I mean I think we all know he's at a wedding. Anyways though

Finally, there were people who began to leave. I followed, preparing to leave as well. Ming Fang had already changed into a pale purple mini dress, her hair coiled up, revealing a beautiful neck, greeting guests in the garden.

I felt a surge of emotions well up, as I watched her, and watched her. In three steps, I rushed up, and held her hand. Why should I act like a gentleman? Why couldn't I be myself? Loudly, I said, “Ming Fang, I love you. I want to be with you.”

And then her tears, which fell into my embrace, her whispering voice, “Jia Yang, I have waited very long for you to say this to me.”

And then we would completely forgo these occurrences. We would go somewhere far away.

But, on this beautiful day, none of things happened. I hid within my hypocritical self and walked over. I shook Zhou Nan's hand and hugged Ming Fang. In her ear I said, “Your happiness, to me, is very important.”

I didn't know if anyone felt touched. When I had went to the marriage scene, my eyes were moist.

I called Xu Dong and he agreed to send a present that would make me ecstatic. I said, “I want it, right now.”

“Right now? In broad daylight?” Xu Dong laughed in the phone, “You are really eager.”

Chapter 7

Since this chapter should probably be rated PG-13 I will refrain from translating the PG-13 parts (sorry hehe) but in any case, I never thought that this book would have this type of content in it. Guess we can all blame it on Xu Dong.

I'm not sure if this chapter would be considered going past the PG-13 mark so please let me know if you think it does...? Thanks ^_^

[] [] []

Qiao Fei

I found the designated room within the guesthouse and used the card to open the door.

The room was very luxurious and romantic. The furniture was painted a light blue, with a golden rim. In the middle of the room there was a small round table that held a big exalted princess of a rosy color. It felt fresh and cute as the light breeze blew in from the window, emitting a faint fragrance of roses, blowing the light blue curtain. There was also the same colored bed screen. The large round bed lay in the afternoon sun, quiet, elegant, but not the slightest feeling of lust.

Who said that money was a jerk? Money could buy the loveliest things.

A sound of water came from the bathroom. A man was bathing. Thinking of it, my heart couldn't stop beating.

A wealthy guy. This intuition came from the suits thrown around on the floor, from every button to every buckle, one could practically see the individual threads on each suit. I organized his clothes, and looked a bit, this guy wasn't fat. This was good, there wouldn't be any heavy pressure on the body.

I went to the window, and looked out to the massive sea, the sky-like color was bright and sunny.

The water stopped, and the guy walked out from the bathroom.

I didn't look around, and continued to stare at the big sea before me, in the

further direction. In my 20 years of life, this was the first time I lost courage.

I didn't want to talk, but also didn't know what I should do. If this was a skilled client he would probably now how to guide the woman, and there was always some way, from cruelty to gentleness. It should not be me doing the thinking.

Cheng Jia Yang

Note: This is Xu Dong's present.

After I bathed, I came out from the bathroom and saw a young woman standing by the window. I couldn't see her face but the blackness of her hair made me think of someone who probably shouldn't have been here. That person was playful and lively, clever and easy to laugh, and her body had some enviable characteristics.

I didn't know how to handle these types of situations and said, "Hi, do you want to drink something? Juice, champagne or tea?"

I saw her slowly turn her head, and then, we both stopped in place.

She first looked at the card in her hand, and then looked at me, confirming that she hadn't went to the wrong room. She wanted to say something, and opened her mouth, but she also didn't know what she should say. Her face turned crimson and she touched her own hair, and quickly ran towards the door.

Right when Fei walked past me, I reached out to grab her arm. Her head looked downwards, not looking at me. My mood was complex, but today I didn't want to be alone. I lightly said, "Since you've come, stay a bit."

No one knew how Fei felt in this very moment.

Later I asked her, and she said she had forgotten.

She was still unwilling to look at me. It looked like she quietly took a deep breath, and took off her shoes, sitting on the windowsill. She wore a slender pair of blue high heels, she must be tired.

There was a moment of silence. Then, I said to her, "After you saw me, did you make a mistake?"

She didn't talk.

"I also didn't know it would be you. This is," She thought about it, "A friend's plan."

"But did you feel surprised, why would it be me?" In the end, Fei was Fei, she was good with people.

I nodded. I admit, I was surprised.

"I saw you in the Ye Zong Hui." *(Last time Cheng Jia Yang called Qiao Fei, Ye Zong Hui's daughter which was equivalent to 'nightclub')*

"Oh?" I didn't go to that place often, but I was actually seen by her? Looking at it now, could it be destiny, "What was I like?"

"Dead drunk."

"What did I say?"

"A woman."

"She married today."

"No wonder," she finally looked at me almost pityingly, "So you had to vent your anger?"

I had no way to respond. The answer was evident.

"You?"

"Are you asking me why I would be here?"

"Yes."

Fei lightly laughed. That was the person I knew, that type of laugh, autumn grass, desolate, and forlorn.

"Money."

"Money?"

"What else would it be?" She continued to look outside the window. "I needed money, at such an anxious time, after I got this job, I could make money fast. The pay is not bad, of course, saying that it is not bad, there is also no way that it could pass your discernment. So you were absolutely right, I was surprised to see you."

“How long will you be willing to give me?” I asked.

“I don’t know. Until you’re satisfied?” She knew she had spoken frivolously, shook her head, embarrassed, “I have no other plans today.”

I walked over, and looked down at her side, “Afterwards, we can both forget this happened. But this afternoon we will both have a good time, all right?”

She looked at me.

Summary: Then they do it. Not going to go into more detail than that... Afterwards though...

Qiao Fei

Note: Julia has a higher rank in the business after all. She seems to be a manager. But to Qiao Fei methinks she’s still considered a coworker sooo

It hurt a lot. However it wasn’t at all like how it always was in books or dramas. The woman would always cry out, but I didn’t cry out. But as I looked at Cheng Jia Yang, it was not regarded as sensual pleasure but as a skillful man. Throughout it all, I felt his body had an apricot scent. I hurt all over, and I was made very confused by him, but I remembered the words of my manager, Julia and I looked at his eyes. I had an extravagant wish that he would remember me.

Afterwards, I didn’t leave. I went to the bathroom to bath. Cheng Jia Yang sat outside.

“Does it hurt?” He asked.

“No.”

“Are you hungry?”

“A little.”

“What do you want to eat?”

“Noodles.”

“Do you want me to call something up or do you want to go out to eat?”

I didn’t talk. Before, we had reached a general consensus. All other things, would not escape this room.

I said, "What did you say?"

"Ah, nothing much. You want to eat noodles? What kind of flavor, I'll call them up. What about fruits, what do you like? Strawberries or mangoes or watermelon..." He sensed his slip of the tongue.

"Stir fried noodles." I said, "With a pan fried egg covering, two , two."

When I came out, the table was prepared full of food. My waist was still sore, but I didn't want him to see it, so I lifted my head and walked over, I said, "Fantastic!" There were hot noodles, pan-fried eggs that were soft on the inside and burnt on the outside, and there was also a small can of olives. This was for me. Otherwise, there was also a plate of fruit and a bottle of red wine. While I ate my noodles in big bites, Cheng Jia Yang drank wine, and ate his steak (*That apparently came from nowhere*).

"Does it taste good?" He asked me.

I nodded, it wasn't too convenient to answer right away.

"Can you eat it all?"

"You asked for them all up. I'll try."

"Don't force yourself."

I laughed, and lifted my head to look at him, "Do you want to eat?"

He put down his own knife, "What you're eating sure is fragrant."

Believe me, for a girl, this was not a compliment.

"I put down my chopsticks, "I can't eat anymore."

"Really?" He came over, and sat on the other side, "Then let me try some."

Saying this, he used his chopsticks to dig into my noodles.

"This is average." He said, "There isn't much flavor."

"Then if you don't want to eat it, I'll eat it. I think it's very good."

"You don't believe me...?"

PG-13; read at your own risk or at your own liking***:** [

]

“This taste is good.”

“Strawberries have seeds”

What followed, I had little impression of. My body was still sore but I still did it again with Cheng Jia Yang. (*okay we can stop there...*)

Later I had a period of time in which I suspected I could have remembered wrong. I heard Cheng Jia Yang put his head in my embrace and say, “Fei, thank you.”

Chapter 8

What happens afterwards?

[]

Qiao Fei

When the day became dark, I left that guesthouse, riding the bus back to school. My hips were a little sore and I curled up my legs under the bus pad on my knees. The cars drove along the coastal path, and I could see the blurred coastline. The sea breeze blew in, bringing some sand. My heart whispered one person's name, Cheng Jia Yang, Cheng Jia Yang.

Cheng Jia Yang

When Fei finished wearing her clothes, and she was preparing to leave, I did a very dumb thing. I didn't have any other attempts like she said, but I knew she needed money so I gave her 3000 yuan from my wallet.

She looked at that pile of money and looked at me, "I've already received my money."

I said, "No, this, me." In reality, I had no idea what I should have said.

"Is this for the second time?," she asked.

I nodded a bit and then shook my head.

"Nevermind, go buy something for yourself then."

"Don't say things like that." I said. I knew she wouldn't accept this money, but I still had something else I had to say, "Being with you, was a very pleasing experience."

"Me too." She opened the door.

"If you have any troubles, you can come find me." I said.

"Bye."

"Bye."

Later she left. I turned around. The big room, had been made messy by our playing around. The bedding was messy, the bathrobes and pillows were scattered on the floor, and soaked in spilled red wine. The blue tablecloth had been pulled a little down arrayed with strawberry, pulpy mango juice and other bright colors.

Fei's catlike eyes flashed before me, she sat on me for passion.

By this time, I turned and began to read.

Outside the window there was the blurred coastline, the sea breeze blew over, bringing individual small particles of sand, my heart kept thinking back to one name "Fei, Fei."

The second day I went to work, I energetically went to work.

Summary: He basically gets a new mission and he has to go to Canada for three days to do the oil corporation stuff like specifically exportation/importation over seas...something like that with overseas.

"Jia Yang, today, the colors of your face are not bad."

"Really? Yesterday I slept pretty well."

(I skipped a part because it was kinda unnecessary but anyways...)

The moment I entered my office, and put down my material, I got a phone call.

The person who was calling was a high school classmate, Xiao Chao. After high school graduation he did not continue on to college but instead, made his own travel agency, with very good management, which earned a lot of money.

We didn't contact each other very often, but this guy had actually called for the fourth time. I could taste that had happened.

"Great interpreter, yesterday, I looked for you for a whole afternoon."

"It's so hard to find a break, I shut down my phone."

"Are you busy?"

"It's okay. After the next two days I'm going to leave the country. Do you need anything?"

"Ah?" When she heard I needed to go elsewhere, her voice changed, "Now

what am I going to do? I actually do need something. It was so hard for me to find a French tourist group, and they're staying within the country for half a month. Can you find me a French translator?"

I unconsciously thought of Qiao Fei.

"How much will you pay?"

"I'll give 500, the foreigners also pay tips. This trip will earn us 10,000 to 30,000. Get a grip on the opportunity.

"When does your group arrive?"

"In 15 days, brother, can you help me grab this?"

"I'll reply to you in a moment's time," I said.

Yesterday when we lay on the bed, resting, I asked her what she wanted to do during the break. She mentioned that she wanted to find a job and also earn some money.

Leading a travel group around was a great job. Even though the work was a bit hard, for student Qiao Fei, this was a very good practice opportunity.

My question was, yesterday, when she left, we had already agreed that we would make that day remain in memories. But outside of the room, would she be willing to see me again?

Even if that afternoon no longer lingered, we were still school mates and we had also worked together before. Introducing a job for her should have been a very normal thing to do.

Thinking like this, of course I overthought it. This made me realize that I didn't even have her phone number. Well while we weren't on break yet, I called the French Department Girl Dormitories. When the phone connected, my heart jumped a bit.

Was there another anxious man?

No one answered.

That afternoon, before I went to go eat something, I called another three times but still, no one answered. I thought, *This must not be right, even if she*

isn't at the dormitory, she should have dorm mates nearby. Should I go see her? This idea just flashed in my mind. I knew, this time, besides our embarrassment there would be nothing else.

Never mind then, it wasn't as if this was urgent. I waited. Xiao Chao's French group still had some 15 days before they arrived right? *(The book said Xiao Ping for some reason but I think that it meant Xiao Chao because I have never heard of Xiao Ping until now.)*

My parents returned to the house today. We cooked dinner together and my dad asked me how my work was going. I replied him saying that three days later I would have to go to Canada. My father didn't say anything else, and my mother laughingly asked him, "I asked your head already, he said your performance was pretty good."

This was their old almanac. Since elementary school, my dad's sources would come from an arranged week when he would go meet the class homeroom teacher, and ask him how I performed. It actually continued to the present. Actually, my father had no point in asking me about my situation because he probably understood things a lot clearer than I did.

"Are you busy tomorrow?" My mother asked me.

"No interpreting assignments."

"I returned just recently with you dad, and missed you a lot. Let's both go play some golf then."

"Just because I have no assignments doesn't mean I don't have work."

"How can you not have work? Don't you see interpretation as work?" My father said, "Tomorrow I have an appointment with a few friends from Benin, come with me to interpret."

I didn't talk. My dad was also a great interpreter in French, and he had even become an official, so he only brought professional interpreters along with him.

Summary: The next part was a little confusing, but Cheng Jia Yang ends up calling Qiao Fei for money issues as she comes up to his mind first, since they just had the experience....and Qiao Fei proved to be someone who would do anything for money. I think the foreigners that his dad told him to help with the

interpretations...they start a confrontation and demand 2000 American dollars which is x6 Chinese yuan. He's a little shocked and he kind of doesn't want to 'offend' them so he ends up calling Qiao Fei for money. I don't think he has her phone number though unless he got it magically from the author but we'll see...

I called her, but still no one answered from the bedroom.

I said, "Dad, I have some things to do, so I'll leave first."

I didn't wait for his consent. *(niceeee)*

Chapter 9

I remembered that I never mentioned this, but I talk in italics in parentheses. So within the book, as you see stuff like *(this)* that's me talking and confirming stuff...sorry if that confused anyone but that is not in the original book format just to clear things up.

Cheng Jia Yang

I returned to the school, to get news of Fei. I called the Dorm Head and asked her to try to find Qiao Fei's phone number, but there was still nothing. A little anxious, I asked her, "Are you currently on break?" (*Like summer break, spring break*)

"Not yet, but after the students finish taking the test they can leave the school. Who are you looking for?"

"Qiao Fei. French Department."

"Qiao Fei went home." Someone behind me said.

I turned, there were two girls, their hair wet. It looked like they had just returned from bathing. They looked at me, and nodded their heads, "Senior brother."

"How did she go home? What time?" I asked.

"Monday morning. It was yesterday," their expressions looked pretty curious.

"Ai ya, then what am I going to do?" I thought of something, it would just be a matter of asking for her address, "Last time, she took the interpretation job under me. Do you guys have her address? I have to give her some mail."

"I have it, it's here." The Dorm Head said, "Her dorm registration form has it."

I wrote down the address, Fei lived in the Dong Bei area in a medium-sized industrial city, I felt as if I was missing something. "Is there no phone number?"

"No. She didn't leave a home phone number."

It was currently Tuesday morning at 11:00 AM, so Fei had left already for a day and half, but before I left for Canada I only had two days. Nevertheless, two

hours later I boarded the plane for Shen Yang.

After I got to Shen Yang, I had to take a train, but the train was unavailable that day, so I could only ride a long-distance bus. I rode with the goods of the business owners and peddlers in the bus. The smells permeated the bus that I rode for 3 hours. When it was almost nighttime, I finally arrived in Fei's city.

Summary before you read the next part: Cheng Jia Yang finds Qiao Fei's house, but she's not in. Thus, he has to wait for a time...

I saw that people were coming. It faintly looked like Fei's silhouette, her hand holding some object, and it wasn't just one person.

I stood up and walked over.

By her side was a woman who was selling cigarettes. Fei supported her holding the smokebox. She wore a blue small dress, her black hair was tied into a ponytail, little like a prostitute, but more like a junior high school student.

I could see her clearly, she walked over to my side. She saw me, but maybe because it was too dark, she didn't recognize me.

In a low sound I said, "Fei."

She stopped, and turned her head, "My gosh, I was wondering how it could be you."

Qiao Fei

Note: In Qiao Fei's part, it's just her responding to Cheng Jia Yang's questions. She is the only one talking.

"Right this is my house, someone gave the house to us. This is my mom, right, she is deaf. My dad is also deaf. So at our house we aren't comfortable with phones. He was hospitalized, and just went through heart surgery and came back from the hospital, I just cared for him.

Right, it's because of this we need money.

No, no, I'm pretty good. This is nothing.

I missed my dad and my mom so I returned.

Really? You have been looking for me?

.....

Do you need anything.

Oh.

I don't know. I've never been a tourguide before.

How much money will I earn?

Oh. Then maybe I can try it. Yes, there is still next semester's learning fees.

Can you give me the phone number of the travel agency? Ok, I will contact him.

.....

How did you get here? Are you tired?"

Cheng Jia Yang

Fei's mom brought me cold water, Fei talked to me while she helped her mom dry the cigarettes bag by bag. Before, I was always very curious what Fei's household was like. She had a very high talent for language, a hearty and lively personality and a radiant beauty.

From what I could see this was a small room of 50 meters or so, besides the kitchen, the bathroom and the hallway. There were also two rooms, one big one small. The big room looked to be no more than 10 meters. Inside the room, it was extremely clean but very out of date, not to mention the lack of decoration.

Using sign language, Fei told her mom that I was her classmate.

I saw a photo of Fei and her parents on the wall, she was still very small, her hand held a big red plastic apple and she laughed brilliantly. She looked a lot like her dad.

Towards the touring work, after she knew what the assignment entailed, she became extremely enthusiastic. I gave her *(if you remember last time, I talked about the Xiao Ping, Xiao Chao thing because Xiao Chao was the one who called Cheng Jia Yang but then afterwards, Xiao Ping was mentioned instead of Xiao Chao...well I can only assume that Xiao Ping and Xiao Chao are both in the travel agency...)* Xiao Ping's phone number and she put in her notebook.

I yawned, she asked if I was tired.

I shook my head.

She said, "I'll give you some hot water, wash up, and then rest here."

I shook my head again, quietly, but underneath I was very happy.

At her bathroom, Fei used a wooden board to cover the toilet, and filled a kettle full of hot water, as well as a blue wash basin full of hot water. To me she said, "This is where I wash my face, you can fill it with hot water when it gets cool, but don't burn yourself."

I washed my head and rinsed my body. I felt very indescribably tired. When I got out, Fei had already washed my T-shirt and my pants, and hung them in the balcony.

She walked over and put the dry washcloth on my head. I thought she would help me wipe some.

She said, "Today you can sleep in my room, I'll sleep with my mom."

I said, "Won't this be intruding on you?"

"No problem. How could you not go to work? Did you run out?"

"I was just about to talk about this, I was afraid you had encountered a problem."

She laughed, "The person who makes me have problems hasn't been born yet."

"Tomorrow I'll go. The next day after that, I have to go to Canada."

She looked at me, "Then sleep well, tomorrow I'll send you."

Fei put a new bedspread on the bed and I lay on it. I could faintly smell soap.

The second day I woke up and Fei and her mom had already prepared breakfast. Soymilk, fried dough sticks, mixed with tea eggs and bean sprouts. Fei's mom gave us two tea eggs, that filled one with a fresh fragrance, and were pleasing to the mouth. Then, we all left Fei's house. Her mom went to her street stall and Fei and I sat in on the train to Shen Yang.

I dazedly sat on the train, looking out at the landscape. The events that had

passed these past few days, and what I had thought about (...*wow*), made me secretly shocked.

This was not fickle.

That afternoon, my heart had a hole after Ming Fang's wedding, and by chance, Qiao Fei came to fill that gap. This young woman who had come into my life was too different from me, causing a big impact on me, as it was, my heart's hole had been fully covered by her, occupying my whole heart.

My head only had her, when I left, I could not help but worry. In the end I still said, "You won't be going to "Allure" again right?"

"No."

She waved in my direction, her black hair blowing up, like the fluttering banner in the summer breeze.

Chapter 10

Qiao Fei

I explained to my mom where I had gotten so much money, we used it for a very long time. I used sign language to say, *The teachers and the students helped me a bit. Usually I also work a little. Mom do you not believe me? My studies are very great. Being an interpreter in the big city, there are a lot of opportunities to make money. The senior that just left, did you see him? He is a very good person, he let me borrow a lot of money and helped me find a job, right now, mom, I should go work now.*

When I left, my mom gave me a small pocket of tea eggs. I sat on the train to Shen Yang and then boarded another train to the school. It took half of the whole day.

We were already on break, nevertheless, the school had many students who didn't return home. Bo Bo was inside the room. She was staying here, to accompany her boyfriend who was preparing to take a test.

I rested for a day, and then called the travel agency phone number that Cheng Jia Yang had left for me. The person who answered was a guy, and he spoke very exaggeratedly, a normal local accent.

"Do you need any French interpreters? Cheng Jia Yang gave me your phone number."

"Ah, so you really did decide to call. I almost thought you had gone missing. Come over a bit and I'll talk to you about things."

I found the travel agency, and found Cheng Jia Yang's friend Wu Xiao Ping. He looked at me, and was a little suspicious, "Miss, how old are you? Have you graduated from high school yet?"

"21." I made my age higher by a year, "I'm a junior." Next semester, that is.

"I asked Cheng Jia Yang to find me an experienced translator, why would he give me such an inexperienced person for the job?"

"You haven't heard me speak French, how would you know I'm not good? Say

a phrase and I can translate it into French.”

I thought that this person wouldn't know any French, and thus, I had said it as a bluff.

The guy laughed, “I got what was coming, Miss, since Cheng Jia Yang believes you, I should also believe you. While in Canada he called many many times to ask me if you had come yet. At this time, I got people to give you information. As it is, the French guests will go to the airport. Going to the restaurant, these type of words should be no problem for you. When you arrive at the country, you'll just have to accompany them. It's not that hard.”

The French group should be here within 15 days, and they'll be going to Beijing, Xi'an, Chengdu, Kunming, Guilin, and Shanghai. At the last stop, Shanghai they'll go back home.

I bought enough food and water, practicing my French. This was my first real assignment, and Cheng Jia Yang said that I couldn't neglect the revenues.

Before I went to lead the French group, I went around with Bo Bo to buy some soft-bottomed sandals. In front of the mirror, I looked at my smiling expression, and revealed my white teeth, “SoyezlesbienvenuesenChine!” (Welcome to China)

The second day I picked up about 30 French males and females in the French tourist group. We went to eat the prestigious roasted duck first. The person who sat next to me, a big man, ate about 20 spring rolls, and then pointed at me and asked, “How do you make this chocolate-colored sauce?”

I asked the waiter and he said, “Flour and a special ingredient.”

After I translated the phrase I realized that, “special ingredient”, this phrase was very suitable to answer any of the questions about food.

We went to the hotel, took a break, and then went to the Forbidden Palace. It was currently the tourist season, touring groups came one after another. On one hand, I had to explain all the attractions, on the other hand, I also had to gather all of them together before we moved on to ensure unity, I couldn't lose even one. Fortunately, work went well, and I explained everything concisely and accurately, even if I wasn't always fluent in French. The foreigners were amazed at the splendor of the Chinese classical period.

In the next two days, I led the group to see the Ming Tombs and the Temple of Heaven and to the Great Wall of China. At the Ming Tombs, I met another French touring group, and the leader was a guy. They kept with us, at every step, when I allowed the foreigners to freely take pictures, he came up to me and said, “Miss, this is your first job as a tourguide right?”

I had studied in this city for two years, throughout it all there wasn’t any way I could face these kinds of accents but towards people who made fried dough and noodles I felt very good. I drank some mineral water, “Yes.”

“I saw that early on. Yesterday in the Forbidden Palace, I watched you.”

I looked at him.

In this kind of place, a large majority of guys thought that they knew everything.

“Do you know why?”

I drank another cup of water.

“Look at yourself, saying so many words, but you never think it gets tiring.”

I couldn’t tell if this was a compliment or a criticism.

“What are you doing? Don’t you need to explain things to the tourists? How can you lead the tourist group like this?”

“What’s the rush? While you explain things to the tourists, don’t the exhibits also have English? Let the foreigners look at it themselves. I’ll teach you some less tiring tactics.”

I really despised him, “You accompanying my group, isn’t that to also allow your tourists to hear me explain things, so that you can save yourself the effort?”

The guy laughed.

“Ai ya, this is too annoying,” I said in a Dong Bei dialect. I had always felt that my hometown’s speech was very strong, it was very suitable for scolding people. I dragged my tourist group away, dumping that passerby.

This was an international city, the foreign languages bombard one when they

peek into any corner.

The night before we left for Xi'an, my tourist group went to [Wang Fu Jing](#) to eat some snacks. The whole street had two kabob stalls. When the foreigners saw the cicadas being placed onto the sticks, they were very curious and stopped walking.

The guy was very clever. When he saw white people, he said, "Hello."

The French people laughed.

Thus, the guy immediately said, "Salut", which was the equivalent of "Hello" in French.

The French people were happy, and together said, "Salut. Salut."

Note: In the next section, the author uses Chinese words to "pronounce" the French kinda like when I use English to 'pronounce' Chinese like Xi'an or Wang Fu Jing. So I'm just going to write what the author writes but it's probably not going to be the same as the actual French. So if anyone knows French and also knows what the author is trying to say I would really appreciate it♥

The French people pointed to the cicadas and asked, "Gua?" (What is this?)

The guy: "Xi Ga Le." (Cicadas)

The French: "Gao Mang Mang Ri?" (How do you eat this?)

The guy: "Fu Li Le." (You cook it)

Which emitted another response from him, "Beng" (It's fragrant)

From curiosity, the French counted all of the people within their group and said, "One." They ordered twenty kabobs with other meat kabobs. The guy happily received his money and cooked the kabobs.

My heart thought, *It's true that heroes appear in random places ah.*

Two days later, when I had worked hard, my throat red and mute, I began to think of what that guy had said to me. Maybe there was a lazier method.

When we arrived at Xi'an, the person who accompanied us was one 40-ish gentleman. I could finally take a break. His French was authentic. Later I would find that he was a lecturer at the local foreign languages institute, teaching

professional interpreters. But, the pay for professors there was not high, Xi'an was also another place where tourists came often. Coming out to work, there were many opportunities, and you could also supplement the family income.

I learned another trick from this teacher.

Our hotel stay was very enthusiastic. He arranged a "dumpling feast" to entertain our international friends. Before the banquet, the executive chef personally volunteered, to teach foreigners how to make dumplings. He explained the whole learning by doing, of course, it was entirely in Chinese.

"Please take a look, we are taking the best flour and mashing it into small balls. Using the rolling pin we then roll them into round pieces and then we put the stuffing in. There cannot be too much or too little. Then, we piece the dumpling skin together. Put a finger into the water, and then stick the two sides of the skin together. It can be petal-like or wave-like according to your personal preference."

Dumplings were classic Chinese food. As the saying goes, "Standing, why not sit, deliciousness cannot surpass dumplings"

I was worried for this teacher. When I saw him drink a cup of water, and then skillfully deflected the French people by saying, "Dumplings are China's most delicious classical foods. Did everyone see what the chef just demonstrated? Making it like that, you can make delicious dumplings. Make sure you wash your hands. He looked at me, and blinked his eyes, "If you say more than you should, they don't understand."

I agreed.

Hearing the English tourists, the Japanese tourists, the Korean tourists, and the Russian tourists, their content was not greater than his. At that time I was pretty happy. I thought I had increased my experience, and learned opportunity, the surest skills.

(Just in case you were wondering...how to make dumplings....)

When we left Xi'an to go to Chengdu, and Kun Ming we talked along the way. These two accompanying people were like the person from Xi'an. He was good at what he did, without effort, I made a lot of tips.

Finally, when we arrived at Gui Lin a mishap occurred, we got off the plane, only to find someone smiling and saying, “Gutentag.”

I said, “What did you say? Here we say Bonjour (hello in french).”

He stopped, “You aren’t the Germany group?”

“France”

We talked some while the foreigners busily organized their luggage.

“Can you quickly find a French person to accompany us?”

“No. Right now is the peak season, so they’re all out.”

I wasn’t sure. I hadn’t looked at the Gui Lin commentary at all.

Can you give me some information? I need to prepare what I have to say.”

“All right, all right, I’ll go back and grab it. Tonight, I’ll just send you to the hotel.” Then he quickly withdrew himself from the group and I didn’t know where he went again.

We went out; besides myself, I couldn’t trust anyone. If I didn’t know this city I wouldn’t be able live today. That German brother didn’t appear again even as we left.

The good part was that we only stayed in Gui Lin for a day. The moment we arrived at the hotel, I asked for the Lijiang tour, and then went to Yangshuo to grab the travel material, so that I could make simple preparations.

After this trip, it could be considered that I had accumulated experience. Before the trip I spoke in light English slowly. The French’s English was not bad, and they could still understand. A few times when they didn’t understand something they would ask me. Last night I had done my preparations, and asked the tourguide a few questions, ruling out any mistakes.

Right when the Gui Lin trip seemed to be underway, some difficulties arose.

Before we went to Shanghai, to prevent special cases from occurring there, I took out the information and lay in bed, practicing. All of a sudden someone knocked on my door. When I opened my door, I saw the big guy who had eaten 20 roasted duck spring rolls in one go. He stood outside, the left side of his face a

little swollen. Trembling he asked, “Did I disturb you? My tooth hurts a lot. I want to go to the hospital.”

I wore some clothes and followed him out, finding the nearest dental clinic.

The dentist saw the foreign guest, and was quite warm, and introduced the disease after a careful diagnosis.

It was the afternoon now, dear heaven, at a time when all things wanted to rest, tired me was here to make a consecutive interpretation between a dentist and a patient.

Dentist: “Tooth decay.”

Me: “There is a hole on the tooth.”

Dentist: “The nerves are spilling out.”

Me: “You already feel the pain. Inside the tooth, the insides are spilling out.”

Dentist: “You must kill the nerves, then, diminish the inflammation.”

Me: “We have to take out the inside and then relieve the pain.”

Dentist: “We need to completely remove the plaque, grind it a bit, and then plug the tooth. Choose a solid material. A darker material is good, and the white material is also good.”

This was the last straw, I told the dentist, “Whatever, just do as you want, why talk so much? I’m going to the dentist, and he just takes a drill, and it’s done. Why say so many words?”

This dentist also became annoyed, he looked at me, “Aren’t you still learning foreign languages? How can your teeth be the same as his teeth? Diplomacy is no small matter don’t you know?”

My temper ah, but I could no longer say any French, Chinese was also not possible. I had been too angered by the dentist.

The Frenchman who had the toothache was tortured and struggled up, to me he said, “Whatever way is okay, just tell the dentist to hurry up, I’m going to die.”

The surgery took two hours, and after the man had been anesthetized, he fell

asleep. I was by him the whole time. I became so sleepy that things began to blur. It seemed that I saw Cheng Jia Yang, and we returned. He asked me how I was and my right hand tightened into a fist, and I said bitterly, "In my whole life do not ever let the doctor condescend me like that ever again."

Chapter 11

Qiao Fei

Finally in Shanghai, everything stabilized. A senior sister, a graduate student, accompanied the group, she was excellent, and very focused and serious. Besides the fact that she ignored me, there were no problems.

Finally we sent the foreigners off at the air port. I gave them my small [red packets](#). I gave them all kinds of currencies from the Euro to the American dollar. Though it did not seem like a lot, when you added it all together there was probably around 2000 dollars. When I returned to Beijing, the travel agency boss Wu Xiao Ping paid me quite a lot, my heart eased some that I deposited it into a small card. At least, I would be able to pay for next semester's fees.

Wu Xiao Ping was very satisfied with my work, he shook my head saying, "Not bad, girl, so I really did look down on you. In the future, if you need work you can come look here."

I thought of this path of tiredness from rushing around, but there was also the successful completion of the assignment which brought experience and knowledge, and there was also the money issue. My heart no longer hated the Beijing accent as much as I used to, "Thanks, you can call me at any time."

"There's another person you should thank," Wu Xiao Ping said, his expression saying "I know something is up with you two". He recovered his annoying character, "Cheng Jia Yang kept calling me to ask if you returned yet."

"Ah, right, I do owe him money." I pretended to look disappointed at the realization, "See, my days are not easy, the creditors chase me very tightly."

I returned to the school, fiercely washed my body, and fiercely slept for a whole day. I slept until my face was puffy, but I was woken by a call.

It was Cheng Jia Yang. The number was unfamiliar but I knew it was him.

"You returned?"

"Ah. You also returned from Canada?"

“I’ve already returned for more than a week. How was it, did you eat well?”

“It was okay, I can cope. It widened my knowledge by a lot, I had never went to those places. Plus, the pay was pretty good. Next semester, I’ll have no problem. Wu Xiao Ping also said that in the future if French tourists come, he’ll find me. Right, I should thank you.”

He laughed in the phone, “How will you thank me?”

I didn’t talk. My signal wasn’t that great, the phone made some “Zilazila” sounds. I took the opportunity to say, “What? I couldn’t hear clearly. What did you say?”

“.....Nothing, rest well.”

“Ok, bye.”

“Bye.”

“I collected my money and looked on the screen for the amount of time I had spent on the phone. 56 seconds. Continue to sleep.

My dreams were very strange. I participated in the test, rolling up papers one by one. Immediately, the bell rang, but there were still endless papers that still weren’t done. I was scared, and sat up in a cold sweat. I found that it was a bit into the night, and outside the window was Zhang Lu’s face in the rock ledge.

I grabbed some potato chips and put them into my mouth. Then I said to her, “Bo Bo, please, when you’re online can you open the light? Your face looks like a ghost behind the screen.”

“Aren’t you afraid it’ll affect your rest?”

“Help me look it up, what has happened if you’re dreaming about tests?”

Bo Bo was a master at this, she opened the ‘understanding dreams’ webpage, and ghostlike, she read, “Not sure, not confident, apprehension and suspicion.”

The next period of time until the time when school would start, I lived a stable and relaxed lifestyle, I read books, studied and, memorized my homework. I called my neighbors. Auntie said that my father had been un-hospitalized and my mother had allowed her younger brother who lived in the countryside to live in my house to help care for him.

When it was almost time for school to start, I answered Wu Xiao Ping's phone call. He said he had another French tourist group who had come to look around. I had to be with them for two days. That afternoon when I went to go meet him, I saw Cheng Jia Yang.

When I arrived I saw him sitting in Wu Xiao Ping's office. His hair had become shorter, and his hairstyle had also changed. But I could still recognize him immediately.

Wu Xiao Ping, who was turned towards me, waved his hands, Jia Yang turned around. I saw that his color was very good. He looked at me and smiled.

I said hi to the two, and Jia Yang said to Wu Xiao Ping, "All right, I still have other business, Xiao Ping, you can call me." Then, he said to me, "I thought you had disappeared."

"I study daily at school."

"Oh, bye then."

"Bye," I said.

Wu Xiao Ping escorted him out.

Suddenly I felt that my heart was empty. I realized that the only thing that me and Cheng Jia Yang repeated was, bye. Bye.

Wu Xiao Ping came back, and gave me the information packet with the touring information and the hotel and food vouchers. I grabbed it and left. I used the elevator to go downstairs. After I exited the writing floor, I walked very slowly. It wasn't as if I had anything else I needed to go. The summer sun shone on my body, and my skin became itchy."

"Qiao Fei."

Cheng Jia Yang's car stopped beside me. He was this kind of person. Just for one sentence, he would get off of the car to tell me. He wouldn't be like those rich young men who approached young girls in the driver's seat.

"Are you afraid? I'll send you back to school?"

I said, "Don't you still have things to do later?"

He shook his head, “I was waiting for you.”

I sat on his car. He played some very light music. Patricia Kass’s song “If you leave” softly hovered in the car. The sun penetrated the car and shone on both of us, shining through Cheng Jia Yang’s slender fingers.

音乐迷离, 阳光悠闲, 我恰在此时看见他的手, 就想起一些不该想的东西。想起, 他的手指, 他的身体埋在我的身体里。

The music blurred, the leisurely sun shone, I just saw his hand at that point, and thought of something I shouldn’t have. **PG-13*****[**

]

I really liked his fingers.

I looked outside the window.

车子经过一家电影院时赶上红灯, 我看见海报, 正在上映一部最近炒得很热的美国动作片, 讲的是三个美艳的女特工拯救世界的故事, 叫“山姆大叔的天使”。

The car caught a red light right when it passed by a cinema. I saw a poster of a hot movie that had recently been released. It talked about three glamorous female agents who saved the world and was called “Uncle Sam’s Angels”.

Uncle Sam's ANGELS



I pointed to the poster and asked Cheng Jia Yang, “Have you seen this movie yet?”

“No. I heard it’s very fun though.”

“Are you busy today? I would like to invite you to watch this movie ok?” I said, “I haven’t thanked you yet, and I’ve found such a great opportunity.”

“And dinner.” Cheng Jia Yang said, he looked very serious.

“No problem.”

In truth, my heart was beating very erratically. But my specialty was

pretending to be calm.

“But, you must buy the snacks that we buy during the movie.”

Cheng Jia Yang turned the car and we entered the cinema parking lot.

The movie was about to be taken out of the cinema so there were not that many people. We held milk tea, potato chips and popcorn and entered the theater. We picked the middle seat, where you could stretch out your legs and the atmosphere was also very cool. For these types of movies, the graphics were very beautiful, there were a lot of shocking effects and you didn't need to guess the plot, it was really a great entertainment piece. Among the scenes there was one particular scene that made people have a deep impression. The female lead was calling her lover, but then the phone was broken by criminals, she flew into a rage, punching one's jaw and angrily said, “You know it's hard to find a good guy nowadays right?”

Cheng Jia Yang and I laughed .

After the movie was over we went to the nearby Hunan flavor restaurant. Two people had a very good appetite. We ate half of a soysauce duck, a plateful of fried asparagus, another plate of fish heads, and a plateful of Shaoshan pork. I found that even though Cheng Jia Yang looked skinny, he could eat a lot of fatty meat.

The Hunan food was very spicy. Even after I drank milk, I stuck out my tongue, saying “Chi la Chi la.” On the car, my life was saved when Cheng Jia Yang tried to feed me with drops of water.

At that time it had already become dark. Cheng Jia Yang looked at me and said, “Your reaction is too bad, I thought you Dongbei people could eat spicy food without a problem.”

“You are not allowed to make fun of me,” I said. This was a classic line from [Kong Ji Yi](#).

“Your mouth has swollen.”

“Then it can only be like this.” He watched me.

“Do you have any good ways to fix it?”

“I must kiss you. Really, for you, I must also kiss you. I must take that chili sauce and transfer it to my own mouth. I cannot see you in pain.”

Then I don't remember what happened. **PG 13*****[**

] I heard him say, “Fei, I miss you.”

I heard myself say, “Me too. When I dream, I dream of you.”

Chapter 12

I will be gone for a few days...I'll try to post one chapter a day but we'll see how everything goes...

Cheng Jia Yang

I answered Xu Dong's phone call. He said he wanted to give me a domestic theatrical premiere invitation and was told to attend. I knew he didn't like to watch movies, but this time he showed such a sudden display of enthusiasm that it made one feel he had a hidden motivation.

He laughed mysteriously (*Last time when he laughed mysteriously.....I don't even want to think about it*), "Go and you'll find out."

I called Fei and told her that a friend had asked me out to go to a premiere. Did she want to come with me? Fei said, "Will we see any celebrities?"

"Yes," I looked at the invite, "It's the Shanghai actress that has recently become hot, her name is Wu Jia Yi."

"That's too good. I love looking at her movies the best!" But she stopped, "That's too coincidental. That day, I have to lead the tourist group. You go by yourself. Make sure you remember to get me an autograph."

Then what meaning was there for me to go? I could only call Xu Dong and ask for a break.

"No, if you don't come you're not giving me face."

When he talked about "face", this issue, I had no other choice and could only go with him on the day of the weekend. According to Xu Dong's instructions I had dressed up to go with him to the premiere.

Before the premiere there was a reception. When I arrived, Xu Dong was also there. By his side was the female lead, Wu Jia Yi. I had seen her photograph in the newspaper before and she was actually a bit older than I thought she would be. But she was wiping thick makeup on and did not look like how she did on the screen. She was very bold, and shook my hand, "Hello, Jia Yang, Xu Dong has spoken of you often."

What kind of a person would talk like this? I looked at Xu Dong, who was next to her, “Now you know why you had to come right?”

Then that was probably his newest girlfriend, I said, “A worthwhile trip.”

I gave Wu Jia Yi the little notebook that I had brought and said, “A friend said that I must get your autograph.”

She was extremely happy, and casually signed her name. She asked me, “What is your friend called?”

“Fei.” I said.

“Fei, I hope your every day is filled with happiness.” Wu Jia Yi wrote this in. She gave me the book and said thank you. I felt that this kind of woman knew what she wanted to do.

Then Wu Jia Yi went to greet guests with the director, Xu Dong grabbed me some wine, and asked, “How is it?”

“Okay.”

“I like her a lot.” His eyes followed her.

“Of course.”

“She is so pretty, generous, bold, sincere, mature.....”

“I didn’t know that your vocabulary would increase by this much when you talk about women .”

“Are you laughing at your brother again?”

“I haven’t seen you like this in such a long time.”

“Love.”

I still couldn’t hold it in and laughed.

The movie had started, I went in with the audience and saw that Xu Dong had placed 1000 lily baskets at the door. It was very eye catching.

The movie wasn’t very good. It talked about the modern occasional love and the many times that coincidence led to the formation of love. Many times it also talked about misunderstandings and finally they were transformed by the aliens,

and the lovers married.

Most of the time, I was messaging Fei.

I asked: Did you arrive yet?

Fei's reply: We have finished hotpot and are going to the Workers Cultural Palace to see an ancient costume performance.

She asked: Was the movie good?

I said: I didn't notice. But I heard that it has received double nominations. One for the mainland Golden Goose Award and the other for the Taiwan Golden Mule award.

Fei: Wow! So good! Did you get me my autograph?

Me: You can stop worrying.

Fei said thanks, followed by a joke:

Four mice boasted: A: Everyday I eat rat poison like candy. B: If I don't step on a mice's foot on any given day, I'll begin to itch. C: I do so everyday but the streets are not practical. D: The time is getting late, I need to go grab the cat to argue.

I laughed "ha", which caused others to turn around and say "Sh". Just then, the movie's beauty teared up and said to the male lead, "I actually love you."

The movie ended and there was a long applause. I looked around and actually saw Xu Dong's company's staff members. To have found so much "careworkers", it really made one feel the good intentions.

Xu Dong busily took care of the guests. He greeted me and then left with Wu Jia Yi. I saw his care and love for her. It was a little strange. What was wrong with him? It wasn't as if he hadn't seen any celebrities before but he could actually feel so heavily towards this one. This him was not familiar to me.

It was about 10:00. She was probably done at her side. I had to call Fei.

"Did the movie end?" She asked.

"It just ended. You?"

"I already returned to school, and I'm currently washing my face."

"How should I give you Wu Jia Yi's autograph?"

"Wait until the foreigners leave. The day after tomorrow."

"You owe me a favor."

"What is the price now?" Qiao Fei's voice was lazy, and it made my heart itch.

Looking behind me, I saw a big, round, white moon, "Just looking at you will be enough."

She made a low laugh in her throat, "I'm sleepy."

"All right, sleep well."

I ended the call and sat in my car. Slowly, I drove towards my house. I missed that girl.

But I reached my house, and found that the atmosphere was not right. The hall was brightly lit. My parents were waiting for me, and it wasn't just them, there was also that holy dragon whose tail never showed, my big brother, Cheng Jia Ming. It was really rare that all of my family was present but I could only think of hiding from them, and tried to go upstairs.

"Jia Yang, you came back at the right time. Come over here first, don't go upstairs, we have something to talk about." My mother said.

"Does this have to do with me?" I asked.

My father looked at me. Sighing, I entered the living room, and sat on the chair near the window.

Jia Ming sat across from me. Since Ming Fang's wedding when he came over to rub it in my face, I was even more annoyed at him. I guessed the right now, father and mother were giving him the cold shoulder and it was probably because he started another lawsuit.

I waited to hear what was being talked about but no one talked for a very long time.

Finally, Jia Ming said, "If there's nothing more, I'll leave first. Tomorrow I have to work." He was about to stand up."

Father said, "I didn't allow you to leave."

"What you're talking about is impossible," Jia Ming said, "That child is mine and I will not allow her to take him away."

I could sense that things were complicated, very complicated.

"Don't be like this, Jia Ming." My mom said, "With our family like this....."

"What family?" Jia Ming looked at mother, "It's this problem again. We've already argued too many times. This has no meaning to me."

"You are my son, this can never be changed. When you usually play around, there is no problem. But if you insist on this what will happen to your father's reputation?" Mother asked.

"I can't live for anyone's reputation." Jia Ming said. He began to smile. I understood. Towards our parents he was used to arguing. But this time it seemed to be overdoing it.

Jia Ming grabbed his clothes and prepared to exit. My parents blocked him.

They were basically the same height, but my parents' tempers were heated. They looked at Jia Ming and almost stressing the syllables they said, "Did you think I would be like the way I was before and indulge you guys?"

Jia Ming looked at me, and didn't speak.

"Don't let yourself lose too badly." Father said.

From a small age, his words always made me shudder. I didn't know that this felt different for Jia Ming. He never said anything and grabbed his own jacket and walked outside of the house. He drove away.

The second day, my mom mother and I talked about some problems. They had went to the hospital to visit a veteran when they had bumped into Jia Ming who was accompanying a pregnant girl in obstetrics and gynecology for an examination. Father was furious.

"Did you assess the situation correctly?" I asked, "Maybe it was a friend's wife. Jia Ming sure has a mouth and likes to find opportunities to fight with you guys."

My mother wore a silk tracksuit, luxurious and beautiful. She drank a mouthful

of fruit milk and looked at me, “Do you think that just because Jia Ming doesn’t live in this house, his situation isn’t known by us? What that girl is called, how old she is, where she works, and her background, we are all clear about. However,” she shook her head, “Before, I was too busy with your father, a pregnant woman is really unexpected but a mistake can be corrected. It’s never too late to change the situation.”

My heart became cold.

Father ran over, and waved to me.

“With your father, we have both gotten old. Sometimes, looking at your brother, I feel so hard working but there is no value. All right,” Mother put her hand on my neck and gently stroked my hair. “You are the most well-behaved child. If you were also like Jia Ming we would die. Hearing mother talk, you have also grown up, you can play with anyone you want, but don’t be out of line.”

My father walked over, eating his bread in big bites, drinking coffee, letting nanny serve the eggs, bacon, and fruits. He looked at me, “You never exercise in the morning.”

Who said he had gotten old? He had always had a strong hold over me.

“Our bureau is going to play a game of basketball against the Consular Division. Before the competition I can’t get hurt.” I said.

My parents, towards Jia Ming’s problem they were inevitably angry. But, they didn’t mind it too much. They had the will of an iron fist, exuberant energy and self confidence to “properly” solve the problem. I felt that even if I stood with Jia Ming on one side it wasn’t possible for me to refute these two people.

Father said, “Tomorrow I’m going to watch you play basketball.”

I stole a glance at him. Being tall, he blocked the sunlight and I couldn’t see his expression.

Chapter 13

Sorry about the long wait...but here's the next chapter and things get hot.

Cheng Jia Yang

I saw Fei on the weekend, and thus felt that life was not as tiring, and that there was enough warmth to continue on.

I gave her Wu Jia Yi's autograph and she was very happy. She kept asking me what the celebrity looked like. I said that she was average, really, not that pretty. Fei was even more happy and carefully put Wu's signature into a new book: *A Brief History of Western Translation*. I said, "You really do work hard, are you planning to become a research student?"

"I just feel that this book is a little interesting. I don't have any plans for what I want to do in the future." She said, "As for me, after a time, you will see that I rarely plan for things that happen two days later.

"Why?" I asked, "Do you not know that it might rain in the future[1]?"

"That's too tiring, plus, if it doesn't rain isn't that just worrying for nothing?"

I felt that she had even more times when she was like a stubborn child, but sometimes she would say some wise words.

"That's true." I said, "Then let's first order some food and stuff our stomachs full."

We ate food, a Western meal, and the time was long, as the food was served course by course. There was enough time to chat. Fei really liked to listen when I talked about things that happened during my job as an interpreter. I always wanted to make the stories sound more interesting, but I had grown up in this industry and had been in contact with it for too long. Feeling fatigued, I did not know which parts were very interesting. A while later, I just stopped in the middle and asked her if anything out of the ordinary had occurred during her vacation with the large group.

She thought for a while, then smiled. "In Guilin, I let a doctor rebuke me."

Doctors always like to rebuke others. I thought.

“What’s the matter?”

“I told him to stop talking so much and just treat the tourist and then he said: Diplomacy is not a small thing, how can you be a tour guide like this?”

I also laughed, “He really is shameless.”

“Dental caries, dental nerve, drilling, filling...I don’t know any of these words, but it was in the evening, so my brain was dumbfounded.

“That’s nothing much, just look in the dictionary and remember it, after you remember it, just say it, isn’t that enough?”

“What about you? Have you embarrassed yourself before?”

“In the past, there have been many times I did not know how to fully translate what was being said. I also remember I was sweating. Later, after I was more familiar, explaining a bit to let the foreigner understand helped me get through those situations. Also, I’m not sensitive to numbers. Each time I had to translate numbers I had to write on a piece of paper.”

“Besides these, I don’t believe that you can translate everything else.”

“Of course not.” I confidently said. “This is not my mother tongue. I speak Chinese and even make mistakes sometimes speaking. But these translating kinds of things require diligent practitioners and a serious attitude. Do an hour of translating, you have to prepare at least two hours, in order to reduce the amount of accidents.”

“I feel like physical fitness is also very important.” Fei said. “Mental and physical health.”

Afterwards I said something very stupid, I had only drank a little of red wine but with her in front of me, my mouth said, “As for me, my physical fitness is very good.”

Then, we went to go dance, we found a very good disco location. There, to the famous Denmark band’s song, Fei danced crazily and prettily. Her black hair whipped around with the music. Before a blonde foreigner could jump up, I pulled her into my embrace. In that moment the music changed to a moment of

a very soothing and soft melody. In the gorgeous and confusion of the lights, Fei's enticing cat eyes made one feel ecstatic.

I watched her, and she watched me. Our noses and pouty lips gently moved against each other. Our bodies stuck together. My hand that held a cool beer lightly moved over her back and arms. I enjoyed feeling her breath and desire was imminent.

She reached out her hand to hug my head, in my ear she said, "Wait for me a second, I have to go to the restroom."

I said, "Older sister (*Just a friendly term since I think we all know that Qiao Fei is younger than Cheng Jia Yang*), I want to go with you."

She laughed, softly saying, "Be good."

This girl ah.

I watched her weave through the crowd. The music blasted again, and I closed my eyes and moved along with the music. It was extremely idyllic.

Someone tapped on my shoulder. I looked back and it was Mr.Liu. I wasn't really friendly with him, but our dads knew each other. I had been in kindergarten with him when I was young but that was all.

I nodded to him, and then continued to close my eyes and dance.

He patted my shoulder again.

Why was this person so unconscious of others, and still had to say something to me.

I looked back at him, the music rushing. He didn't say anything but pointed at me and laughed and shook his head which meant: Cheng Jia Yang, you have also come to this kind of a place to play?

Then he pointed to an immature girl whose make up was a little horrific meaning: Why is it only you? Did you not bring your crush?

I waved to him and drank a mouthful of beer. I went to go find Fei, and my mind floated lightly just like my feet. I was really happy.

[1] Rains in the future means something along the lines of proactive

Qiao Fei

We left the disco place a little before 10. We didn't wait long and rushed out of the place.

At the hotel we got a room and on the elevator, Cheng Jia Yang hugged me. He hadn't drank a lot but he was extremely enthusiastic and anxious. I liked him and wanted to make him happy.

PG 13 *** [**

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He reached out his hand to stroke my hair in front of my forehead, lock by lock. He watched me and seemed to have an indulgent expression. Cheng Jia Yang was definitely a gentle person and he was.

He kissed me, I said, "I have to go bath."

He followed me up, and I pushed him, "I don't want to bath like affectionate couples."

I first cleaned up my body and my hair and wore my skirt. Cheng Jia Yang watched me.

"I must return to the school."

He stood up immediately, "Are you unhappy?" He was not the lecturing senior he had been in the afternoon, he was like a frightened child who was afraid that he had done something wrong.

"What lies are you spouting?" I kissed his mouth, "The doors close at 12:00. I must go back." I kissed him again, oh oh.

“I’ll escort you.” He reached out his hand to grab his pants.

I pressed his hands and pointed at his little brother, “No need, aren’t you tired? I’ll call a taxi.”

“No.” He wore his pants.

I could only say, “I don’t want to be seen by others.”

When I returned to school, the time was just right. But all my bedmates were gone. I didn’t know where these crazy people had gone. A French person said: Everyone had gone to go search for his cat. I brushed my teeth, smelled my own hands and Cheng Jia Yang’s smell seemed to be gone.

I missed him but I didn’t know what was the problem between us that caused abnormality.

*(Just note: All *** was in the book and I didn’t not make that up. Also when I talk like (this) those are my own comments. Please do not think otherwise.)*

Chapter 14

Cheng Jia Yang

I saw Fei leave and my heart fell.

PG 13 [

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Afterwards, I didn't call her for a good few days. On one hand, I had too much work and too much translation work as there was a government in Africa who had to reconstruct the airport, so there were a lot of files that needed to be prepared. On the other hand, I had to admit that her words, when she said that she didn't want anyone else to see us, had slightly injured my self esteem. This attitude showed that she was unwilling to acknowledge the intimacy between us.

Of course she didn't call me.

On the weekend I got off work and made an appointment with Xu Dong to drink. He brought Wu Jia Yi, who wore a rosy small veiled dress, exposing her snow white neck and arm, with less strong makeup. Looking at her like this, she was prettier than last time.

Wu wore a large diamond ring on her finger, that glittered, she gave me some polite greetings and chatted with me. Sometimes I would see that golden ring then kiss Xu Dong. We sat by the bar table and chatted, she constantly adjusted her posture, this habit of the female occupation, would always set her perfect face in the public.

Xu Dong enjoyed it a lot and his expression clearly expressed this.

I felt that I would be a little bored today, since he was being like this, he

shouldn't have come to see me.

When Wu Jia Yi went to wash her hands, I said to Xu Dong, "You are too typical, why would you bring your girlfriend when we've already made an appointment to drink? Is this not awkward?"

He laughed, "Are you jealous?"

I wanted to give him a flying kick.

"Don't be mad, don't be mad." Xu Dong said, watching me, "Do you need anything?"

"No."

"But you have recently been most unusual." Xu Dong said, "Mr.Liu told me that he watched you at the disco, and you were very intoxicated, not even willing to talk much. He said that he saw a woman by your side who later disappeared."

Within this community there were no secrets.

I drank a mouthful of whiskey.

"Have you fell in love?" Xu Dong asked.

"Ho," I said at last, "This is not the problem."

"Yo," Xu Dong looked at me, interested, "So it was real?" He was very happy, "When you bring her over, let your big brother look her over."

What should I say?

Should I say, actually you also know her, she was the girl at the college entrance who gave you the middle finger? I said, isn't this so coincidental? She was the one who you found to spend time with me and have sex?

So here I ran into some problems and there I had a great desire to talk. But I wasn't willing to say these things, and had no way to tell Xu Dong any of the specifics clearly. Just beating around the bush was not very harmonious either.

"Were you unable to enter?" Xu Dong said to me, bluntly.

"Yeah."

“It wasn’t the first time right?”

“No. The first time was pretty good. But later, it was not okay. She was extremely hurt and started sweating, and couldn’t stand it. Plus,” I said.

“What?”

A small commotion began by the bar. It just just so happened that Wu Jia Yi had been found out by the reporters and had accepted a short interview. This was all a few small entertainment gossips.

“Jia Yi, did you come out by yourself?”

“Yep,” Wu said, “I just finished filming my new movie, and was just chilling so I came out to relax a bit.”

“Jia Yi I heard that you and the big company’s young master fell in love, is it like this?”

“No,” when a woman lied, her eyes never wavered, “I am still young, so I just want to focus on my work.”

I looked at Xu dong, and he looked at me. As people who were usually snobby and rich, we were currently facing a woman denying the existence of the respective male.

“Jia Yi, the ring on your finger is very pretty.”

“Thanks, a very good friend sent me this.” her voice was very soft and angry.

I said: “A good friend?”

Xu Dong drank some wine. With a very casual face he said, “This is a sense of security, when a woman does not see a rabbit, they will not spread around like an eagle. Haha. You don’t need to laugh at me, your problem is probably the same.”

Xu Dong and Wu Jia Yi followed each other out of the bar. I drove my car and cruised around for a long time.

Monday, French Chancellor of the University came to represent French Education and he met with the Chinese State Councilor, I acted as the translator. After the French side and the Ministry of Education met, there were

some talks and, they agreed to expand bilateral cooperation in education and scientific research fields.

The conference ended. On the second day I accompanied the French representatives to Peking University and to the outer courts to meet with college and academic students.

Before they went to the outer court, the representatives rested in the slanted hall. Students who passed by were from the French Department and I saw Fei, who wore a blue Western dress, with her laughing expression, leading the visitors in.

I walked over, "I am thirsty."

She watched me, "I prepared you a drink at your seat."

"I don't want to drink pure water, I want coke."

"Then I'll go try to find it for you," she said as she exited the living room.

I had had a crazy thought in my mind, I wanted to make her anxious. I followed her out.

One had to pass the desk to go to the restroom and when she wasn't looking I pulled her in. We leaned on the door, and I picked her up, "Why didn't you call me?"

She pressed my shoulder, "Wasn't I afraid that you would be too busy?"

"I missed you."

"Me too."

"One kiss."

"Annoying."

When I kissed her mouth and hugged her hip, she laughed and hugged my neck and said breathlessly, "Being like this, how can you be a translator? Quickly go back."

"There is still the translation for the Department of Education." I said, "Next week, at/on eleven. How will you live?"

"I have to take care of the tourist group. Wu Xiao Ping called me yesterday."

“What?”

“I have to bring a French tourist group to Da Lian for two to three days.” She pushed me, “All right, you have way too many guts. We both still have things to do.”

Right when she pushed the door to exit, I hugged her from behind again, “When I look at you, I am no longer myself.”

She turned and kissed me.

In the student conference, the French scholars’ speeches came first, followed by a stage of interaction on stage. The students asked questions, the academic students replied. The warm atmosphere was rich in content. I was not ambiguous and, I translated it all perfectly.

Qiao Fei

The eleventh, the school had a 10 day break. I had to bring the tourists to Da Lian and I had already talked to Cheng Jia Yang and agreed that the moment I came back I would go find him.

I got on the airplane and made sure the foreigners were okay. I put my luggage away and sat down to look for the water. The airplane was about to set off when the phone rang. I answered and it was Wu Xiao Ping. “You haven’t flown yet?”

“I haven’t set off yet.” I continued to look for the mineral water in my bag. “What do you want?”

“Another person joined your group. Do you know of this?”

Currently the person who sat on the other side gave me a bottle of water, “Do you want this person or not?”

Cheng Jia Yang.

“I know now.”

I looked at him and he looked at me, “You haven’t been scared badly right?”

“This is too great,” I said, “I don’t know much of the aquarium’s vocabulary so I’ll just ask you to say all of them.

(Please note: All xdx and xx are in the actual translation. Thank you)

Chapter 15

Qiao Fei

This was what followed in the (a little more than an) hour plane ride.

In the morning, the soft sunlight came into the airplane and country music played. Cheng Jia Yang held my hand.

At first we did not say much, his other hand held a magazine. I checked his profile every once in a while, his dark eyes, high nose, and thin flying lips, he clenched my hand and bit it, "What are you peeking at?"

I said, "Has anyone said that you are very good looking?"

"Don't mention it," he said, "From a little age in the kindergarten, because they thought I was a girl, there was no shortage of fights."

"Really?"

"I burned off my eyelashes and eyebrows using my big brother's lighter." (*Um what?*)

"Then wouldn't you be turned into ET?"

"Even if I took it out I was still a handsome brother."

I laughed, "You have a big brother?"

"I have a big brother." Cheng Jia Yang said, "I didn't tell you before. My parents had two sons. Guess who was the most spoiled one?"

"You."

"Correct."

"Guess who was happier?"

"....."

"It was him." Cheng Jia Yang said, "We had a casual relationship."

I basically understood.

"Ever since he was little, my big brother never needed my parents to care for

him. He independently read books, tested into school, and lived.”

“You’re so big now, you still need your parents to care for you?”

He looked at me, “Sometimes, there is invisible pressure.”

He did not want to continue to complain to me, and asked me, “What about you? Do you have any siblings? I remembered last time you talked about it.”

I wanted to tell him some interesting stories.

“I am the only child. Did you not see this last time?”

When I was little, I was so ugly and so sick. My mom had to take me to the hospital every few days.

Later, she thought of a trend.”

“Speak.”

“She asked my uncle who lives in the countryside to find me a demigod fortune. Guess what I was reincarnated from?”

“A good wealthy boy?”

I shook my head.

“The fire cloud cave master’s red child?” *(This actually comes from a game and the fire cloud cave master seems to be a boss of some sort so if anyone knows where this reference comes from please let me know!)*

“Why are you so vulgar?”

“Quickly speak.”

“I was a,” I looked at him intently, “real worm.”

Cheng Jia Yang was drinking some water at the time, and he choked, “Don’t tease me,

“How are you not cultured? Real people come from people who have become deities: Real worms come from bugs that have achieved Dao.”

Cheng Jia Yang laughed, almost passing out, “What happened then?”

“The demigod said the reason I was so sickly was because of my special identity so he wanted to take me in. My mom became anxious and pleaded with him to

save me.”

“He gave you a burn and you drank the ashes right?”

“How did you know?”

“It’s always like that on television. And then what? Then were you no longer sickly?”

“That night I had diarrhea, dehydration, and I had to live in the hospital.”

He put his chin on my shoulder and laughed soundlessly, his hot breath making my ears itch.

“I was like this, sick, then you know, my parents didn’t say anything, they were very anxious and pleaded with another person to teach me to talk and pleaded with another person to look at my illness. They used their lifetime savings to buy a television, I watched this every day.”

He gradually stopped laughing, “Then what?”

“I went to elementary school, my body was not very good, but my legs were very long and I entered the track and field team, running, running, my body became well again. Later I became stronger and stronger, have you seen me run yet? Let me tell you, I have special talent. When I run, my legs stretch horizontally and my feet are straight, you know, average people cannot do so, when you run it is an “8” shape (Chinese character for 8 is 八 so it’s this shape). Believe me, it’s real, average people all have “8” shaped feet.

My character changed, and I could talk a lot. After class I talked, during class I talked, the teacher frequently punished me by making me stand.”

My grades were average, they weren’t the best, but when I went to middle school and high school, I leaned on my physical education grades to add points. Furthermore, when I came here for college, that was also because my Physical Education grades were added in my Gao Kao (Chinese SAT) grades.

Don’t tell anyone else.”

He tightly grasped my hand: “I feel that you have lived very happily.”

I shook my head vigorously: “Exactly, I have always felt that my luck was exceptional.”

“I think I have never seen you unhappy before.”

“Sometimes, I will be unhappy. Then I’ll stand in front of the mirror and tell myself: ‘Laugh’, ‘Laugh’, saying this until I laugh out loud.”

Cheng Jia Yang watched me. I felt he was very gentle, his eyes looked as if they were going to overflow with tears.

I said: “Laugh.”

He looked at me.

“Laugh.

Laugh. I command you to laugh.”

He finally laughed out loud, and lightly said, “I want to kiss you. Now.”

“How are you so indecent? Note the implications.” I pushed him, “I have to sleep for a while more, later I’ll need to work.”

He covered me with a small blanket, it was really warm and comfortable.

Cheng Jia Yang

Daylight poured in through the small window, and Fei’s face was very rosy and was sleeping peacefully. I wanted to know what kind of strength and what kind of outlook towards fate would allow her to be so relaxed and happy when talking about her own troubled life.

Her head tilted and I thought she would land on my shoulder, then she moved back, and her head was on the chair’s back. Finally she found a good posture and slept more soundly.

I thought of my own travels before.

When I was a teenager, I accompanied my parents and sat in the luxurious first class across the land or the sea to go to a strange familiar place, North America, Europe, and the dark Africa, sometimes we would travel throughout the night, and sometimes we would travel throughout the day. When I grew up I had to have my own career and study but I still continued to travel, greeting and escorting people around, in a hurry.

But as of now, I had Fei, and I would no longer be lonely. She had walked from

my young spirit to become my fellow traveler companion.

We arrived in Dalian.

Afternoon, sun shining, and a moist sea breeze, the city had neat streets and European style small buildings, as well as robust sycamore trees whose leaves had grown into the size of one's palm, trembling extensions on the branches.

Fei brought the foreigners to eat some seafood dumplings, then shopping around Xinghai Square, and to visit the Shell Museum. She was energetic, enthusiastic and she worked very well, the French were very fond of her, and when they first met there was an old lady who called her "Little Cabbage."

I thought, even though her vocabulary was limited, because she did not live abroad before, and some expressions were not authentic, with practice, she could become a very good translator.

While she explained things, I used my phone to take a lot of pictures. She first made haggard eyes to me, and later I knew that she had no way to get it from me, and deliberately posed to me prettily.

The hotel that we lived in looked out over the big sea.

Fei lived with an old granny in a standard room. Wu Xiao Ping's travel agency had helped me get a simple room, we communicated via the station.

I first washed up and lay on my bed watching TV. I constantly changed the channel, absent-mindedly. Fei and I had already agreed that in two days time we could not act rashly but I could always think of her.

Then someone knocked on my balcony door.

No way, happiness had really flown to the door. Fei stood outside and smiled at me. Her hair was blown by the breeze and her alluring eyes were like those of a cat's.

Cheng Jia Yang, you've been imagining indecent things again, I said to myself.

I opened the door for her.

"Why didn't you open the door?" She said as she straightened out her hair.

"I thought I was having an erotic dream."

“Go, go,” she looked very enthusiastic, “Let’s go to the seaside and walk around.”

Oh that was why.

I took off my clothes so that I could change into something else before going out.

She actually turned around.

The hotel’s bonfire party was over, as of now it was the dead of night. Since the beginning of the night tide, wave after wave, I hugged the Fei along the beach slowly walking, listening to birds singing in the dark, flying over our heads.

“Cheng Jia Yang.”

She even used my last name to yell at me.

“Yes?”

“I’m thinking right now.”

“Say it.”

“Do you remember there was a day when you were drunk and you brought me out from the winery, “Allure”?”

“Yes.”

That day it had been because of Ming Fang. I saw her future husband and felt very hurt, and went to the nightclub to free my sorrows.

“Do you remember it very clearly?”

“So-so.”

I was drunk, and I couldn’t have recognized Fei, I only recognized that beautiful girl’s beautiful tongue that brought me ecstasy.”

“We kissed, do you remember?”

Later, that time when it was our first time, I remembered her mouth and her tongue and thus recognized her.

“Yes. I remember.” I hugged her tightly and thought, Fei was very romantic, creating an artistic conception from bits of memories.

“Later?”

“I had no impression of being with you. I seem to have slept, and when I woke up I was with my big brother at home.”

“I’ll tell you what happened later.” Her two hands came over my neck and then her face changed, “You kissed me, and then you puked. You puked in the beach!”

She now had the potential to strangle me.

We chased each other on the beach, and I realized that Fei was definitely an athlete. I didn’t know how far she ran but she tackled me on the beach.

She pinched my face. She had become the best in my eyes: “I told myself that I cannot let you off.” She used her hands and feet to tickle me.

I begged for mercy, she didn’t stop.”

I finally grabbed her hand: “Fei, let me off.”

She looked tired, and lay on my body, her eyes shining in the night, watching me, “That day you were very unhappy.”

I slowly sat up and hugged her into my embrace. I picked out the sand in her hair: “Have you ever been hurt by someone?”

She was very quiet.

“I don’t want to talk about this.” I said, “Because I already forgot. After I puked, I forgot.”

“The place where you puked, later small crabs climbed over it.” she said, “They cleaned the place neatly.”

We laughed again.

At this moment I suddenly realized we were already very far away from the hotel.

It suddenly began to rain.

(Please note that all things shown on this page were in the actual translation. Also parts that are in italics and parentheses are not in the actual translation. Thank you.)

Chapter 16

Cheng Jia Yang

Speaking of rain, it rained harder, we couldn't run back, and next to us was a small pavilion for pedestrians to rest and we could only stay there to hide from the rain.

Fei said: "How long will we have to wait for?" Her hand leaned on the railing and her body leaned out, "I'm sleepy."

Her little cotton skirt was wet with rain, and stuck to her body, her shoulder strap slid down. I walked over and reached out my hand to help her readjust it, my hand staying on top.

My mind heated up.

I hugged her from behind.

"I want you." I said, her skin was very good, it was thin and slippery. I kissed her shoulder, "Fei, give it to me, all right?"

"Right now? You're not afraid that people who come over and see?" She turned to speak, and we hugged very tightly, she grazed my body.

She looked at me, our foreheads stuck together. I loved her eyes the best. As of now, it became rather foggy, and I stuck out my tongue to lick her lips: "Now."

She didn't resist. Slowly, her bracelet came up my neck in response to my kiss. I took the zipper behind her skirt and opened it, stroking her, cold and wet.

"Are you cold?" I asked.

She shook her head, with unsure eyes.

My hand slid down her waist and took off her panties. I wanted to touch her, and let her prepare herself. Her arm on my shoulder stiffened.

"Are you scared?"

"No."

My finger entered her body, touching, kneading her body's secret center. That

place heated, moistened, and she gasped, then her whole body leaned on me, I probed in with my index finger, and exited, then I used my entire palm to care for her center and save that place's warmth.

She lay on me, her hand grasping my arms tightly, her legs spreading gradually. Sometimes she would kiss my mouth, and sometimes I would look at her on my hand.

"Jia Yang."

"What?" I licked her ear."

"Jia Yang."

I already couldn't talk, and I had made Fei muddled, I took out my ***.

Her hand covered me and touched me.

I grabbed her hand back and put it on my shoulder.

"Listen to me," I straightened her face and faced her eyes, "I want us to both be happy."

Then I slowly entered.

She was very tight, I almost couldn't enter.

I knew her pain, she wanted to stand up, I supported her hip and kissed her sweat, in her ear I said: "It's okay, Fei, we will go slowly."

I sat on the floor and she sat on my body. I slowly entered until I couldn't enter anymore and even though I could not continue in, her warm creamy parcel already gave me a lot of pleasure. This was young, full of elasticity like the tropical plants in the dark, stubborn and exotic.

Her unit suddenly convulsed and I let out a sound.

My god. I hugged her tightly in one instant and attached my head to her chest.

Under her care, my body was already no longer controlled by my own consciousness. I pressed her and thrust into her one by one. I felt her body's cascading folds, and her slippery corridor. Our legs intertwined and I heard the sound of her bodily fluids.

Fei suddenly lifted her head and stuck to my chest, she wanted to yell

something but she only opened her mouth and continued to look at me creased with two pairs of eyebrows.

“Who am I?” I asked her, gasping.

“Jia Yang.”

“Say it, call me, call my name, Fei.”

“Jia Yang.”

High tide xdx made her body tremble, I was suddenly twisted by her, and this was also the moment I burst. We held each other, *** horizontal stream.

Wild and diplomatic pressure to make the sex more like an adventure, we tie the two adventurers, panting rest, salute each other.

“Did it hurt?” I continued to caress her center.

“At first it hurt a lot. Later,”

“How did you feel later?” I was still a little curious.

“I can’t describe it well. You went in, and I hurt, when you exited I was cold. The hot blood seemed to flow in only one place and then everything went blank. Fiery radiance.”

“I don’t want to let you hurt. But pain will rewarded.”

She laughed and kissed my mouth, forehead, and flattered my face: “You said that well. You only live happily, and you won’t hurt.”

“I will also hurt.” I said, “Sometimes I hurt very much.”

“Oh?” She looked at me.

I put my hand on my little brother (*his part*): “Sometimes when I think of you, this place will hurt.”

“Rogue.” When she touched it, it hardened again.

“Big sister, call me little dog all right?”

I forgot how we got back to the hotel, the rain never stopped.

The second day we brought the group to the polar region zoo and then to the forest region zoo. The foreigners suddenly found that my mysterious companion

was the next shift's guide, Fei could thus rest, when she gave me water she said: "Not bad, you aren't tired."

"Don't underestimate an interpreter's strength." I said.

When we passed by the Cross Harbour Tunnel, divers were feeding the sharks, everyone watched happily, but who knew this person was also a lecher, according to the sea, he shook off sunflower seeds on Fei, and with both hands gesturing a heart shape. Fei was very happy, and gestured "thank you." I was calm and collected. After they exited this section of the tunnel, I went back, waving to the divers. When he swam over, I rose my middle finger, with a gesture to say "You bastard."

"How are you so lenient everywhere?" I asked her on the return flight.

"Who are you talking about?" She looked at me.

"You spoke with the lobby manager for so long today."

"Wasn't I waiting for the luggage cart?"

"The moment you came in, he kept watching you. And there were also divers on that day, how come he didn't tease others and only teased you? Plus, he made some fingers, I'll beat up that bastard."

"Ai ya, Cheng Jia Yang, you're still saying dirty things." Fei closed her magazine, "I don't mention it but you always say something about me. You know your two flowery eyes, wherever you go you entice people right? Some French ladies have been lured by you to the point of no return."

"When did I say something?"

"Look. You don't even know, you're already accustomed to it. You're so accustomed to it that it's become natural."

I bit her index finger that was pointed at me.

Fei felt pain: "Ai ya, let go, prosperous wealthy man." She laughed and rolled into my arms.

I hugged her, and lightly said, "When we go back, live with me."

Her hand pressed my elbow, in pain, I let go of her.

Fei gritted her teeth and said, “You smug person.”

At the end of this trip to Dalian, Qiao Fei and I also had seven days of break. We lived at my house near the big mansion near Dalian and Lushun port.

This was sold to me by a friend who anxiously wanted to use money, and I had never lived in it before.

It was a simple house of two bedrooms, and one kitchen, with very comfortable decorations.

The days were endless.

Chapter 17

Summary for people who did not read the last chapter: So QF and CJY take care of the tourists. One day they pass by some divers and the manager among them looks upon Qiao Fei. CJY gets jealous and keeps wanting to beat that “bastard” up. This will come into play later in this chapter.

Cheng Jia Yang

Most of the time we stayed at home.

We rolled out of bed, and climbed onto the table and fell to the ground again. I brought her back onto the bed. In the bedroom, in the living room, in the kitchen, and in the bathroom, I hated to leave her young sexy body. It wasn't just a supreme physical pleasure, it was also more of a spiritual consolation. I felt like I had sailed alone for too long, and was surprised to find a fertile island, almost like a prehistoric paradise.

Eve [1] was the sweetest apple, her sweetness and beauty was incomparable.

Between us, we went out a few times, buying water, buying things, I came back, and opened the bag, and there was actually still a “Red Bull”.

“Did you buy this for me?” I asked Eve.

“Ah, I was afraid you would have muscle strains.”

I squinted at her: “Don't trick me.”

She eagerly ran over: “What are we going to cook today?”

“A plate of vegetables, and a fish. All right? I'll stir fry the vegetables and you can make the fish.”

“Then isn't my mission too big? What if I don't make it well?”

“Well I'll eat it anyway. I'm so hungry that I could die.” I said.

While Fei was busy in the kitchen, I put the dining cloth over the table. Plaid tablecloth, yellow candles, the dry red of the Great Wall. When she cooked she sang a song (I have no idea what the song is so I will leave it out), when she finished singing, she called me: “Jia Yang, quickly come and taste a bit.”

I told myself to remember this moment, because I was very happy.

At night we ate ice cream while watching TV. On the TV, there was a movie of [Ge You](#) with longer hair with numerous pretty ladies, the chief culprit of disclosing confidential information was the cell phone. I suddenly thought of something, my phone still had the mice joke that Fei had sent to me, I really liked that joke, and I could never bear to delete it, so I opened my phone and looked at it again.

September 2, Saturday, 8:12 PM

Four mice boasted to each other.....

“What are you looking at?” Fei asked me.

“The joke that you sent to me last time. The time when I had to go to the premiere and got you the celebrity’s autograph, it’s so funny.” *(Honestly the joke is probably a Chinese thing so I guess I’ll have to look into why it’s sooo unbelievably funny but I think for the moment we can just assume that Cheng Jia Yang laughs at anything since it’s kind of true)*

“It’s drizzling. I’m the best at saying jokes.” She looked at me, “Especially dirty jokes.”

“Oh?”

“I love these the best (*dirty jokes*). My favorite book is even a new book of jokes.”

“Then I’m better than you in this aspect, I love to read [Story Collections](#) (*This is Gushi Hui in Chinese*), while eating peanuts.” I said.

“I just love to watch Ge You.”

“I just love [Zhao Ben Shan](#).”

“Everyone watches Wilson nowadays.”

“That was my apprentice.” I bickered with her sentence by sentence.

She came up and pinched my neck: “I dare you to keep bickering with me.”

I hugged her with one movement: “Don’t go, in the future, just live with me here.”

“Are you going to take a concubine?” In my embrace, she watched me.

I didn’t know how to reply.

She laughed again, and sat up, hitting my shoulder: “Annoying, I’m still watching dramas. Haha, look at him, he’s been discovered.”

On the TV, Ge You called someone in the bathroom, and was discovered by his wife, he stood up and the phone fell on the floor.

The day Fei returned to the school, we did some very intense moves, she didn’t allow me to send her off. I didn’t try to force her.

After she left I smoked some cigarettes, the normal kind. I was a little tired and a little muddled. However, my heart was happy. I walked around my rooms naked, drinking water, smoking, I looked at myself in the mirror and thought of that diver whose finesse had been not bad. I said to my mirror self: “I beat up that bastard.”

Then I laughed, I smoked some more and felt a lot like myself, living in the moment.

” Then I thought of the time when I asked Qiao Fei to stay, her response, when she said, “Take a concubine?”

Concubine, concubine

I played around with these four words carefully (concubine is for words in Chinese) , these words were ambiguous, indulgent, and struggling, selfish, hopeless

I thought of her but what I could give her?

Not long afterwards, I received an even greater admonition.

I returned to my home, I mean, the home where all my clothes were, the house where my parents lived.

My big brother Cheng Jia Ming had actually returned home and was living on my floor.

When I ate breakfast, I saw him sitting by my mother’s side looking at the newspaper, very relaxed. He saw me and said: “Hi, I almost thought you had

disappeared.”

“I went out to travel with a friend.” I sat down. My mother poured me my favorite milk tea.

“And you didn’t say anything to your family.” She rebuked, her eyes smiling at me, “You weren’t worked too tired right?”

I directly ignored her, and I didn’t reply, but asked Jia Ming: “You’ve moved back?”

“Yep,” He organized the newspaper, “Living alone is too boring, so I came back to live for a couple days, I’ll leave first.”

I didn’t understand, didn’t he argue with my parents just a few days ago, Cheng Jia Ming wanting to fight his War of Independence?

I looked at my mom, she laughed, in a very rewarding way: “What’s there to look at? People grow up, and will eventually understand things, your big brother understands now.”

“That girl. The one you talked about last time, the pregnant one.....”

“Don’t say things like that. Be careful of your father.” My mother used a piece of bread to block my mouth. I began to hate her being like this more and more, making me into a little kid, I took the bread.

“Jia Yang,” she was used to saying things with an ‘earnestness’, “Remember, there is nothing that cannot be solved. There is also nothing that can be kept secret.”

I sneered.

“Your big brother was arrogant enough, but how is it, he still returned home nicely.”

I watched Jia Ming drive his white Jeep away, thinking that my parents had finally forced him into submission but he didn’t look unpleasant at all.

I went to work and found that a lot of things had changed. Lao Li who was responsible for a new translation had not come but he was never absent. He didn’t appear for the whole morning. When we ate lunch, I asked big sister Ma: “Big sister, why haven’t I seen Lao Li at all?”

“He had full appointments, so he went job hopping. He was tired to death, and didn’t really earn enough money so he went to Shanghai to work, in a short period of time he’ll be able to get a money to buy a house, but of course, for young masters like you, you wouldn’t know about it.”

“Look at what you’re saying.”

We were all senior interpreters here, there were only a few of us and we were all handpicked. Now that we were missing a person, there would have to be another new person trained to take up this director position that would hurt the whole department *(like if anything goes wrong or anything happens suddenly cause Lao Li just left, leaving the department in ‘chaos’)*

In the afternoon, I grabbed my documents and went to go get the head’s signature. He was anxious to see me, and saw me come in, he said to me: “What about this Jia Yang, the senior translating department can’t have nobody there, go to the foreign languages department and grab some interns.

I specifically went back to school and went to the French department, when I saw the head, Professor Wang, I explained the situation and tried to use these small means to bring Fei some new opportunities.

The interns had just came in, and the head tested them. Fei’s written portion was actually better than her speaking portion, the total score was above average, she was assigned to follow around a big sister to go out of Shenyang to cooperate on some cases between the French city of Lille.

When I came back, I asked that big sister coworker about Fei’s work situation.

She said: “That girl, she’s actually not bad, she has very solid foundations, when she does things she is very serious. Sometimes she will translate things into the night, her strength is like that of a guy’s strength.”

I was very happy, I felt that hearing others compliment Fei was better than gaining compliments for myself.

That weekend, we were together, I asked her how she felt about the recent interpretation jobs, at that time her back was to me, and she was reading, memorizing vocabulary words. She heard me ask her and thought about it. Then she said: “The road full of fortune is long, happiness and earth.”

I walked over and sat next to her: “Tomorrow, I have a summit meeting (*a meeting between the government heads of state or government, usually with a lot of media coverage*), I am doing simultaneous interpretation, do you want to come and see?”

“Can you?” She was very happy.

“Of course, how hard can it be? I’ll give you a worker tag, you wear it, and whatever anyone asks you to do you don’t have to do it, just watch me.”

“Ai ya, too great. Come, kiss me.”

I was willing to do anything that would make her happy.

[1] According to the second chapter of Genesis, Eve was created by God by taking her from the rib of Adam, to be Adam’s companion. She succumbs to the serpent’s temptation to eat the forbidden fruit from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil which is most often depicted as an apple. ~Part of this is from wikipedia

If this doesn’t make sense lemme know but it’s some Biblical references.

Qiao Fei

The European summit leaders were seated on stage, 3000 people of every country filled the hallway. There were blue-blooded elites, Western suits, every person’s seat had a bit of black on it, which connected to the interpreters’ voices at the back.

English, French, German, Spanish, Japan, Russian, Arabic.....every language’s most supreme translators sat in pairs in their allotted work spaces, alternating calm and orderly work.

Passion, intrigue, cooperation and appeasement, self-satisfaction, intrigue, maneuvers, the world changes.

It was nothing more than stable interpreting from the interpreters’ mouths.

I took the opportunity to go out on behalf of a bathroom when, secretly using his French translation channel, I heard Chengjia Yang’s cool, water-like voice fluently say: We will work to promote Asia-Europe cooperation in the field of economy and trade to the deeper level, a wider areas of development.

Chapter 18

Qiao Fei

When the conference took a break, I saw Cheng Jia Yang come out from his work area and talk to his coworkers. He looked towards me, and I gave him a thumbs-up, he was very happy.

I heard someone behind me say: “You see, that is Cheng Jia Yang.”

I looked around. It was two female reporters who wore their certificates in front of their chest. The person who had spoken was very young and pretty, their black hair cascading down their back like a waterfall. She looked towards Cheng Jia Yang’s direction and smiled, laughing as if she was keeping a record of him and extremely satisfied with what she found, already a winner. She saw me watching her and she faced me. I said Hi. She didn’t reply.

I turned, my heart thinking, *Well there is enough arrogance.*

When the conference ended that woman went with her coworker to go find Cheng Jia Yang. His figure was tall and slender. When he talked, to impose a greater height than the woman, he stuck out his chest slightly.

This kind of person, who could resist him?

I secretly left myself, my heart full of his image.

Cheng Jia Yang

When the conference ended, and I prepared to leave, someone called me.

It was two reporters from a TV station, one of them knew me, the nameplate said, Wen Xiao Hua. I had no impression (*when do you have an impression?*). I looked at this young woman’s beautiful face and felt that indeed, I did seem to know her from before.

She laughed. Her smiling expression was apparent in the corners of her mouth, faintly showing another person’s appearance.

“Do you really not remember me? Interpreter. This June of this year, at Fu Ming Fang’s wedding we were at the same table.”

Ah, right. The person who had sat with me, had been wearing a white silk skirt, her napkin had been placed on her lap and fell a few times. I had helped her pick it up.

“Right, I remember you.” I said, and nodded to her.

“Ming Fang is my cousin.” This sentence finally made everything make sense, so that was why I felt she was so familiar every time I saw her, “That day, you drank a lot of wine.”

“Really?”

Of course. When Ming Fang had married, I was practically drooling. The woman’s eyes were very sharp, but I was not willing to let her see my flaws.

“I need some help.”

“Please speak.”

“My coworker and I need to do a show on the interpreter’s life and need some information, I don’t know if you would be willing to help.”

“If they don’t involve state secrets, of course it would be no problem.” I said.

“State secrets? How would it? We are also only civil servants.”

“Then I will accept without hesitation.”

I realized that I never saw Fei.

“All right, then you can find me anytime.” I grabbed my briefcase and tried to leave.

Wen Xiao Hua chased me: “Ah, Cheng Jia Yang, you should have a business card right?”

“Oh.” I said, “I’ll give you my phone number. I have no business card.”

“Then please say it. I’ll write it down.” She took out her cell phone.

I told her my cell phone number, and she keyed the numbers in one by one, then she gave me the cell phone: “Can you enter in the words for your name yourself?”

I could only type in my name in her cell phone.

When I left the conference center, I still didn't see Fei.

I called her at night, I said: "Why didn't you wait for me?"

"I saw that you were busy."

"Don't mention it, the reporter even wanted to interview me, and even wanted to do a feature film."

"Then won't you become famous one day?"

"What hogwash, I have to agree first."

While I talked to her, I fiddled with the cell phone in my hand, and it showed the pictures I had taken of her in Dalian.

"Ah." Fei said, "I think you are pretty great."

"When?"

"Today during the summit conference, I used an earpiece and heard your interpretations. It was very great."

"Am I only great when I interpret?"

Fei laughed on the other end: "You are so undecent." Then she said again: "I'm not talking to you, I haven't finished my homework."

"All right then. Bye."

I hung up the phone, and carefully looked at her picture, she was pretty.

My big brother, Cheng Jia Ming came in and said to me: "I need to borrow a book."

"I'll help you look for it." I put my cell phone on the bed, and walked to my bookshelf side, "Which one?"

However, he grabbed the opened cell phone, and looked at Qiao Fei's picture: "She's pretty enough."

Everything was great about this person, but he was sloppy enough.

But I didn't get mad, I didn't mind that he saw Fei's photo.

I laughed, haha.

“I haven’t seen you so happy in such a long time.”

“Really?”

“I want,” he pointed to the bookshelf, “[Ji Xian Lin’s](#) book that introduces the Tocharian language.”

“That’s not easy to find. After I bought it I never read it.” It was on the bookshelf, placed in the most inner section. I reached out my hand to touch it and found something else.

There was a small paper bag of special cigarettes. There was a point in my life when I had smoked often, and I didn’t know when I had quit.

“Did you find it?”

“Yep, I’m done.” I took out the book and gave it to him. I took back my cell phone.

The cell phone that Jia Ming had put in his pocket rang, he answered the phone while walking out. I heard him say: “Julie? Ah, Claire. You came back from Canada? Ah, sorry it was Japan, I got it wrong.”

How many girlfriends did he have?

There was another person who was playing at the same game.

When we were playing basketball, a strange girl stood at the sidelines waiting for Xu Dong. That lady was very young, and she wore denim clothing. She looked like she was also a college student. I thought of a short starstruck love that was placed on the celebrity Wu Jia Yi, Xu Dong’s taste really did change very quickly.

But he had something on his mind. When we played basketball there wasn’t enough enthusiasm. When we went to drink tea, he would either be intimate with his girl almost like he was trying to show something to the people beside him or he would not even look at her. After he sent away that girl, I asked him what that girl was called. He thought for a very long time, and patted his head: “I’m old, I’m old, I forgot what she was called.”

At night when we drank wine, he didn’t seem very happy. Xu Dong being like this was really rare.

He finally received a phone call and actually went away to answer. When he

came back, I couldn't see his expression clearly but he began to tell some jokes. He drank cup after cup of brandy.

We sat by the bar counter, and we could see through the window to the street. I saw a small car rushing out, braking suddenly. Wu Jia Yi came out from the car.

This seemed like a drama, like it would become more and more interesting.

Xu Dong watched her, stood up, grabbed his clothes, and patted my shoulder: "Jia Yang, good bye." When it came to pay the bill I pushed him away.

Xu Dong was very shaky, he walked outside, and leaned on Wu Jia Yi. Their figures as they left was like the morning stroll of the old grandpa leaning on the old grandma.

Sometimes, men could be the weakest animals.

It wasn't a festival or a weekend, and there was nothing to celebrate or anything to say. I only thought to see Qiao Fei. My heart had a fierce desire, like a fire, burning the heart and beginning a dry thirst. I drove to her dorm. All the lights were already closed. We were separated by a wall, and I smoked a cigarette and thought of a real problem that was imminent.

I loved her.

I didn't think that I could receive Wen Xiao Hua's phone call so quickly.

She said that she was Wen Xiao Hua and I had no impression of her appearance. I only felt that her smile looked a lot like Ming Fang. While we talked at the coffee shop, we also began the conversation with Ming Fang.

"Are you very good with my cousin?"

If it had been a few months ago, this question probably would have made my heart scared, but now when it was brought up, my heart was full of faint emotions.

"Very good. We basically grew up together. But we also did have a period when we didn't contact each other at all, after her how was she?"

"Great, they went on their honeymoon and then came back, her husband works busily, and my big sister (*used as a friendly term. Xiao Hua and Ming Fang*

are *cousins*) can rest a bit, after she finishes teaching the class she goes to stay at home.”

I nodded. This was typical of family life, plain and happy.

“We’ll talk about our TV show?”

“Okay. Say it, and I’ll listen.”

Wen Xiao Hua wanted to do a talk show introducing the senior interpreters. This would be about our growth, success, life, family, and we would face the audience, answer some questions, and introduce some situations. I didn’t watch a lot of TV. Towards her methodology, I didn’t have a lot of ideas. Thus I said: “Is it like *Tell The Truth* [1]?”

“Right. It’s basically set up like that. But we are more focused on the exploration of the career.”

“Oh.”

“But, like I said, this show gets very high ratings because we don’t tape it, we film it live. Plus, the issue we talk about will not be revealed to the audience, thus the audience’s responses are all immediate.”

“So you’re saying that the audience has not prepared for it?” I asked.

“You could say it like that.”

“What if the questions are a little complicated? Won’t you guys make it hard for me to live?”

“Don’t worry, it won’t be too overbearing.”

I thought about it: “I’ll make a report to the higher authorities.”

“You’ve agreed?”

“Yes.”

Wen Xiao Hua laughed, I originally thought that when she laughed, she looked a lot like Ming Fang, but as of now, there was a big difference. This woman, was unlike Ming Fang’s warmth or elegance, but she was very cunning and sharp, I could hide nothing. I thus understood it as the reporter’s professionalism, but later I would know that this was my mistake.

[1] *Tell the Truth* is a field program in the form of a group chat to expand knowledge in the form of questions, narrative discussion and/or debate. It is from the CCTV Commentary Department and tries to enhance communication and understanding between participants.

Please note that when I talked like (this) that was not in the actual book translation. Thanks.

Chapter 19

Sorry for the delay, I was very busy.

Cheng Jia Yang

When I was in my office translating, I got a call from Wu Xiao Ping. Ever since the time when I went with Qiao Fei to work there, I introduced many connections to him. Recently, his business was doing very well, and he called me to treat me to a dinner as a way of saying thanks.

Initially, his travel agency's foreign tourists stole some cultural artifacts from China, and was caught by the police. After further investigation it was found that they were actually retired Chinese public servants, their expertise was not low, so though he enjoyed diplomatic immunity, this forced him to go through many legal procedures, to make a declaration, and he did not want to lose face, and even more did not want to move to a different building, this tricky situation fell on the travel boss Wu Xiao Ping. Thus he begged me for help.

I saw a cartoon once as a kid, that talked about the Allied Forces invading China after China opened its doors, a bald old missionary deceived the Chinese people, traded cultural treasures, and was finally drawn in the fish bowl of what things the fairy had learned. I wished that I could have taught those kinds of foreigners myself.

"You can treat us, he's not been caught yet? Ah facts did not constitute a crime, you brought out the criminal, I'll thank my pal well today."

When Wu Xiao Ping offered to treat me to seafood, he also wanted to me to bring Qiao Fei. But I was not willing for her to be involved in this situation and so I didn't call her.

We talked about things from our childhood, even though he spoke in crude tones, he was very interesting, after we drank three drinks, we spoke of Qiao Fei.

"This girl is really not bad, you have good judgement."

"What are you saying now?"

"Did I say something wrong? You guys are unrelated, why are you so

passionate? You don't have to hide anything from me, help me do something, 8/9 out of 10 this involves Qiao Fei's face.

I did not deny it.

Wu Xiao Ping had guessed correctly, and laughed, suddenly he thought of something: "But, this thing really does concern her."

I watched him.

"Don't be nervous. It's just that those foreigners who came to China last time were led by Miss Qiao."

What did I take it as. I lightly laughed and poured myself a cup of wine.

"The time in September. " Wu said.

"Impossible." I said, "She did a different one."

"I'm her boss and you're trying to argue with me?"

"She didn't do any before? In early September?"

"No. At that time I had no tourist groups so I have a deep impression, after the summer we had an offseason. What? Is there something wrong?"

"No, no."

We finished eating, I had eaten quite a bit. Wu Xiao Ping was going to send me home but I said, no need no need, I parked the car in front of the restaurant and went onto a taxi.

"Will you be okay? " Wu asked.

"No problem. " I waved to him, and let the driver drive.

Then I opened my cell phone.

Inside, there was the short text I had kept from Qiao Fei.

September 2, Saturday, 8:12 PM.

Four mice were boasting...

That day I had went to go see Wu Jia Yi's premiere, she (fei) said she had to work. But Wu Xiao Ping had said that in September he had no tourist groups.

I didn't close the car window and the cold air blew in.

I didn't know what happened but it was actually late autumn.

Leaves, yellow lights, travelers by night.

The taxi driver asked me, Sir, where would you like to do?

Even though it was the weekend, today I had no appointments with Qiao Fei and of course, I didn't want to return to my parents.

“Could you please bring me to the CTS Hotel (*Travel Agency of some sort. I'm assuming this is Wu Xiao Ping's agency*).”

I stumbled up the stairs in a blur, and looked at myself in the elevator mirror, my face was red from drinking so much, and I felt this was not a big deal, it could have been Wu Xiao Ping's loss of memory, the situation had passed for so long already, and there was no need to pursue it further. I told myself in the mirror: 'Laugh.' I grinned, looked funny, and I actually did laugh.

When I opened the door, I saw Qiao Fei's shoes at the lane entrance.

My heart jumped.

I received a text from Fei: “I have given you some time to allow the female by your side to leave.” (*Literal translation*)

This really was an unexpected gift, Qiao Fei was waiting for me here.

To the unwarranted “Female by my side” I said: “Oh no, my wife is at home. What about you go first. We'll change it to another day.”

Then I made a motion to open the door.

At the same time, Qiao Fei ran out from her room, holding what could have been used as a weapon like a brick, the Lacrousse French big dictionary, “What person dares to take away my guy?”

I hadn't even taken off my shoes but I hugged her in one motion, she was very warm and gentle, and had a special fragrance which made one's heart feel good.

“Who could compete with you?” I said.

She lifted her head from my embrace and looked towards my eyes. I saw her black cat eyes, her red mouth, and it really made my heart itch. I had to kiss her.

She suddenly grasped my unsuspecting chin, her fingers pressing until I hurt: “I dare you.”

When it was just us, I felt that the world was only this young girl’s body, safe and sound.

Qiao Fei

Sex brings supreme pleasure, but was also conducive to the health of the young youth, I was thus energetic, ruddy, but sometimes just flat trouble like last night because of too much stimulus. My bra was broken by me and Cheng Jia Yang.

I woke up this morning clothes, wanted to bite him, but watching him sleep naive, I didn’t have the heart, and dropped the idea.

I wanted to wake up but the guy pretending to sleep suddenly pulled me down on the bed.

“You still want more.”

“Oh really, yesterday you were too crazy, my clothes were ripped off.”

“Where?”

“Look at it.” I let him look at the broken lace, “I’m not talking to you, I’m thirsty.”

“You mad?”

“A little bit.”

“I’ll send you a new one.”

I did not speak.

“Let’s go shopping. Like, the home dads and the home wives, all right?”

I watched him, his arm was around my neck, and at a closer look, his skin was white and thin almost like trying to squeeze in water. I finished, and throughout this lifetime I would be held down by this male.

“All right.”

In my spending power and standards of living, 200 yuan per bra was the gift

that I had originally planned to send to myself in the new year, I had already seen a good set, a blue lace, lily pattern, woven cloth, good elasticity, and it was also very strong.

Cheng Jia Yang said: “Then isn’t this one better? I heard the staff say that this is made of real silk, from a famous designer, style, and look here, hollow and elegant, and it also prevents breast cancer.”

“Of course its good, 1680 yuan, rich women would wear this.”

“I’ll buy it for you.”

“No, I want to pay for it myself.”

“I broke it, I want to make it up to you.”

“That’s not worth it, Cheng Jia Yang.”

“What?”

“Think about it, 1680 yuan, will you still play as crazily next time? Will you still dare to rip apart my clothes?”

He really did think about it.

“I will definitely be careful, plus, if we buy two sets, we can prepare for future events. You know, I have some times when I cannot control myself at all.”

“Annoying!” I grabbed his arm, almost coaxing him, saying: “Asking too much.”

He looked at me: “All right then, pick it yourself.”

I didn’t choose the 200 yuan set, but instead chose a little more expensive set.

But I would always remember, that set’s expensiveness. The silk material shone a lovely sheen. Moreover, it would be of interest to Cheng Jia Yang.

After we finished buying the bra, we went to the male dressing section again, and Jia Yang bought a jacket which came with a set of English porcelain.

After we walked around the shops, Jia Yang wanted to go to the jewelry shop, when we were in front of Kentucky Fried Chicken, I held him: “I’m hungry, I want to go to Kentucky Fried Chicken.”

“We’ll just go around and then come out okay?”

“No.”

“I’m begging you.”

“Be careful that you don’t actually become a home dad.”

“I agree.”

I was half dragged half hugged inside.

The staff saw the bright and shining radiance of Jia Yang and was very warm. He looked at me like I was the ugly duckling riding with Prince Charming, and though he had doubts, he could only patiently greet me also.

No wonder one had to judge others based off of their work, unless you were some sort of snob.

Jia Yang carefully picked out a necklace.

I sat on the high chair, carefully looking at my fingers.

I thought, this was a question I had prepared for a long time.

Money, the thing that had become attached to us, but was also the thing to create the greatest distance between us. I had always walked gingerly but today it made an unexpected appearance.

“Fei, I want to give you this. Come and look, do you like it?”

This is not bad, your face is little, wearing this thin one would be the best.

Come and see this.”

I didn’t move. He finally looked at me and laughed: “Come over.”

“I’m hungry.”

“After we buy a necklace we can go feast.”

“I’m hungry now.” I said, “I don’t want to buy the necklace.”

He walked over, his hand on my shoulder, as if he wanted to say something.

Cheng Jia Yang

I did no good in coaxing my beloved girl, I knew that the money involved, was a sensitive matter for us.

What I couldn't say was that from last night to today, I had some confusion, and I want to return for a little more security.

I said: "I want you to be happy."

Chapter 20. 1

Qiao Fei

Jia Yang told me, I only want you to be happy.

I looked at his face, it was the same as the time I had first seen him, gentle, faint, and a little sad, my heart was like it had been bound with a thin whip, but I didn't think that here, my performance would become tender, I only put my hand on his hand that was pressing my shoulders, I said: "Being with you, I am happy."

"I'm so hungry, can we go for a walk? If I think of something I need to buy, I'll tell you and let you buy it for me."

"All right." He nodded.

I stood up and we left Cartier (*jewelry shop*). Then we found the closest Kentucky Fried Chicken. My heart secretly swore that I would never again say such heavy words to him.

I have always been a secular person, it has a tacky taste and pleasure.

I liked to eat chicken drumsticks and a roll of onion and Beijing duck, if the sauce came out accidentally, I would lick my fingers clean.

When Jia Yang drank his milkshake he asked me: "Later when you become a great interpreter, don't be like this at the state banquets."

"What? You despise me?"

"Yeah."

I inclined my nose and laughed.

At Kentucky Fried Chicken we sat in a seat in front of the window. The autumn sunlight came through the window onto our bodies, which let one feel warm and lazy. Jia Yang reached out a hand to wipe away a small bit of pasta sauce.

This moment made people want to linger.

Someone lightly knocked on the window in front of us.

Cheng Jia Yang

The person who came was Liu *Gong Zi* [1], he waved outside, and then pushed the door to come in. I shook his head, sitting: "Hi, how coincidental."

"Yes, I passed by outside and it looked like you."

His car was parked outside, I asked: "Did you come here by yourself? Did no one wait for you?"

"Don't be anxious."

I know that as a person, if you're not anxious, I'll be anxious.

"Jia Yang, why don't you introduce us."

Liu looked at Qiao Fei, amused.

"I am Cheng Jia Yang's friend." Fei said.

I looked at her.

"Same. My surname is Liu."

She nodded her head: "Hello."

"You look very familiar."

"Maybe. The world is a small place." She stood up, "I need to go wash my hands."

Fei walked over to the kitchen and turned, her figure was gone.

Liu *Gong Zi* asked: "She's only a friend, not a girlfriend?"

I had no way to respond, I was also searching for this sentence from Fei.

Liu patted my shoulder: "I'll be going now. If there's time I'll contact you, and we can go around[2] together."

Fei returned after a long time, her ice cream melted, she stirred it with a spoon: "Go buy me a bucket."

"Don't eat anymore, you'll get fat."

"Humph, Humph."

She looked at me, amused.

Women, women.

“Let’s go, I’m a little tired.”

We left Kentucky Fried Chicken, I drove, and we went on our way. A way that involved no talking. As of now I didn’t really care, I was only thinking about what she had said to Liu *Gong Zi*, that she was my friend.

Right now it was a Saturday afternoon, usually, we would still have spent the next half of the weekend together, but I drove to the school and said: “I suddenly thought of something, I forgot to do something. You can go to school first.”

Fei still held the bra she had just bought, she quietly sat for a while and then looked at me: “Hey, why didn’t you tell me earlier. My classmates wanted me to go with them to the reservoir to play.”

“I forgot.”

“All right, then call me.”

“Mm.”

She got off the car and bouncily walked to her dorm.

I drove away right away.

I returned to my home on the outskirts, my parents weren’t home, Jia Ming was in the small side room watching a movie.

It was one of Stephen Chow’s old films, the grumbling and devious Tang Sen said to the Monkey King: “Do you want it? Wu Kong, if you want it, speak, if you don’t say anything how will I know, so even though you look at me with sincerity, you should still tell me what you want. Do you really want it? Then go take it! Didn’t you want this a lot? So did you really think.....”

I walked into my own room, and poured a cup of water. I opened the window, and our almond yard grew to be longer than the second-floor window, golden leaves floated into my room.

At this moment I felt regret at leaving her.

If my heart was unhappy why didn’t I tell her?

[1] If you’ve read any ancient Chinese books, *Gong Zi* means noble/wealthy man. Liu is mentioned throughout the book as a *Gong Zi*.

[2] The original text said 帕提. I looked it up and it said something about the Parthenon so I just translated it to ‘around’

Chapter 20. 2

Qiao Fei

I returned to my bedroom, and put my new bra into hot water, washing it clean, I dried it on the patio. I made some of the [Tang](#) drink and drank a few sips, warming my stomach. Ever since what just happened, I always felt cold.

I recognized Jia Yang's friend, the mister. He used to be a young customer at "Allure"[1] who would often raise his hands for more.

The world was a small place, not without reason.

Of course I recognized him. He chased me to the the outside of the bathroom, and grabbed my arm: "Fei Fei, weren't you not going to introduce us?"

"Your hands and feet moving around like this, I'm going to yell for Cheng Jia Yang."

Guys had no fear: "I saw you in the ballroom with Cheng Jia Yang, and almost thought that I had saw wrong."

Really, I almost thought I had escaped last time.

"You're going to yell for Cheng Jia Yang? What about I call for him and we judge this law suit."

"Say something logical, Liu *Gong Zi*. Is there anyone who talks nonsense like you do?"

This guy stuck out a finger to roll my hair, "If you go, there will be no one else to say jokes."

"Go away."

"I can do so. But you have to call me." He shoved his card into my purse. He walked away, and I was relaxed, he spun back again: "Where is stupid Cheng better than me?"

"Haha, if you keep going on like this I'm going to laugh." I said hatefully.

He pushed my forehead with his index finger and I backed up against the wall.

I washed my hands for a long time at Kentucky Fried Chicken, I felt as if I had actually swallowed poison. But I couldn't lose Cheng Jia Yang's face, and I was even more unwilling to begin a fight, so in the future I would be careful.

But this man's heart was like the swirling wind in the autumn. When I returned, his whole face had changed.

What had I said to offend him?

To be fair, on Chengjia Yang's body, there was no weirdness, but I think that some of the bones could not conceal his demeanor and temperament. For example, his self-confidence, pride, and sensitiveness. All of these factors potentially showed, and since I was the opposite, I felt uneasy.

Bo Bo finished bathing and returned, and saw me lying on my bed looking to the sky, and felt very surprised.

"Whoa you're actually home? Didn't you go to your family's house?"

I crawled over: "Ai ya, seeing you washed up, you're just in time, right now you're the best fortune-teller around, help me look at it, am I going to have nothing to do this weekend?"

She opened the computer and operated the fortune teller software, "Wow, Qiao Fei, you're pretty good, the teacher has allowed you to graduate."

I was shocked.

Later I had a period of time in which I didn't see Cheng Jia Yang or call him. In our intensive French class, the teacher recommended Francoise Sagan's book, ["Hello, Sadness"](#).

It talked about a father and daughter who lived their own lives and had received a transformation, because they thought that they change their previous life with enough pain, in the end, they actually continued their previous life.

Naturally.

We studied hard, did our homework, and met a French exchange student, her name was Aude (Aulde) Ferlande (*Let's all thank aeternelle. Thank you! :D*), she lived in the Mediterranean city of Montpellier in France. Throughout the course of the exchange program, we helped each other learn French and Chinese.

Aude talked about her hometown, a blue sky and yellow sandy beaches, the freshest ocean air, the highest palm trees, the dark pretty Mediterranean people, her French was very heavy which made one aspire to be her level.

“Fei, if you become an exchange student, you may not be the first choice.”

“I agree completely.” I said. But to me, this was a problem.

I was already a junior, after another half a year, I would graduate. If I could also gain this good opportunity, if I could go overseas to learn, even if I wasn’t as great as Cheng Jia Yang, perhaps I could become an okay interpreter.

Cheng Jia Yang, Cheng Jia Yang.

What was he doing?

Cheng Jia Yang

Wen Xiao Hua made an appointment with me at a suitable time, and I made my preparations, going on her show.

Prior to the show I had to apply make-up, face powder, and painted my mouth. I was down-hearted, merciless to the makeup artist.

(The show has started) Wen Xiaohua came: “Why don’t you seem very happy today?”

“Where?”

“You aren’t the best.”

Under the lights, this female lead was a little prettier, she could ask any sensitive question easily, giving compassionate advice, a champagne lady’s style.

“But you will also meet some questions that are hard to answer right?”

“Of course.”

“Like?”

“One time, the foreigners were talking about Argentine Peron, and the words weren’t new, but I didn’t understand the essence of the words, when they left this topic after three more sentences, I felt that I hadn’t translated very well.”

“Does this happen often?”

“No. Each time I will do better than the time before, gradually making up for my deficiencies.”

“Do interpreters have any hobbies?” Wen Xiao Hua wanted to change to a lighter topic.

“Reading, smoking, travelling.”

“You’ve travelled the most.”

“What you’re talking about is work, sitting on planes, going to another place. What I’m talking about is travelling, talking, you don’t have to speak in foreign languages.”

“You’ve basically travelled the whole globe right? Where do you like best?”

I thought about it, “Dalian.”

Qiao Fei

I finished studying for the night, my stomach was a little hungry so at the cafeteria’s Si Chuan section, I bought a spicy soup.

I told the master: “I don’t want any tofu skin, put a little more seaweed, peppers and chili.”

At the other stall, Xiao Dan got some black rice, she took a tray and went to go find a seat, then she yelled to me: “Come quickly, it’s Cheng Jia Yang.”

The cafeteria TVs were on a conversation show, the high level interpreter, Cheng Jia Yang was the feature, he had told me this before.

The him in the camera was a little young; like the Taiwanese actor, Winston Chao, he was very refined.

I laughed a bit, my brain had a little thought, *I’ve even seen this man naked.*

The pretty host asked him the place where he liked going the most.

He said Dalian.

I asked the chef: “Did you put in the spicy sauce? No? Then I don’t want it anymore, I’m afraid my face will grow pimples.”

Chapter 21.1

No Content

Chapter 21.2

Translator: QueenAng3l

Editor: Liliywho

Qiao Fei

I finished eating the spicy soup and returned to the bedroom to give Cheng Jia Yang a phone call.

He didn't call me, so I called him. It wasn't a big deal.

Cheng Jia Yang

At the end of the program, I was getting ready to leave.

Wen Xiao Hua came over to find me, "Thank you, the program was very exciting."

"No problem."

"Do you have time to go out for tea together?"

"Okay."

"When would suit you?"

"Huh?" I looked at her. Her face covered in heavy makeup, her eyes like dark pools.

"What 'huh'? I was making plans with you."

She spoke so straightforwardly that I was almost unable to deflect her question. Fortunately, the phone rang at that moment and I said, "Sorry, let me take this phone call."

The result wasn't too effective since the phone was almost out of battery.

The director called, "Jia Yang, Yao family's child is sick. Tomorrow, you will go to France in place of him to visit the Mayor of Strasbourg. Prepare a little bit now."

"Is there no room for discussion?"

“Military orders, 10 o’clock flight tomorrow morning.”

“Hello?”

I still had more to discuss, but the screen already turned black.

Wen Xiao Hua looked at me, “What happened?”

“Urgent task. Leaving tomorrow. Sorry.”

Wen Xiao Hua shook her head. “It’s no problem. Your complexion doesn’t look good. Take care of yourself.”

Whenever women say this, it warms a person on the inside. I shook her hand and said “Thank you, I’ll see you when I return.”

I didn’t know on which corner of the world Mother and Father were at, and Jia Ming was also away from home. I packed my suitcases and replaced the battery in my phone. The wallpaper was Fei’s photo.

I haven’t seen her in over half a month. Earlier during the program, I remembered our brief trip to Dalian. As I answered, I wondered whether or not she would also reminisce the trip when she watches the program.

She never called me. But I didn’t worry because I would call her instead. I dialed her number but the auto voicemail sounded through.

The user you dialed has turned off his/her phone.

While sitting on the plane, I couldn’t remember some things no matter how hard I tried to recall them. Why did I take her back to school that weekend? Why did I get mad at her?

Loneliness and longtime memories make people feel as if they are floating. I had slept for a while, and when I opened my eyes I felt a sense of longing.

Qiao Fei

I brought my phone to the repair shop and the boss said, “Miss, it would be much better to buy a new one.”

“Can’t it be repaired?”

“The nail has rusted.”

I was quite upset. I received bad grades and to top that off, I also had no money. Which god have I bothered?

That day I gave Cheng Jia Yang a call, his phone was turned off. It was probably out of battery, so I took a stroll on the balcony and waited a while to call him again. I flipped open the phone, pressed the power button and dialed his number using just one hand, thinking that my actions were suave. After a second however, my phone slipped from my hand and dropped to the ground below the balcony.

Me!?!;#¥%.....*

Bo Bo studied it for a while and said, "This is the only way."

"What?"

"Change your phone."

"Saying that is equal to not saying anything at all."

"Let me finish talking. Change your phone number. That's the most basic solution."

"Is it useful?"

"My previous exam was political economy, and I also lost my gold necklace. After I changed my phone number, I passed the make-up test and found the gold necklace in one of my boots."

I didn't know whether to believe it or not, but I had to buy a new phone for sure. I chose a white one; one that was not too expensive, but also not that cheap. It was small and had a very vibrant display. I also changed my phone number to one that contains several 8s and 9s for good luck. I sent texts and gave phone calls in order to notify people of my new phone number.

I asked Wu Xiao Ping, "Do you know where Cheng Jia Yang went? He never picks up when I call."

"If you don't even know, how would I possibly know? Probably on a business trip. He's experienced so he could be anywhere in the world right now.""

"He didn't change his phone number right?"

“Either way, I only have his original one.”

I was slightly worried, but continued on living my daily life.

The day turned cold quite rapidly and the city finally had its first snow. I was taking my English exam.

I had not seen Cheng Jia Yang for a month now.

It was winter break again and like usual, I planned to first take a part-time job here and then go home when the New Year approached.

There was a European student who was a heavy smoker. After classes, she would continue to smoke and smoke. She used Chinese to say, “How can I describe it? It’s kind of like eating an apple.”

Finally, I asked her for one. I boldly inhaled the smoke into my lungs, choking and coughing at the feeling. She patted my back and said, “Aiya, look at you trying to be brave.”

I laughed, “Who did you learn these phrases from?”

“It’s a piece of cake.”

“Let me try again.”

And through this way, I was able to learn how to smoke.

I came out of the library that night, pulling my clothes tighter around my cold body as I started to return to my room. I sang an old song to myself, “Unfortunately, the heart is too anxious, so anxious and connected that there are no gaps...”

Someone in the darkness called my name, “Fei.”

Who would call my name? I turned my head to face him. It was Cheng Jia Yang standing next to his car, although I couldn’t see his face.

“I just returned from France. You changed your phone?”

I nodded, “I called you a few times.”

“I had to leave in a hurry. When I got there, there were too many things to do so I didn’t have time to contact you.”

“...Ah. I also had my final exams. I didn’t do so well on the extensive test I took this afternoon.”

“.....”

When we were talking, we maintained the original distance without moving even a step towards each other.

“Is there anything else?” I asked. “I’m going back to my room.”

I regretted what I said straight afterwards. But once the harsh words came out of my mouth, there was no taking them back.

Ever since I had known him, how has Jia Yang treated me? On the trip back from our vacation until now, I had given him this kind of harsh attitude. *Is there anyone else like me with no conscience?*

At this point, my words were clumsy, my heart felt revengeful. In terms of principles, I am not a good person; I upset people when I’m annoyed.

“Nothing. I’m leaving.”

He turned around, reached out and opened the car door. I quickly walked over and hugged him from behind. He put his hands on top of mine, his palms were very hot. I turned him around and touched his forehead and cheeks.

“How come you have a fever?”

“No wonder I feel cold.”

“What happened to you?” I patted his shoulder.

“Don’t take advantage of the vulnerable.”

“Idiot, idiot.”

My mouth was suddenly covered by his, our tongues entangling. I almost couldn’t breathe. I pushed him aside, “Do you want to infect me?”

“I only have a fever, not yet at the infectious stage.”

Our foreheads touched and I could feel his hot breath.

“There isn’t anyone to take care of me, jiejie (*affectionate term for an older female friend*).”

I touched his face, "Let's go back."

"I really do have a fever, my eyes are sore."

My fingers were moist.

We went into the small room inside of the house. In his cotton pajamas, Jia Yang half lay and half sat on the bed, eating the brown sugar boiled eggs I had made him.

"Does it taste good?"

"Ah, it's good." He replied, but he suddenly raised his head, "I feel like something isn't right."

"What's wrong?"

I looked at him. Because he had a fever, his red face looked very cute.

"Are you sure this is something people with fevers eat?"

"Something like this."

"Isn't this a dish for pregnant women?"

He did have a bit of common sense. Now that I have thought about it, my mother had made this dish and given it to the neighbor's daughter after she had given birth.

"No, how could I make such a dumb mistake?" I said while laughing.

"Oh." He believed me, and then ate until the bowl was empty.

Jia Yang was sweating. I tucked him in properly on the bed.

He grabbed my hand, "Fei....."

"What are you doing?"

Cheng Jia Yang

Leaving without reason and disappearing for so long without even calling her once, then returning exhausted and letting her take care of me...

Is there anyone else like me with no conscience?

I held her hand, wanting to apologize. Not being able to say it out loud, I told

myself: *In the future, you need to be better to her.*

“What are you doing? Muttering under your breath.” She stroked my hair.

“Look through my suitcase. I brought you Paris III’s new translation textbooks.”

“Oh yeah!” She quickly ran out.

This was her simple happiness.

Chapter 22

Cheng Jia Yang

Fei's final exam grades were not bad. For the holidays, she had planned to visit Harbin with a small group of people as a vacation. Before leaving, she went to the mall to buy a thick winter coat. When she tried it on and showed it to me, I noticed that there was something different about her.

"Did you gain weight?"

"Yes, a little."

"Did you weigh yourself?"

"Gained 15 pounds."

"Gained 15 pounds and you call that a little?"

"Hey!"

"I thought something was a little off when I came back."

"Aish! Shut up!"

I walked over and helped her zip up the coat, "It'll affect your image if you get too fat."

"I'm okay with that."

"We've recently cooperated with the Ministry of Commerce in France for a project."

"What did you just say?" Fei asked, her eyes glistening with enthusiasm.

"Hehe, magical Cheng Jia Yang is equipped with many internship opportunities for you. Plus, the French pays well. This way you won't have to run around the country with a group. No wonder you're tired."

"Great! I must study hard and improve every day," she was extremely happy. "When I'm at Harbin, I won't eat anything in order to lose all the weight I've gained."

But trust me, you should never believe a woman when she says she is going to

go on a diet. When Qiao Fei steps off the returning plane after five days, she would have probably gained at least five more pounds. “What?”

“Bars, Harbin sausages, river fish hot pot,” she hugged my waist then continued, “Gege (*affectionate term for older male friends*), give me a break. This is my first time going, I won’t be able to experience anything before the struggle.”

I pushed her away, “When you gain too much weight, your brain activity will decrease.”

“No wonder I’m always sleepy.”

“When you get fat, you’ll be like a waitress.”

“No, no. I can’t even fit into that outfit.”

To be honest, if Fei gains a little weight, she’d only become more beautiful given her height. But I liked her original tall and slim figure. If she continued to put on weight like this however, she would soon surpass me.

“As if. After we went to the sports club to get a membership card, you started dieting and exercising more often.”

“Okay. I’ll completely listen to you then.”

When I had my arms around her at night, I placed my hand on her warm, soft belly. The fact that she had gained some weight wasn’t too bad since her body felt nicer under my touch. But an abrupt thought came to me as I touched her there.

“You’re suddenly gaining weight... Could it be because of *that*?”

She stared at me, her eyes widening, “What? Don’t scare me.”

I couldn’t manage to say the word ‘pregnant’ so instead, I said “Baby.”

She was still stunned as she muttered “Impossible.”

We were always well aware of this becoming a possible issue, but negligence is inevitable.

“Has there been any abnormalities with your menstrual cycle?”

“Let me think.” Fei was in deep thought for a brief moment, “No problems.”

Silence passed between us while we each carefully thought about the same thing.

A Child.

I looked at her and she looked at me.

In fact, I wouldn't be afraid if we had a little child. As long as I was with her then I was happy. I felt that we could be together, for a lifetime even.

We could give birth to a child, spend a little money, then give birth to another one.

Boys. Boys are easier to raise. Furthermore, I wouldn't have to worry about him getting bullied somewhere.

One would learn French, one would learn Spanish.

One would be named Cheng De Fa, one would be named Cheng Fa Si.

Four people would fill the dining table, bringing different cultures together.

As I pondered for a while, I started to laugh. Unfortunately, Fei had yet to graduate from college and still had a long future ahead of her.

I looked at her again and she also looked back at me.

"What are you thinking about? Why does your laugh sound so sinister?"

"Nothing. You're thinking too much. Hurry up and sleep."

I turned off the light.

Before the Spring Festival, Fei had bought train tickets to return home.

There were a few events and several plans scheduled during this time of the year, so I was in an idle mood.

On the morning of New Year's Eve, a gathering was hosted by the State Council. The ministers have all taken the time to attend this, and my father had ordered me not to be absent.

I raised my glass for a toast with one person then wished another a happy New Year. I drank white wine, one glass followed by another, and my colleagues did the same. As soon as we were about to have fun, someone called out my name.

“Cheng Jia Yang.”

I turned my head to the sound of the voice, it was Wen Xiao Hua.

“Hey, hello.” I said, then shook her hand.

“Hello, happy New Year.”

“Thank you, thank you. Isn’t this such a coincidence?” I asked.

“It’s not a coincidence. I accompanied my father here.”

We were still in the middle of greeting each other when my father approached us. He was with an official of the same rank as him.

My father said, “Jia Yang, come see Mr. Wen.”

Mr. Wen was Wen Xiao Hua’s father. He was responsible for the financial sector at work. His recent performance had been outstanding which made him a favorite among all the ministers. He shook my hand, “Jia Yang has already grown up this much? Cheng Brother (*term used for friendship between two long-term male friends*), how can we not be old anymore?”

“Xiao Hua, how do you two know each other?” My father asked.

“Jia Yang has been on my program before.”

I knew that drinking more would only produce a scene, not to mention this woman’s unabashed interest in me.

My father said, “During the New Year, I’ll invite you guys to dinner.”

Xiao Hua was extremely happy and wished my father a happy New Year again. My tongue felt hard and I couldn’t say anything.

Wen Xiao Hua had the best of both worlds that day. When we got home that evening, my father taught me a lesson.

“You’re an adult now. Won’t you even wish an elder a happy New Year?”

I didn’t reply. Instead, I wanted to pick up a newspaper to read.

“You disappoint me, Cheng Jia Yang. Where have your manners disappeared to?”

I bit my tongue and listened to his lecturing as I counted sheep in my head.

One, two, Australia, New Zealand...

My mother disagreed, “Given who we are, do we really need someone to socialize with or entertain us? Besides, what’s so good about girls who know how to articulate their mind?”

My mother wasn’t entirely wrong. You really are my birth mother after all, coming to the rescue at the most critical moments. You’re such a good mother.

“I’ll control the child, you shut up.”

If my father continued to talk, I wouldn’t be able to suppress my laughter anymore.

To be honest however, Wen Xiao Hua’s temperament and demeanor were both impeccable. Furthermore, her use of sophisticated vocabulary added to her professionalism. This woman was practically perfect.

My uncle and aunt were next to save me from my father’s lecturing, coming over to wish us a happy New Year. They had brought over fresh lamb meat from their own farm which our nanny cleaned and cut into thin pieces for hot pot.

Uncle and aunt wondered about Jia Ming, asking about his absence from home during the New Year.

No one knew where he went.

Uncle said, “The second child is still more obedient.”

My father glanced at me.

Every family celebrated the New Year differently. I wondered how Fei celebrated it. Together with her mom, she must’ve cooked very tasty food; tea eggs for example.

After I was done eating, I watched some TV and played a little mahjong. I ate and drank a lot today and was starting to feel tired. I went upstairs to get ready for bed.

I called Qiao Fei, but her phone was switched off. Perhaps it wasn’t charged. I went to take a shower then called again. Her phone was still off.

My phone’s wallpaper was set to a picture of her. I fell asleep by staring at it.

In the middle of the night, I had a nightmare involving blood, a lot of blood. My dream felt similar to the movie 'The Shining'.

I abruptly sat up in bed, covered in sweat.

I had a severe stomach ache, which felt like there was a screw drilling up and down my insides. It was so painful that I wasn't even able to straighten my waist. I felt nauseous and gagged a little, then I fell off my bed and onto the ground with a "thump".

When I woke up, Jia Ming was beside me. I could feel that the pain in my stomach had slightly lessened, but I was still unable to straighten my body.

"I gave you a pain reliever shot. You don't have high alcohol tolerance, why did you drink so much?"

"It's not that," I said drowsily. "There's no problem with my alcohol tolerance." At that moment, I started to feel extremely uncomfortable and it wasn't solely due to my stomach, but rather an overall uneasiness.

I took my phone and called Fei again, but her phone was powered off.

"That's too much." Jia Ming said.

I placed the phone down, feeling troubled. Fear and concern filled my mind.

Fei had travelled to Shenyang by train, which wasn't an issue. I asked a friend there to help her buy train tickets home, but would she be able to find him? Would she be able to get her hands on the tickets? If not, this silly girl wouldn't possibly take a bus home right? As the New Year approached, the northeast was heavily covered in snow and the long bus ride would cost more money.

.....

I grew more and more anxious, but despite calling her phone multiple times, I just couldn't reach her.

The situation remained hopeless until the next afternoon, when I had already bought a flight ticket to Shenyang.

Before I departed, I tried to call her again and she finally picked up. "Hello," she said.

A wave of relief washed over me at the sound of her voice. I had felt like a drowning man who was about to suffocate any minute now, but someone had finally pulled me out of the water. I almost shouted, “Why do you always have this problem? Why is your phone always turned off?!”

“...Jia Yang?”

“Who else could it be?”

“I just got home. My arrival to Shenyang was slightly delayed. My parents even reproved me.”

I wasn’t mad anymore when I continued to hear her voice. Possessing the urge to yell at her a moment ago was really hypocritical of me. I calmed down and quietly asked, “What happened? Did you need to make a phone call about something? If you missed the train, how did you get home?”

“Oh, bus.”

“I don’t know what to do with you anymore. I almost went over there to find you. Qiao Fei, how many times has it been already?”

“Ai.” I heard her sigh and my heart softened within a second. However, I could faintly feel that there was a problem, “What’s wrong? Why is your voice so quiet?”

“I’m a little tired today so I won’t talk to you anymore. Besides, the telephone fee is quite expensive.”

What I really wanted to say was *I’ll give you \$1000 in deposits*. However, I recalled a similar situation in the past and swallowed my words, “I’m worried. My stomach ached a lot last night.”

“Last night? What happened?”

“Just had a nightmare in the middle of the night and when I got up, my stomach was hurting. Luckily, my brother came home and helped me out.”

“.....”

“You’ve just arrived home, go get some rest.”

“Okay.”

“Wish your parents a happy New Year for me.”

“Thank you. You too.”

I placed the phone down and took a stretch.

At least this coming year will be peaceful one.

Chapter 23

Translator: QueenAng3l

Editors: LiliyWho and Tranzgeek

Cheng Jia Yang

On the third day of the New Year, Xu Dong invited me out to go horseback riding. The weather was good and we rode for a while before resting.

I flipped open the newspaper and looked at the entertainment section, reading about how famous stars spent the New Year.

“Wu Jia Yi went to England to rest and met a famous film director.” I read aloud and looked at Xu Dong. However, it seemed like his attention was elsewhere. He drank a sip of British soju and said to me, “I need to tell you something, I’m getting married.”

“I didn’t hear wrong right?”

“Hey, I’m already a thirty-something year old man. Get married early then have children early so that once they grow up, I won’t too old. I’ll still be able to discipline them.”

“I see you’ve thought about it thoroughly. Who’s the bride?”

“You don’t know her.”

“You’re sure of this? You’re going to give up being a free bachelor?”

“Too tiring.”

“Well bring sister-in-law with you next time, I want to get to know her.”

“Okay, we can go out and eat together the day after tomorrow.” I went to the restroom. When I came back, I saw Xu Dong from afar. He was holding the newspaper and intently reading.

Not long after, I met Xu Dong’s fiancée. On the fifth day of the New Year, we went out to eat hot pot. She was a very quiet lady; not very pretty, but composed and graceful. She had graduated from Beijing University and now

worked to restore ancient paintings and calligraphy at a museum.

In the beginning it was Xu Dong's mother who introduced them. Before the wedding date was set, the girl's Beijing family background was thoroughly investigated. She was born into a scholarly family, her father being a well-known scholar. Most importantly, before Xu Dong, she had not dated anyone.

Xu Dong cared for his fiancée very well, but in my opinion, it seemed more like an outer image. Their wedding date was set on May 1st. The girl's family was religious, and Xu Dong respected that so they prepared a Christian wedding ceremony.

But even chic people had things they couldn't prevent. Xu Dong had played around for so many years, finally deciding to rest and become a prodigal son. I didn't know if this could be buried forever.

The Chinese New Year holiday ended, two days later, Fei returned from her home.

I went to the train station to pick her up. The Fei that got off of the train startled me. She lost a lot of weight, her face ridged with sharp edges like in the summer. The coat that she had bought before going to Harbin looked a little haggard.

I took her things, examining her. She smiled at me, "Well? How is it? I lost a lot of fat right?"

"You didn't get it wrong, right? Being fat one moment and skinny the next can be bad for your heart."

"Women should be a little hard on themselves."

"Does that even make sense? Let's hurry up and go."

I drove the car towards the direction of the main roads, Fei said, "I want to go back to school for a few days."

"Ah?" I looked at her. The car was at an intersection. The red light turned on, we stopped.

"Don't mention it. Xiao Dan's boyfriend didn't do well on his exams, so he didn't go back home during winter break and found a job here, so she stayed

here with him. She lives by herself and is scared. Let me go back and stay with her for a while.”

“Oh, what about me? You promised her? Seriously, this person, she’s already grown up, and is living at school, it’s not even outside. What is she afraid of?”

“Ah, but I agreed. Besides, the school isn’t far from the Ministry of Commerce which is close to where I live so you won’t have to transport me too far.

I didn’t speak, but was a little angry on the inside. Fei, you heroine, you really have a sense of obligation.

I escorted her to her house, handing her a business card, “Report to the Commerce Department the day after tomorrow. Find this man, he is the project team leader. Don’t be late.”

“Thank you. Do you want to go in with me and sit for a while?”

“No, I still have things to do.”

“Then bye.”

I got in my car and left. I drove around the streets, getting bored.

Qiao Fei

Fortunately Cheng Jia Yang didn’t come in and “sit”. I went back to the empty bathroom, turned on the hot water, and washed my face and feet. Afterwards I crawled in between the covers and rested. I was in a train the entire day, and I could still hear the rumbling sound, and feel my body swaying.

I really was tired.

The second day of studying, preparing, giving Cheng Jia Yang a phone call, with five sentences.

The third day I went to the Commerce Department, it was a Sino-French cooperation project industry group. I found the person in charge, Zhou Xian Fu, and told him that I was Cheng Jia Yang’s friend. Right after, he started asking me questions in French.

Half an hour later, I got my assigned desk underneath a window. I sighed in relief. It seemed like I passed the interview.

The office had a total of seven workers, including three foreigners who spoke better Chinese than me. I sat across from a thirty-something year old woman. The name card on her desk had her French and Chinese name, Michelle and Yang Yan Yan. She was quite pretty, but she had an unsmiling, enigmatic face.

Because we were all pretty young, everyone got to know each other very quickly. The foreigners recommended that I make a French version of my name. I said, just call me Fei. The French pronunciation of the name was quite pretty.

Working here was so easy, it couldn't get any easier. Answering the phone, sending fax messages; sometimes Zhou Xian Fu would give me a file to type, but there wasn't more to it.

My weekly salary was 700 yuan. Later when school starts, I can work every weekend and earn 400 yuan. This was really good. I took the money and called Cheng Jia Yang, I said, "I want to invite you to dinner, do you accept or decline?"

He didn't answer, but instead thought on the other side of the phone.

"Hello?"

"I was thinking of inviting you to a meal there."

I laughed.

While eating at the northeast restaurant, Cheng Jia Yang asked about my job, "They still didn't let you be an interpreter?"

"No."

"What's wrong? I told Lao Zhou to give you more opportunities to exercise your skills."

"Hey, you don't need to help me find an easy way around things anymore, I already have you so I'm lucky enough."

"Do you get along well with your colleagues?"

"Pretty well. It's just..." I thought about the tightlipped, unsmiling woman who sat across from me.

"It's just what?"

"Oh, the foreigners are always telling me to get a French name."

“Don’t listen to their nonsense.” Jia Yang put his hand on mine. “The name Fei is the best.”

His hand rubbed the back of mine, tickling it, “Tonight, come home with me.”

I looked at him, moving his hair away from his forehead, “Okay, but you have to behave.”

“I promise.” He was very happy, a boyish smile on his face.

At night, we lay in bed watching TV. Each holding a can of ice cream. Jia Yang’s taste buds were very unique. He liked to eat the peppermint flavor that tasted like toothpaste. He ate very quickly, finishing, and crawled under the blanket, trembling, hugging my waist.

“You startled me.”

“Cold.”

“Who told you to eat it so fast? I wasn’t going to steal any from you.”

“Hard to say.”

“Annoying.”

“Teacher Qiao, help me warm up a bit.”

“Okay, first stop talking.” I turned the TV volume up. My favorite Zhao Ben Shan said Fan Wei Yan’s mayor “got water for a widow”. It was so funny.

Tranzgeek’s comments: I don’t know what the actual Chinese is for the phrase before as Queen translated this so unless she wants to clear things up, all you need to know is the part above is from a drama that she was watching at the time.

I don’t know how this guy’s arm somehow ended up around my waist. I lifted the blanket up and he said, “Cold, so cold.”

“You’re not being serious enough.”

He turned his body, laying on top of me, looking into my eyes, “Great first month *(You’ll have to ask Queen about this too)*, you are very benevolent.”

] * * * * *

Later he bent over me, sweat dripping from his hair, and said in a quiet voice, "I feel a little different."

"What?"

"Are you in a lot of pain?"

"No."

"Then that's good. I thought it was like before and I let you get hurt."

I hugged him, "No, Jia Yang, I really like being with you." I put my hand on his firm upper body. "I really like your body, and your little brother (*his priv part*)."

He laughed.

"The night before I came home you said your stomach hurt?"

"It's really weird. That day I dreamed a weird dream, I can't think of the specifics now. In short, I was scared awake. When I woke up, my stomach hurt so bad I wanted to vomit.""

"You have to watch your health, did you get it checked?"

"I'm okay. Ever since I was young I've had an iron stomach. That day was just an exception."

He sat up, not minding himself, "But I worried about you that day."

“Me?”

“You went on a long trip. It was far away and snowing at the same time, I was afraid you would feel anxious and take the bus home instead.....”

“You know you are very...wordy?”

“You can say what you want but you’re not totally wrong. I can be naggy at times.” He answered truthfully.

I didn’t hold back and laughed again, there are also men who admit that they nag.

“To be honest, Qiao Fei, sometimes I feel like you’re more manly than me.”

The smile on my face couldn’t be wiped off, “Cheng Jia Yang, how do people in your village praise people?”

He pulled me over, “I’m trying to say, Qiao Fei, I’m very dependent on you. Even more than on my family.”

He spoke slowly, every word engraved into my heart.

“When I am not with you, I aspire to be. When I am with you, I wish that I could stop time.”

Cheng Jia Yang

I told Qiao Fei the truth. I knew it’s very nauseating, but I had to let her know she had always been assuming. My desire for her, not only physically, sexually, but also more of a spiritual consolation, was the source of insecurity for her.

Life is like a rushed and boring movie. This woman is my sex zone.

Her face was against my chest for a long time. She suddenly said, “Okay, Jia Yang, we must be happy every day we are together.”

Chapter 24

Translator: Jeslyn

Editor: Tranzgeek

Chapter 24

Cheng Jia Yang

Spring always comes unexpectedly in this city. It is a pity it isn't a beautiful season, Inner Mongolia had a sandstorm blowing. Qiao Fei and I changed our plans of going to the countryside and decided to go to a Thai restaurant instead to eat this weekend at noon.

The restaurant was nicely decorated, lush, filled with the fragrance of bamboo leaves while Buddhist music played in the background. Fei curiously looked around.

"Not bad right?" I said. "I came here before with a friend and thought that you would like it."

"It is indeed not bad." The waiter served us an opened coconut and Fei drank a sip and said, "It tastes good."

"If you like it, can we go on a trip there (*Thailand*) during the holidays?" I asked in a pleasing tone.

She looked at me and said: "Yeah sure, if we have time."

I was very happy, and prayed inside my heart that nobody would find out about such an unpromising scene of me.

Fei looked behind me and smiled, and at the same time someone tapped on my shoulder. I looked back and saw that it was Xu Dong's ex-lover, the female star Wu Jia Yi.

"Hello, Jia Yang." The woman said hi to me enthusiastically. "Eating with a friend?"

“Hello.” I was not good at dealing with such situations and while I was still thinking about how to get out of it, Fei pulled out a chair and said: “Please sit.”

“Thank you.” The female star sat down, shook hands with Fei and said: “Hello, I am Wu Jia Yi.”

“I know, I’m your fan. My name is Qiao Fei.”

Okay, I let them talk. I paused to think of a plan. What if she asked about Xu Dong? What if she asked me to convey a message to him? What if she said “all of you guys are equally bad”? What should I do?

“Your name is Fei?”, Wu Jia Yi asked. “Jia Yang asked me for my autograph before, it was for you I’m guessing?”

Memorizing scripts sure helped, her memory was really good.

“That’s right.”

“That was.....”

I waited as she slowly brought the topic closer to Xu Dong.

“...at a premiere of one of my movies, Jia Yang is my friend’s friend.”

“That’s right, friends.” I laughed.

“By the way, Jia Yang, how is Xu Dong?” She finally brought up the main topic.

What should I say to her? Tell her that Xu Dong is going to get married to a wise and virtuous woman from a rich family? I couldn’t do such a cruel thing. Furthermore, she might not know about it yet. I shouldn’t be the one to tell her about it.

“I haven’t seen him in a long time and I don’t know what he has been up to lately.”

At this moment, the woman gave a long sigh. “Ah, he is the kind of person that will be with you all the time when he is on good terms with you. But when you are on bad terms with him, he won’t even give you a call.”

What she said made her sound really pitiful. I watched as Qiao Fei looked at this future Best Actress’s performance without blinking.

“Never mind.” Wu Jia Yi stood up. “I still have a few friends waiting for me over

there. Jia Yang, help me send my greetings to Xu Dong when you see him.”

I stood up to send her off. Afterwards, I dedicated dinner to talking about this subject to satisfy Qiao Fei’s curiosity.

“It’s nothing.” I tried to graze over it. “It’s just that my friend used to date with Miss Wu before, and now my friend is going to get married so he wants to cut off all ties with her and end their relationship.”

“End it just like that? He didn’t even give her an explanation ? He didn’t even call her at least once?”

Talking about this, I began to feel that what Xu Dong was doing was also not very good. When they were together, they loved so passionately that they had no one else in their eyes. But now he didn’t even have the basic courtesy to explain anything to this woman. This wasn’t his usual style.

“Err.” I looked at Fei, she just kept looking at me. “I also don’t know how to explain this to you.”

“It’s okay, you can’t say anything. But really ! Even a person like Wu Jia Yi could get dumped.”

“You don’t have to pity them. It’s impossible for them to get married anyways.”

“Why?”

“Family background.” I blurted.

Fei did not continue to say anything.

“Quickly order your food. I’m hungry.” I said, “What would you like to eat?” I passed the menu to her and accidentally hit a small saucer, causing it to drop to the ground with a crisp sound.

— — — — —

“How did you manage to meet her? What did you say about me?” Xu Dong knew I met Wu Jia Yi and was so nervous as if he had stepped on the tail of a mouse.

“I said I never met you, and don’t know anything. That’s what I said.”

He drank some whisky to calm himself down and after a long time said, “What about her? What did she say?”

“She said, when you guys were together, you both clung to each other everyday. But after breaking up, you don’t even give her a single call.”

Xu Dong rubbed his temples. “Ah, never mind, never mind.”

I went over to pat him on his shoulders.

“Next time you see her, answer her the same thing and say that you never saw me.”:

“This world isn’t a small place, where would I go to see this female star often?”

“It’s hard to say, maybe she went to look for you because she couldn’t find me.”

At this point, I really had nothing else to say. I had watched as the two of them loved each other so much they couldn’t part. At times, Xu Dong is like a wife full of complains, unable to let go easily like Wu Jia Yi and was even scared of this woman to such an extent. Feelings sure make people sigh in impatience.

Qiao Fei

Zhou Xian Fu said, “Xiao Qiao, you prepare for this afternoon’s talk. You and Michelle will be translating.

“What talk?”

“The French enterprise and Yantai local leaders’ discussion about a joint venture; search up the information online.”

I finally waited for this day but it came so suddenly that I don’t have enough time to prepare for it. I searched online and flipped through the dictionary, looking for information materials. The fax from the China representative about the presentation materials finally came during my lunch break. At least it would not be so rushed. I was very happy and started laughing but saw Yang Yan Yan opposite me. She looked at me with slanting eyes, having a expression that seemed as if she despised me.

At this talk, I finally got into trouble because of someone.

We split up the jobs so that I did the interpretation of Chinese to French while she did the interpretation of French to Chinese. Initially it went pretty smoothly, and I got into my role very quickly and interpreted rather smoothly because of the preparation work I had did beforehand. However, there were a few difficulties that I encountered in the middle of the talk. China's representative introduced the tax concessions given to foreign-funded enterprises and mentioned something about the "Three Free Five Minus" and some other policies. I didn't even understand the meaning in Chinese and had no choice but to force myself to interpret it literally and after interpreting it, I looked at the foreigner and saw that his expression seemed confused. They also looked at Yang Yan Yan and hoped that since she was older, she would be more experienced in making the meaning clearer. However she just bent her head down if she was taking notes, acting as if the matter was none of her concern.

After the talk ended, the French representative said to the China representative, "Thank you for your presentation, we will go back to study it and contact you as soon as possible."

The French side knew how to give face to the China side. In saying this, they implied that the joint venture would not happen.

I told Cheng Jia Yang about this, and all I could see was Yang Yan Yan's face. I was already not angry, but only a bit baffled. Even if we were strangers that had never worked together before, she should at least have had some team spirit and helped me out since we were all interpreters anyways.

"I know this person," Jia Yang said. "Ah, she actually went to that extent; you didn't mention this person to me in the first place."

"I feel that this person is not worth mentioning." I said.

"She is actually a decent interpreter, but because of an incident, she got transferred out. After so many years, she still didn't change her temperament."

"What happened to her?"

"She originally did simultaneous interpretation in our department. There was this time where she had to pair up with another person to do translation for a

global meeting, the person she paired up with was even her senior. In the end, when her senior was interpreting, I don't know what was wrong, maybe something had happened to her health, but she couldn't continue interpreting.

"Yang Yan Yan didn't take over?"

"Nope, she waited until it was her time before she opened her mouth to speak. In that meeting, the french interpretation was suspended for six minutes."

"Wow, what a drag. How was the matter resolved in the end?"

"Because of health reasons, that senior got transferred out of the Institute and got transferred over to the Chinese embassy of Belgium. On the other hand, Yang Yan Yan had to suffer the punishment and got transferred out of our department.

"Who asked her to be so uncooperative?"

"Ah, but you can't say such things." Jia Yang said, "You have never done simultaneous interpretation so you don't really understand. It's like you are mentally collapsing on a string, unable to even relax for a moment, and there is great mental stress. That is why the time for translation can not be more than 15 minutes and immediate rest is required. I think that Yang Yanyan was also overloaded that day, otherwise she would not have been so irresponsible."

"....."

"Do you know? Shanghai has an English interpreter that does simultaneous interpretation and worked for a year, earning about \$30,000 but then tired herself out until she was only left with one kidney. I heard that when Yang Yan Yan was in the department, she was a professional in her specialty, but I'm not sure if she is married or not now."

"Ah, now I feel bad for her after hearing what you said. Never mind then, I can only blame myself for lacking in terms of skills and having inadequate preparation. If only I knew how to interpret "Three Free Five Minus" policy... then I wouldn't have to depend on others already. "

"Hello, miss, there are more opportunities to come in the future, keep practicing, I have faith in you, you definitely can become an outstanding interpreter." Jia Yang said.

“That’s what you think?” I was pretty pleased to hear it.

“Of course. You are special in that you can focus on many things at the same time.” He said, grinning.

I can never tell if he is complimenting me or just being sarcastic so I immediately spread yogurt all over his mouth in a flash.

“Come, let’s eat together.” He wanted to hug me and make me eat the yogurt on his mouth, but I used my elbow to resist.

“We are already like an old married couple, what are you being shy about?”

“Annoying.”

“Ah speaking of this, Fei, do you want to go abroad to study for a period of time?”

I looked at him.

“I know an international student.” (*This is Qiao Fei speaking*)

“Is it a man or a woman?”

“Woman.” I glared at him, “From Montpellier.” Speaking of such, that place was pretty great, it is located near the Mediterranean coast, close to, Cannes , Marseille and outrageously beautiful.

“Oh Montpellier, it is indeed decent. Their third university has a very famous translation training centre. And the city is indeed very beautiful, it has a friendly relationship with the capital. Why, you want to go there?”

“Just casually talking about it.” I sat up, “I just want to finish my studies here, and find a good job after I graduate. I’ll talk about going there after I earn enough money.” I stretched and kissed Cheng Jia Yang, “Bro, you have done so much for me, you don’t have to busy yourself out just for me.”

Chapter 25

Translator: Tranzgeek

Editor: LiliyWho

Chapter 25

Cheng Jia Yang

I faced some obstacles in the midst of my work. Qiao Fei didn't mind this too much, but she knew how to accept new lessons. The previous "Three Free, Five at a Reduced Price" wasn't interpreted very well, so she began to cram taxation homework and after a brief time, her translation of it was finally clear and logical.

When we spent time together during the weekend, I would browse online while watching her study at the table. A strange thought suddenly emerged: how outstanding would it be if my daughter was just as hard-working; she'd be both pretty and intelligent. Responsibility over a life was the beauty of being a father, and I would do my best to train her in the most optimal conditions, give her the best opportunities. Like watering a green plant.

Fei felt extremely joyous and recounted the day when her interpretation was successful.

"Do you know who I was partnered with?"

"Yang Yan Yan?"

"Can you give me some face, and at least pretend you can't guess who it was?"

"I also don't want to (*make you lose face*), but my IQ is too high and I can't do anything about that. Quickly, say something."

"It was a very smooth performance. I fixed all the mistakes I made last time and set the atmosphere perfectly. Of course, there were some other mistakes in the middle, but I'm very satisfied. Zhou Xian Fu also commented that I interpreted pretty well."

"Awesome. Interpretation relies on accumulation, so as long as you do better

than the previous time, that's great."

"Thank you Teacher Cheng. Plus, what I'm most happy about is that this time Yang Yan Yan looked as though she was out of power (*the actual word the author used was energy as in "battery" energy*)."

Fei was bursting with the energy of a child. At the computer, I played pool and pocketed a ball. I turned back and said to her: "You'd use that phrase? That your coworker Old Yang was 'out of power'?"

She didn't respond.

"The phrase does well to convey the competition and rivalry, but collaboration is also a very important aspect."

"Why do you constantly turn everything into a lesson?" Fei asked from behind me.

I began another new game on the internet. My opponent was 'I just don't believe that I can't register for it'. The game started off strong and I believed my opponent was a strong player, so I braced myself for facing the best.

"Do you know why? Age, experience, and the enthusiasm of a picky heart." I turned back to face her. She smacked my head with a paper towel.

Xu Dong finally asked about my situation.

I said, "It hasn't changed, it's still her. It should be love, but I'm not too clear about it. Everything is such a daze, but we're currently very happy after we overcame the early obstacles."

"When will you bring her out and let your big brother take a look. While we're not married, we still have a chance."

"Go grab yours."

"Then I'll bring your future sister-in-law over, you bring that person over."

I thought about it for a moment.

"It can't be that your relationship isn't going well and she's unwilling to come out with you right?" Xu Dong looked at me suspiciously while he spoke.

I didn't really mind his interrogation. Xu Dong was right, I should formally

introduce Qiao Fei him. I called her to discuss about this matter.

“I invited a friend to play tennis on the weekend. You come too.”

“This weekend? I still have to go to Lao Zhou’s for work in the morning. Can you go alone? I don’t even know how to play tennis.”

Qiao Fei ah, Qiao Fei.

The moment made me recall the time last year when I had invited her to Wu Jia Yi’s premiere. She had used the excuse of leading a tourist group to decline me through a brief text, which was still stored on my phone. A long time has already passed since, and there was no way to investigate the situation clearly now.

As for today, she used work again to reject my invitation.

I wanted to tell her that of course I knew she had to work on the weekend, so I previously called Zhou Xian Fu to give her a break. Lao Zhou said: “Jia Yang, you must’ve been confused. We have assigned French holidays, so it’s the Easter break this week. I already told Little Qiao to rest a while back.”

“Hello? Jia Yang.” Fei’s voice sounded through from the other side.

“Oh, alright. Then we’ll make an appointment another time.”

I slowly placed the phone down, my other hand on the desk rotating a pen. My wishful thinking came from my heart and unpredictable women with a hint of bitterness.

A coworker at the table across from me was in the middle of a phone call with a travel agency. “Jia Yang, Jia Yang. Quick, help me take down some notes.”

I flipped open my notepad and scribbled down the numbers he dictated. Afterwards, I noticed that the pen ink had smeared onto my hand. The ink was by an international brand and a foreigner had gifted it to me, but I disposed of it anyway and went to the bathroom to wash my hands.

I positioned my hands below the opened tap, washing my hands for a prolonged period but the blue marks still remained. I watched my reflection in the mirror and instructed myself:

“Laugh.”

“Laugh.”

“Laugh.”

I laughed out loud, and lightly exhaled. I still had work to do. I still had my life ahead of me.

This had happened last Tuesday. After that, I assisted Wen Xiao Hua with the translation of several French documents even though it wasn't urgent. When night came, I played online pool with “I just don't believe I can't register for it”. This rascal was either in high spirits or as bored as I was; we played every day and into the night.

I didn't cancel my appointment with Xu Dong just because Qiao Fei said she couldn't make it. If I could go myself, why wouldn't I? On a Thursday afternoon however, Qiao Fei called me.

“Where are you?” she asked.

“Ah, I'm in the office.”

“Can you come downstairs? I'm waiting for you outside.”

“What?”

“I'll wait for you at the closest Manabe Coffee shop. Do you have time?”

“Yes, yes. Don't go anywhere, I'll come right away.”

I didn't even say hello to her. In two, three steps and I was already sprinting down the stairs and out of the premises. I spotted Qiao Fei on the corner of the street.

“Why did you come over?”

“We only had a quiz today and a class was suspended too. I already finished my test and didn't have anything else to do, so I came over to see you.”

I loosened my necktie and didn't speak.

“Oh right, I asked Lao Zhou and he said that he would give me a break this weekend. Didn't you say that you wanted to play tennis?”

I continued to watch her silently.

“I should tell you, I have absolutely no idea how to play tennis. I’ll make you lose face so don’t blame me.

“What? You, you changed your mind again?”

“No, no. I’ll go.” She said.

I wondered about all the thought processes she had gone through to finally arrive at the decision of allowing me to introduce her to my friend.

Had she lied to protect me or herself?

I didn’t want to think about it anymore because nevertheless, Fei was willing to go with my plan. She was willing to give me face.

Qiao Fei prettied herself up for the meeting. Her long hair was swept into a ponytail, her face was naturally powdered and she had on a subtle layer of green eyeshadow. She wore white Adidas sportswear, the skirt revealing a pair of strong slender legs.

Seeing her walk over, Xu Dong pointed at my face. “Ah, ah, ah, you little rascal. Isn’t she the girl we saw outside the foreign languages department?”

I was surprised that he actually still remembered.

His fiancée was still in the changeroom so I said: “Sorry. When I found her in the end, she was too outstanding so I kept her for myself.”

I certainly couldn’t mention the other strange origin (*when Xu Dong accidentally introduced the two when he gave Cheng Jia Yang his present*).

Fei came over and Xu Dong held her hand. “You are Fei? I have long admired you, are you Chinese? You look like a foreigner.

I said: “Fei, don’t mind him. This is my pet Xu Dong, he is accustomed to being passionate with his owner’s friends.”

Fei laughed. “Hi Xu Dong. Jia Yang was right, you are his best friend.”

“It’s pet.” I interjected.

After Xu Dong’s fiancée finished changing, we all went onto the court to play. I explained the basics of tennis to Fei and not before long, she was playing as well as me.

She had her own strengths; she had good stamina and served several aces. I laughed so hard in my heart, thinking that she seemed like a man, but I was afraid I would turn against her.

After one round, I got off the court to drink some water. Xu Dong sweetly said: "Jia Yang, tell me the truth. Did you bring in a professional player to get ahold of me?"

"Would that be likely?" I asked.

Fei seemed very happy. She grabbed some grapefruit juice and swigged it down.

"No," Xu Dong answered then turned to Fei. "Besides the foreign languages department, I have seen you elsewhere before."

I took a glance down at Fei's hands just before she spilt the grapefruit juice onto her skirt.

I had always thought of myself as clever, but who knew I'd be so stupid all along.

Of course Qiao Fei knew my friend, and yet I was so clueless about the difficulties she had endured given how sensitive she is. How she had acted during these recent days had always been her trying to hide a heart full of scars.

She had tossed and turned, and finally made the decision to cast her concerns aside, just to save me some face. She even prettied herself and feigned happiness.

I wanted to tightly hold her hand when I saw hers almost trembling.

I glared at Xu Dong as he was about to talk. Whatever he had to say, it would probably determine whether we stayed as friends in the future or not.

"When you were little, weren't you the host of "The Heavens and the Earth", that kids program on the central station. If so, let me tell you, I've had a crush on you ever since I was young."

His fiancée laughed.

I laughed.

Fei laughed: “No, no. I only came here for college.”

Xu Dong’s fiancée said: “Fei, your juice got onto your clothes, do you want to clean it up a bit?”

Fei had only just discovered it, and stood up to go to the restroom.

I watched her back and thought, I had to find a reason to quickly end this meeting.

Chapter 26

Translator: Tranzgeek

Editor: LiliyWho

Chapter 26

Cheng Jia Yang

Once we've finished playing, I wanted to end the socializing as soon as possible. I told Xu Dong I still had things to do and took Qiao Fei away. We found a different place to eat, although Fei didn't eat much.

I asked, "Aren't you hungry after playing?"

"I'm not hungry." She wiped her mouth and drank some ice water. "I have to wait until after I go back to school, and I still have tests next week. I have to go back to study."

The food in my throat stopped for a long time and didn't go down.

"You seem to be even busier than me now." I said.

"Mm."

When I drove her back we didn't speak at all. I knew that her heart wasn't very happy, I knew that she wasn't willing to entertain my friends, I thought about this, and on one hand I felt sorry for her, but on the other hand, I felt quite resentful, I had let her come out, let her visit my friends, because I really thought of her as a friend and thought of her as my girlfriend. Now she was unhappy, was I not inhumane?

But what had made me like her so much? I had no strength to resist.

I laughed: "Ah I forgot to ask you, do you know who Xu Dong is?"

"Your friend."

"He is Wu Jia Yi's ex-boyfriend. It was him who dumped her."

She looked back at me, shocked: "This is your best friend. Who did I think he was? Such a playboy, and I even played tennis with him. What is this?"

“Ai, don’t scold my friend.”

“Scolding him to you is selling him cheap, if I knew, I should have scolded him just now.”

“Qiao Fei!” I said, “Your anger is inexplicable, what relationship does that female celebrity have with you? Are you worthwhile? You only know my friend dumped her, but do you know what she did behind his back?”

“You want to say that all people have a shameful history right?”

“Why didn’t I think of that. I just want to say that you shouldn’t be so loud at me for other people’s problems.”

Qiao Fei stopped, her sudden anger had made her cheeks red.

I really shouldn’t have said that sentence, if I didn’t have anything to say I shouldn’t have said that it was Xu Dong who dumped Wu Jia Yi. But I felt that there was no reason for their sudden attack.

She lowered her head and looked at the dirty juice stains on her white skirt: “Well really, I bought new clothes just to meet *that* person.”

I pulled the car over, and looked at her: “What’s wrong with you? What’s the big deal? I’ll buy you ten sets! Go, go, go to the mall, let’s go right now!”

“You don’t have to give me money! Cheng Jia Yang. I know you have money, you go buy it, you go buy it now, go find someone else to wear it!”

As she said this she hopped off the car, and took big steps forward, never turning back.

This was Qiao Fei’s first time to be mad at me. I didn’t know that the warm, happy her could so suddenly become angry.

But my sense of injustice exceeded my shock.

What did I do wrong, what did I say wrong, to make her get mad at me over a stranger?

I had done many things; I had always wanted her to be happy.

As of now she had changed to be this way towards me.

I touched my pocket, looking for smoke everywhere, but not finding it, I

fiercely slammed my fist on the steering wheel.

I went home to drink, I went online and played billiards with “I don’t believe I can’t register for it” (*This is an internet name*), losing in a blur.

He said: “Brother (*Not related, a friendly term*), why aren’t you in the mood today?”

“I’m not.”

“Did you fight with a girl?”

“.....How would you know?”

“When a man’s heart is chaotic, and you ask for a reason, but they don’t have one, then that means that it’s over a woman. Don’t be too mindful, if you like her, you should lower your guard, if you feel like you don’t care, then you should find a different one. As the saying goes, there are plenty more fish in the sea, and you cannot keep hanging yourself over one tree.”

“I understand the meaning completely. If I put it completely on myself it will be useless.”

“Ah you’ve already been lured by her to the point of no return.”

“I carefully tried to please her, but she still got mad at me. She fought with me over someone else’s issue.”

“This person’s temper is not good?”

“There will never be anyone else who has a better temper than her.”

“You must have poked into her pain.”

“I didn’t take it seriously, but I also want her to forget it.”

“Ai ya the situation is complicated. Is it a long story?”

“It’s a little bizarre.”

“.....!!!”

“I don’t want to talk about it, my eyes are sore.”

I told “I don’t believe I can’t register for it” good-bye, I logged off. I dazedly lay on my bed. I had drunk a lot of wine, and my body heated, it seemed that I had

returned to a year ago, when I had met Qiao Fei for the first time, her young passionate body made me lose myself.

When I pressed my body there was a reaction, I used my hand to help myself resolve it, and a stream shooted out from my xx, my eyes basically blacked out. I flipped over and my tears started flowing.

After that we didn't talk for about a month.

I didn't go to find her, she didn't go find me.

My work was very busy, I basically couldn't breathe.

In late April, the Ministry had a routine medical examination. It was my turn, on an afternoon. Finally I snatched half a day of rest. I had a peace of mind in the hospital's outpatient department queue.

Jia Ming worked in this department of the hospital, when I was outside the chest surgery door, I saw him come down from the stairs. He greeted me quite unexpectedly, and knew I was here for my routine examination, and called: "Are you in a hurry? I can let you go through the backdoor, get you examined quickly, and get it finished quickly."

"No need, no need, I want to rest here." I said.

He looked at me, sitting at my side: "Oh, just now I finished my surgery, I should also rest a while."

"Have you been okay recently? You haven't returned home for a long time."

"It's been okay." I said, "It's just that my job is a little busy. Especially last month, you know, I just finished going to two conferences."

"Did your stomach hurt again?"

"Not yet it seems."

"Oh, it's your turn."

I entered the chest surgery department, and the doctor gave me a simple examination, wrote out a list, and let me go follow the instructions. I came out and Jia Ming was still waiting there: "I'll bring you to the radiation department."

To go take the picture, we had to go to a different building floor, we passed by

the main entrance of the clinic, an ambulance stopped at the door, people from the car carried the stretcher over, the patient on the shelf wore a respirator, blocking her face, I felt a little familiar with the image.

At that moment, I heard the nurses speaking to the emergency doctors from the hospital out loud to say to the patient: “Wu Jiayi patient, 26 years old, gas poisoning, blood pressure 40,60”

Jia Ming watched me and said: “Wu Jia Yi? Isn’t that the woman celebrity?”

I also froze in my steps.

Qiao Fei

Zhouxian Fu sent me out four units, the receiving location was the prime location for a foreign trade company in a big streetway.

I left the documents for the secretariat, signed my name, and opened the receipts.

Right when I was about to leave, I saw an old friend come out, he looked at me and laughed, I wished that I could find a place to worm into. It was Liu *Gong Zi*.

Being in front of him, this situation leaked my identity. Thus, not too long afterwards he found me and I wasn’t surprised.

That day I was at gym class, it was standardized testing, and I had already ran 50 meters, and ran another 50 meters for another classmate.

When I was going to the cafeteria with some girls, someone parked by my side. Liu *Gong Zi* sat inside and said to me: “Fei Fei, I told you to call me, why didn’t you?”

I told my classmate: “You go first.”

After I saw them walk far away, I bent my waist towards Liu *Gong Zi* and said: “Say it, what do you want me to do? You want to embrace me, let me tell you, our assistants are inside that office, I’ll tell you where the dean is too, go find him, tell him that I was at the nightclub counter, joking around. If you’re willing then go.”

He sat inside the car and watched me panic.

“You want to tell Cheng Jia Yang? Then go. He doesn’t know anything. Let me tell you, I don’t care.”

Liu suddenly laughed.

“Tell me what could I get from that?”

“Humph.” I straightened, air coming out from my nose, I looked sideways at him, I had never been in such evil company, “What can a man get from a woman?”

“Fei Fei, are you okay, you’ve never gotten so mad before.” He got off the car and said to me, “Who did you get mad at? Say it, what’s wrong? Did Dumb Cheng do anything? Last time I told you, don’t be with him, be with me, Dumb Cheng is the most uninteresting person I’ve ever met.”

I watched him, this person under the sunlight. When he talked about the price with me, it was in a very sincere way.

I was dazed.

He seemed to feel that I was thinking about it and said: “Talking about the price is no fun. What about our old feelings? When big brother (referring to himself as a friend) went to “Allure” wasn’t I good to you? I took you out and didn’t you get introduced to them? Why did you hook up with that rascal later? Fei Fei, to tell you the truth, after you, no one has made me laugh from a joke.

I was clear on one thing now.

A person’s history was like a country’s history, there would always be people to help you remember it. After so long I had been with Cheng Jia Yang and we had played until we forgot our form, but there was finally someone who reminded me that I couldn’t forget who I was, I couldn’t forget that I had been a waitress before.

Fei Fei, I won’t force you, think about it carefully okay?” Liu was still laughing as he talked, he came onto the car, “This time I won’t be afraid you won’t call me, I’ll always find you.”

That afternoon, I ate a lot myself, a rice, chicken, beans, cakes; in the afternoon I went to my spoken language translation course, I did well, and was praised by

the teacher.

That night I memorized vocabulary words while jump roping, I vowed to study well, live well. Myself.

Chapter 27

Cheng Jia Yang

I brought fresh flowers to the hospital to see Wu Jia Yi, I informed the assistant at the door, and only after she checked with her did she allow me in, and admonished: "I ask that you not stay too long, Jia Yi still needs to rest."

Wu Jia Yi sat on the bed, her hand holding a copy of the newspaper, when she saw me come in, she waved me over.

"You're so busy and you still visit me?"

I laughed, when I saw her newspaper flipped to the entertainment section, with the eye catching title "Lovesick Wu Jia Yi Attempts Suicide".

I said: "Well, it's all some gossip news."

But she said: "Working our job, our profession is to give others a way to create gossip."

We were not close friends, that day when I saw her taken away by an ambulance, I went back to tell Xu Dong, he was dazed for a long time, and begged me go to her for him. Right now I had no words, I saw Wu Jia Yi's powderless face and realized that actually she was also a weak, young woman, like duckweed (a tiny aquatic flowering plant that floats in large quantities on still water, often forming an apparently continuous green layer on the surface) floating on the world's problems.

"Jia Yang, I know he is going to marry. From a friend's friend's mouth. Really, the way we were when we loved, right now we are going to split up, he didn't even get a lecture from me, but I had to hear it from someone else."

That afternoon, I thought like this: when we cook Chinese medicine, it can be sloppy, or burned, but the fire has not been quenched. Thus it would result in this kind of an accident.

You probably came on his behalf.

There's no need to deny it, it's okay, it's okay. Being like this, I was willing, it's

not Xu Dong's fault.

I seem to have died one time, I have seen through it.

There's no way past it, unless it's my own unwillingness to drop the issue.

Please tell him, there's no reason to hide from me, loosen up, in the future even if we cannot be friends, there is still no need to be like someone hiding from debtors.

The day Xu Dong married, I told him Wu Jia Yi's words. This careless man listened, then dazedly began to shed tears.

"Jia Yang did you scold me in your heart?"

"I will not."

"Didn't you hear what I was like to her? Do you feel that I don't want to marry her? I've played around for so many years, but only put my heart into what I did for her. But, I also, have to....."

My big brother Jia Ming also knew about Xu Dong's problems, he appreciated Wu Jia Yi, we spoke of this thing in my own study room.

He was watching the old Clark Gable movie "It Happened One Night", a living rich girl fell in love with a gag reporter, in a pure and innocent era, it was story about how the princess fell in love with the frog.

Jia Ming had seen me come from Xu Dong's place, taking the best man's suit over.

"Then he still gave in in the end." Jia Ming said.

"....."

"That woman did so much for him, she had courage. She loved him so much, committed suicide for him, that such a conclusion can be drawn. It's a pity that she looked upon the wrong person."

I sat next to him, talking too much, wanting to defend Xu Dong.

"He had to."

"Excuses."

Jia Ming was this kind of person, when one mentioned other people's situations, he would view it the same as how he viewed jokes.

"What about you? Aren't you the same?"

I thought of last year, when he had never lived at home, at that time, at home, he had rebelled against our parents, my mother said, he had a woman, who had become pregnant, and they were basically about to marry, but things ended quietly, and not long after that he moved back home to live.

Jia Ming suddenly laughed: "You always wanted what happened during that time? I'll tell you today, I am willing to become your king of warning."

"I'm all ears."

"I really loved a woman, when we were together, she gave birth to a small child, that child has already grown to be very big, I heard his heart jump before.

But, what would you know, our parents didn't allow it, because of her background

Of course they would do anything to stop me from marrying her.

My work wasn't going so well so I found her, and gave her some money. She agreed, and destroyed the child."

His casualness made it seem like he was talking about someone else's problems.

"You don't hate them? You even moved back?"

"Hate them?" He looked at me, "This is why I appreciate that famous woman, if that woman had also been so determined, wouldn't you have a small child who could call you Uncle?" After he finished he laughed again, "Thus the way the surrounding environment is, the pressure will be that big, saying "he has to" is an excuse, attitude is the key in these situations."

I felt Jia Ming's words had some logic to them, the second day of the wedding I saw Xu Dong haggard, hopeless, cast into hell, and felt sympathetic, I had never seen him like this.

But every person seemed to have a story.

At the ceremony, the priest asked the woman if she was willing to marry Xudong, she finally said “I do” after a long pause, already bursting into tears.

Everyone in the city had a story, what kind of a strong heart did they have that they could afford these disappointments and complete life?

May 1st holiday, I originally wanted to go to Ma Tai with Qiao Fei but instead I hid at home and went online.

“I talked to “I don’t believe that I can’t register for it” and he asked me, “Are you feeling alot better?”

“Hey I’m alive.”

“Then that means that things aren’t better yet. But I see that you really love her. Being like this is not the solution, why don’t you go see her?”

“I don’t know what to say.”

“You don’t need to say much. See how she lives. If she really loves you she will definitely be just like you, torturing herself and deserting herself.

My internet friend’s words made me think of Wu Jia Yi.

Was Fei as good to me, as she (*guessing this is Wu Jia Yi*) was to Xu Dong.

No no no, of course I wouldn’t want her to torment herself, I had always hoped that she could become better than me.

But, otherwise, what were feelings measured by?

I called Fei, her cell phone was off; then I called the dorm, and her roommate answered after a very long time, and said to me: “Oh, she isn’t home, she left just now. I don’t know, it was probably a friend. You can call her cell phone.”

I took the car keys and left.

When I went outside I suddenly found that it had begun to rain.

The car flew along the road, a sense of insecurity and fear rose inside me.

Qiao Fei

Liu *Gong Zi* said: “Fei Fei come down, if you don’t come down, I’ll go up, do as you will.”

I said: "You're so great, my cell phone is turned off, but you could even find my dorm's number."

"Quickly, quickly, it's going to rain. My car is right under your floor."

I sat on the bed, my heart thinking fiercely, really, even if I didn't look for trouble, trouble came to me.

I smoked a cigarette in the bathroom, and then wore a raincoat and went downstairs.

Liu *Gong Zi* said: "Why did you take so long?"

"You've come to find me for something, please speak."

"Do we need this to be so serious? Fei Fei, laugh. I don't need anything, I came to see you."

"You don't need anything, but I have something to say. As you see, Liu *Gong Zi*, I am only a student, what I did before, that was because I forced to do so to live, you know, on this world, not everyone can live like you and Cheng Jia Yang.

You do not lack a person like me. I have do not owe you, please let me off."

He looked at me carefully.

"If you want a nurturing mistress, let me tell you, I am not a good resemblance. Please do not do anything else for me."

After I finished, I tried to get off the car, but Liu *Gong Zi* pressed the car door.

"You've talked so happily, why haven't you given me a chance to speak? This is too unfair."

"Please come in."

"Have I grown a long face that tells lies? Why do few people trust my words? Fei Fei, Qiao Fei, what do you see me as?

Do you think that out of all the ladies in "Allure", I would remember all of them? After removing their makeup would I recognize every person? I was looking for you, wanting nothing more but to be friends or to take away something from Dumb Cheng. In the beginning when we were talking about the prices, it could have been me who was not right, apologies, I am a businessman,

and have always thought this was the most straightforward way. But, like you said, I do not have any shortage of any ladies like you, if you're not willing I will not force you. I say this to you, with a hope that you will not look down upon me."

The rain came down harder and harder, pouring on the plastic playground, jumping up like thin smoke.

I deeply took in a breath, to calm my heart.

"Liu *Gong Zi*, you have said this before. For people like me, to be not looked down by you, I'm already very lucky. Now, can I get off the car?"

"Bye."

I opened the car door, got off the car, my raincoat accidentally scratching Liu *Gong Zi's* car door, heavy rain poured on my face, blocking my line of vision. Liu *Gong Zi*, sitting inside, reached out his hand to help me untie the knot from the raincoat that had scraped his car.

In the downpour, I narrowly escaped my hectic heart from the dispute, in a flurry, I hadn't heard the footsteps behind me.

Chapter 28

Translator: QueenAng3l

Editor: LiliyWho

Qiao Fei

Someone grabbed my shoulder. I saw Cheng Jia Yang in front of me.

I've never seen this side of him. His eyes were wide open with fury, his face contorted with rage. He looked at me ferociously, "Qiao Fei, you're living very well."

He clamped my arms, his fingers embedded into my flesh. I tried to shake him off, but we were at the campus playground so I couldn't act presumptuously. I said in a low voice, "Cheng Jia Yang, let go of me."

While seated in his car, Liu *Gong Zi* simultaneously commanded Jia Yang to do the same. At this, Jia Yang remembered the other subject to vent his anger at and punched Liu *Gong Zi* straight in the face. At that moment, I wanted to escape from Jia Yang's grasp, but he only clenched me tighter, completely thwarting my efforts to break free.

Liu *Gong Zi* got out of his car, blood streaming down his nostrils. He held onto Jia Yang's other arm, "I bothered your woman so I deserved that, but let her go."

"Who do you think you are?!" Jia Yang shook him off and threw another punch.

Liu *Gong Zi* blocked with his left hand while he thrust his right hand hard into Jia Yang's stomach. Jia Yang hugged me tighter, but his body doubled over in pain.

"Let her go." Liu said, his hand already shaped into a fist, ready for his next move.

Jia Yang reciprocated by punching back twice with one hand. His eyes were wide open as he fully took in the situation. Fresh blood stained his face, the red merging with the droplets of rain that fell onto his face. Despite this, he

continued to clutch me relentlessly.

I caught Liu *Gong Zi*'s returning punch, "Please leave."

He looked at me.

"Please leave."

Liu grabbed his nose and spat out the blood in his mouth onto the ground before returning to his car. As the engine started, he rolled down the window and looked at Jia Yang and me, "Fei Fei, look at him. Why not consider my suggestion some more?"

This man had incited so much chaos, even to the extent that I thought everything was suddenly humorous. Who did I even bother? Why can't I just live a quiet life?

"Please leave."

Liu *Gong Zi* sped off, puddles of water splashing behind his car.

Finally, it was just Jia Yang and me in the torrential rain. I could feel the coldness of my drenched clothing against my bare flesh, and my mind and body were just as cold.

My downcast eyes stared at the green grass, which were splattered with Jia Yang's blood.

His hands still clutched mine tightly.

I knelt down and looked at him, the blood on his face contrasting with his pale complexion. It was shocking.

"Okay, please let go of my hand."

"No." He firmly replied.

This guy didn't even know how to fight, much less fighting with one hand against Prince Liu. He had already suffered to this degree, but he was still as stubborn as ever.

I asked, "What do you want?"

"Come with me."

“To where?”

“Go back.”

“Nevermind, Cheng Jia Yang.” I said, “That isn’t my place.”

“You had something to tell me.”

“There’s still time in the future. Everything’s just too chaotic at the moment, and both of us haven’t changed. Look, we’re inside my school. No matter how much you look down on me, at least allow me to preserve some of my reputation. I still have to stay here for another year.”

I felt his grip on me gradually loosen until I was able to finally free my arm, which had the shape of his fingers imprinted on it in red.

I stood up and as I slowly left, I heard Jia Yang hoarsely shout, “Qiao Fei!”

On May 1st during the holidays, I smoked while trying to understand and figure out many things.

How well Jia Yang treated me would move people if they knew, but I felt more and more pressured.

We needed to have a long talk, but I wanted to find the right time. I wanted to explain things clearly to him.

When I had finally found a suitable time, another problem arose.

On the first day after the break, the school’s dean, Professor Wang, told me to go down to his office. I thought it was related to my participation in the National French Speech competition, even bringing along my written manuscript as I went to find him.

They were in the middle of discussing our recent discoveries, and the advisors were also present.

When the Director saw me, he didn’t seem too enthused.

I seated myself down on the sofa, but an advisor pointed to a chair across the desk and instructed, “Qiao Fei, you sit here.”

As I wondered what the situation was about, they placed a fax in front of me.

It was written in No. 2 bold characters, and clearly stated that I had been

working at the nightclub “Allure” the previous year. The sharp-tongued language overwhelmed people, to the extent that someone even asked, “could this be tolerated?” I wondered who it was that hated me so much.

Director said, “Qiao Fei, I always thought that you were a good student...”

My mind went blank.

Whoever this person was, he/she wanted to harm me, but not kill me.

Although the fax failed to present any hard evidence and therefore, was insufficient to expel me from school, it had successfully done its job in discrediting me in front of the school administrators.

Director said, “Of course we can’t listen to one side of the story only. But Qiao Fei, you have to be careful from now on. As for the speech contest, don’t prepare for it yet. The teachers need to deliberate further on this issue. Even if this is all an accident, I hope you can understand our need to be cautious.”

Of course I understood. If a scandal broke out, it would be treated as a taboo in the school. How could I possibly act as the school’s representative on a national competition?

I thanked the Director and then exited his office.

I found the nearest corner and gave Cheng Jia Yang a call, “I want to see you.”

We met at a cafe an hour later.

I was first to arrive. As I watched him approach me, I noticed that his forehead was glistening with sweat and a bandage covered the corner of his right eye.

Cheng Jia Yang sat on the chair across from me. He loosened his tie out of habit, then he looked at me. He was thin and his face was pale, which made him seem pitiful.

My heart ached and softened at the sight of him.

Cheng Jia Yang

“Are you feeling better?” Fei asked me.

“Yeah.”

She placed her hand on the table, her fingers were slender and her fingernails

were coated with a transparent layer of polish.

“I was waiting for you to call me,” I said.

“Jia Yang, something happened today.”

I looked up at her.

“Someone faxed Professor Wang to inform him that I was a former employee at Allure.”

I was shocked speechless at this news.

“I’ve been having a lot of bad days recently.” She continued, “I haven’t even bothered anyone, and now people think of me this way. Cheng Jia Yang, let’s break up.”

She finally said it.

Several days ago, it was raining really hard outside. As I returned to the lodge on the main street alone, I felt both physically and mentally exhausted, as well as unbearably embarrassed.

As I faced the mirror to clean my injuries, I thought about who had made me this way and started to hate the woman in front me. I resented her, and her increasingly erratic and unpredictable temper. I resented how she could live alone comfortably, resented how she had already attracted a new man after a few days of separation from me. I remembered the “attitude” problem Jia Ming had brought up, which made me feel more and more wronged. What did she even see me as?

However, the incident Fei had experienced today completely shocked me. Who would do such a thing to harm her?

She was mad at me, and finally decided to break up.

However, it was difficult to deny that she was longing for an excuse to get rid of me.

I lit a cigarette. The possibility scared me. I looked at her face; she always had a healthy complexion, vibrant and thriving. This made me angry. Compared to how I left her several times without notice, this made me feel more wronged.

“What do you see me as?” I asked.

She briefly pondered before answering, “Jia Yang, there won’t be anyone else who will be as good to me as you are. But I feel too much pressure being with you, and this is in regards to many aspects: family, background, the thing you call ‘birth’, as well as money. These are all things I can’t avoid. There are also your friends. I fearfully face every single one of them and I feel overwhelmed by everything. *What do I see you as?* Jia Yang, you are like an expensive gift that I can’t afford. When I’m with you, I feel so happy that I forget about everything else, so retribution hits me afterwards. I forgot about my own origin.”

The tears I was trying so hard to hold back escaped from my eyes. I heard myself say, “Did I do something wrong? Why are you being like this to me? I’ll stop everything if that makes you happy. Whenever I say ‘birth’, I’m referring to Xu Dong. If I knew you were so sensitive to this word, I wouldn’t dare to utter it even if I was tortured. I know you don’t like meeting my friends, so in the future, don’t meet them. If you don’t like it when I talk about money, I won’t bring it up either...”

She put her hands on top of mine, “Jia Yang, it isn’t your fault this time. It’s because we’re too different. Like water and oil, we can never become one. Separating now is better than resenting each other later. You’ve been so good to me, and I will never forget that. You’ll find a good girl in the future while I’ll find someone ordinary like myself. We will have lives that fit us.”

When she said this, I finally realized the utter hopelessness of sharing a future together with her, and my tears burst into a flood.

She came around the table and put my head in her arms.

Qiao Fei

Jia Yang cried like a little child.

I hugged him, only feeling his thin frame.

I remembered the money, the opportunities, the luck, joy and physical pleasures he gave me, but I also remembered the pain.

I thought about our mutual dependence on each other.

This hopeless feeling was too complicated, and I wanted to leave quickly as an instinct to protect myself.

I consoled myself and told myself that Jia Yang was indeed good to me. I have already used my body, and stripped my flesh and blood for him (*gave him everything*).

But not before long, I couldn't help but place some of the blame on him.

Chapter 29

Qiao Fei

I don't know how I returned to the school.

As soon as I got back, I slept. I only woke up when my brain grew dizzy. In front of me was Xiao Dan's big face.

"What are you doing?" I pushed her aside.

"I heard about some things."

I sat up: "It really is that good things don't get heard, but bad things go to thousands of places."

I wanted to go to the restroom, but Xiao Dan put her hand on my shoulder: "Good brother, walk your own path, and let others say whatever they want."

I felt that what she said was different from what was going on right now, but I knew that she had a good heart in saying these things, so my heart felt very warm.

I carefully sat in the bathroom, smoking. I heard someone outside talking outside the restroom.

"Did you hear about it? The girl from the French Department. Full of skin and her studies are actually pretty great."

They were probably talking about me, I laughed a while and waited for what they would say next.

"She used to be a miss. And was even a mistress at one point."

"Ah, I heard this. I also heard that she even aborted two times."

Outrageous

"I didn't think that she would have so much money. She wears average clothing."

"Hello, if you support handsome guys, money ah, how do you earn it, and how do you spend it?"

Pretty well, plus five episodes of drama.

I sighed, I was afraid I had become notorious, but after thinking a little more, what could this do? If I only came here a year, and changed where I lived, no one would recognize me.

A new beginning.

I wouldn't have too much emotional turmoil because of this psychological shadow, this thing wasn't enough to defeat me. I know a lot of people hated me, some people set me up, but this was good, because I had to be kinder to myself, otherwise my loved ones would be in pain, hatred, this outweighed the benefits.

But what made my heart hurt was Cheng Jia Yang.

He had been so good to me.

But, our breakup was coming sooner or later. Why couldn't it have come earlier? Long suffering was worse than short suffering.

I finished smoking, and put a piece of chewing gum in my mouth.

Bo Bo carried a basket in: "You're here, let's go, let's go bath."

They were probably afraid I would commit suicide, I laughed in my heart. Forget about it then, a good brother's good intentions, I would not decline it for the time being.

"All right, let's go together. We can look after each other's backs and save money."

I first took off my clothes and went into the bathroom, it was the weekend, there were many girls bathing, about three people crowded under one showerhead.

When I entered I knew there were people who eyed me.

No one knew that my studies were good, the fact that I was very good looking didn't matter in the Foreign Languages Department, my calligraphy was very good, no one knew that I had written good news for the French Department, but, my scandal, in such a short time I had become the school's well-known figure.

Even if I take off my clothes, I'll know you!

It really was terrifying.

I got closer to a showerhead near the steam room, the next two girls kept moving away. Did they think I was dirty?

Good things like this actually happened?

I looked at them and continued to get closer. These two people finally took their own bathing supplies, and contrived to talk to other people, and so no one dared to share with me.

Bo Bo came in at this time, I watched her and waved my hand:

"Come over, come over, over here."

"You're so good, let's share one, Qiao Fei, give me a kiss." Bo Bo came over, and kissed my forehead lightly.

"All of them are pretending to be sanctimonious nuns when they are in fact the bad water from one's stomach." Later, when Bo Bo talked with me, we bought a hamburger, french fries, lamb skewers, beer, and sat on an overpass, "Look at the others who are so poisonous, their hearts full of disguised pleasure, Well, how many are good people?"

I watched the cars under the overpass, lights from near and far, as I thought in my heart, this city had a lot of money and wealth, and it had the most radiant houses, but cash flow was surging under unpredictable social life, as for myself, I was the tiny dust particle.

Cheng Jia Yang

I sat in the office dazed. I think I wasn't clear about what had happened between me and Qiao Fei. Had we broken up like this?

When we were together we had lived so happily, and now we had broken up so cleanly.

Her one sentence made my impressions deeper, she said, I would find a good woman, and she would definitely find a suitable man, with this sentence, she blessed me in walking my perfectly normal path while she had to walk her difficult path.

Best vows in breaking up.

That day, my tears were outrageous, I felt as if I had lost control, a great man, cried like that.

I remembered back when my heart was really scared.

After I was with her, my life went through many changes, I had a different life from before, but now I was beaten back to the first model.

But, because emotional setbacks were unusual, decadent, even abusive, it was already not my age to do these things. I felt, as an adult, there were always things to do, roads to catch, lives had to continue, but it was only that my heart was cooling down layer by layer.

After a week, I was sent to the Daya Bay, the French Academy of Sciences as a translator.

Their academy line was prized, Daya Bay itself was a Sino-French cooperation in civilian nuclear technology demonstrations, there were newsgroups with us. I went and saw Wen Xiao Hua.

We worked together for three days, and it was actually happy.

When Wen Xiaohua worked she had a capable chic style, there was sufficient capacity to influence and prestige of the team, an early leader. In just three days, I had peace of mind to act as her subordinate.

In these three days besides work, there was nothing else that we could talk about.

When we had to go to the academy, and I saw the airplane that we would be boarding for some days, she finally breathed, and said to me: "Last time I asked you for help with translating my materials, I have not thanked you yet."

"It's a small thing. It's nothing much." I said.

I always had bad entertainment skills, so when I used Chinese I wouldn't say flattering words.

I wanted to leave this place, quickly return, but who knew, our airplane would be postponed by the big rain and that we could only linger here for another day.

It was some subtropical weather, stuffy rain, in my hotel room I went on the Internet and, encountered “I don’t believe I can’t register for it.”

We played some games of pool again, and I won each.

It was deep into the night and we talked a little.

“You seem better now.”

“What else would I do?”

“Time and work are good medicines.”

“That’s right. But I wish the potency was higher.”

“Haha.”

These two internet friends went offline quickly, I was by myself on the internet and found that the rain had stopped.

Someone knocked on my door.

I lingered for a long time before going to open the door.

It was Wen Xiao Hua, she had changed out of her professional clothes and wore a dark red dress with smashed flowers, her hair came down and she looked pretty good.

“I’m hungry.” She said.

“Call the waiter.””

“Did you come to Huizhou before?”

“No.”

“Let’s go eat at the big foodstalls.”

I couldn’t think of anything I could say to reject her, so I could only agree.

The city after the rain had a salty taste that floated around, the night sky was spotless, the stars were very visible.

I drove my work car, under Wen Xiao Hua’s pointing, arrived at the brightly lit street.

We called for some mochi [1], and small boiled seafood, Wen Xiao Hua had a

good appetite and dipped her food in rice vinegar and ate a lot. I drank a little bit of beer.

“Didn’t you also eat nothing for dinner?” She asked me.

“I’m not hungry.”

She put down her chopsticks and used her napkin to dab at her mouth: “Do you know you are a very emotional person, Cheng Jia Yang.”

“Oh? I watched her.”

“Everytime I meet you, you always feel different. When you’re happy, you’re happy, when you’re unhappy, you won’t even be willing to say anything. Do you know that when we came to this road you didn’t say anything.”

I laughed a little: “Sorry, I didn’t notice.”

She laughed too, and watched me, and didn’t say anything more.

After we finished dinner, we drove back to the hotel, I sent her back to her room, said good night, going back by myself again, bathed, and lay by the window, and heard the sound of the tide outside the window. I thought of Qiao Fei again, did she feel something for me again?

[1] The real Chinese was 逆糍 but I had no idea what that was so I translated it as mochi since it looks like mochi and the second word is the Chinese for mochi.



[1] “mochi”

Chapter 30

Cheng Jia Yang

I hadn't returned for a long time before I moved into my house to live.

I had learned from Lao Zhou's side, the Ministry of Commerce that Qiao Fei had resigned her job there.

Of course she had also not returned to the travel agency to work part time.

This afternoon, after I knew about this, at first I wanted to laugh, this was clearly a child, who was she playing with? If she couldn't make any extra money, she would put herself into financial trouble.

Then after I thought about it, she was clearly hiding from me.

Breaking off our relationship little by little.

When I thought to here, I grabbed my car keys and left the office.

I drove to the Foreign Languages Building and went to the French Department, there was no one in the classroom, I drove around two times under the dormitory, and I didn't see her, I lighted my cigarette, and thought, should I call her from downstairs or not? While I was contemplating, from far away, I saw that there was someone playing basketball on the court, two girl teams were fiercely battling it out, one person suddenly jumped up and clapped her teammate, when she looked around, it was Qiao Fei, her small face was red and shiny, in high-spirits.

I laughed, put out the smoke, and turned on my car.

Who had I been pitying?

This person had always been better than me, she had let go of me, and never had to go socializing again, which probably allowed her to make her friends more freely.

I had been worrying about her condition, but why not worry about myself.

I drove to the English Building Entrance, and I actually saw many figures that I hadn't seen for a long time, Fu Ming Fang walked out. Ever since her marriage, I

hadn't seen her in a long time, it was early summer again, Ming Fang wore her favorite light colored skirt, slender and delicate.

I pressed the car horn.

We sat inside the building entrance cafe, a year ago this place had been called "Love Night Pavilion" but now it was called "Springtime Painting", even the boss didn't know how many heads had changed.

A majority of the people who sat here were teachers and students from the Foreign Languages Department, we chose a seat next to the window, and asked for green tea and Smelly Broad Beans. <http://bbs.meishichina.com/thread-36324-1-1.html>

"How is it? Life after your marriage should be very exciting?" I said happily.

"I don't feel any changes." Ming replied, "I just have to make more food every day, and when I go travel, I have another person to accompany me."

I nodded my head.

This was a very romantic thing.

"Jia Yang, do you think I've changed in any way?"

I carefully looked at her, and only felt that she was unscarred, she looked great, her face was flushed, she was more charming than before she had married."

"I, your big sister (*friendly*) have a baby."

I froze for a second.

Ming Fang laughed, joyful and lonely: "How can you not see it? After not too long, you'll have a little child to call you uncle."

I held her hand, and finally found that she really was a little more fat than last time: "Congratulations, I really congratulate you."

"I wasn't a restless person before too, so you probably can't see it, but I have always wanted to walk around the world, to see different people, to live differently everyday, but, after I married, I had to settle down, and live my life, have a child. Then I feel different, almost as if there is something that stabilizes

your fluttering heart.” Ming returned, she put her hand on mine again. “Even though boys aren’t urgent, having a household is better than just one person.”

“And it’s even a boy, you’re 27, almost 30.” I said.

“That’s why. Why not find a good match and get along well.”

I lowered my head and laughed: “Ming Fang, really, I had even thought you were getting on well, but now you’ve actually become a housewife.”

At this time, a few girls walked in, they looked like they were the students who had just been playing basketball, their uniforms said something like “Japanese Department”.

They sat next to Ming Fang and I, and called for some soda, fruit salad, and some snacks, because they were lost and angry they hadn’t said a few sentences before they brought up Qiao Fei.

“Did you see that girl from the French Department who shot a lot of baskets today? Do you know who she is?”

“What news is that, that’s Qiao Fei, right now she’s even famous, who doesn’t know she did? She was always at the nightclub counter.”

“I even thought she was something, so she was actually a fake. Bleh.”

“Ah, but she is really strong, she plays really well, I hear that her studies are actually not bad.”

“You know the person, and her appearance but you don’t know her heart. Who would do these types of things?”

While the girls were gossiping, this was the first time I felt how poisonous words were. I looked at Ming Fang, she had also heard their words.

“You know about this?”

“Word passes quickly in the school.” She drank a cup of tea, “How can that little girl endure so much slander? These people, everything is based on false evidence, don’t even say if this situation is real, even if it is, who has not made a mistake in life?”

She spoke louder, and said to the table next to us: “Classmates, this is a public

area, please lower your voices.”

I drove back and sent Ming Fang home, while I aimlessly drove around on the road.

I felt a little conflicted.

Qiao Fei, what kind of a life was she living right now?

According to her previous emotional strength, what kind of a person could survive in such scary malicious gossip?

But today, when I saw her playing basketball, her laugh, I thought of her special family, her childhood experience of suffering, she had an unfortunate fate.

I stopped my car by the seaside and saw the dark colors of the sky reflected onto the ocean.

I thought, I must do something for her.

Qiao Fei



The time passed quickly, it was almost time for the final exam.

I studied while calling a few tourist groups, I hoped I could find a job during the break.

But when the others knew I was still a student, they basically passed me off.

When I was leaving the two jobs Cheng Jia Yang had prepared for me, I did not secure anything, and looking at it right now, besides myself who felt that I was fairly rich, from others' standpoints, I was still basically a commoner .

But it wasn't that there wasn't any good news.

My dad's body was recovering well. With help from the street neighbors, my mom rented her own house and started a small shop, and she no longer had to sell cigarettes in the hot sun and blowing wind.

That day, I read books in the dormitory, when the phone rang, and the head came to find me again.

I didn't know what happened

When I wore my shoes, I thought, I didn't care about much, it wouldn't be that bad if I just withdrew from the school. Then I could go to the south to work, or to Africa to reconstruct, at that side there was probably a lack of French interpreters, and I could make some money, I could then improve my cooking skills and I could become a chef and a worker, making two salaries, only making money, not spending money, there was not anything to consume in Africa anyways, I could save three years of money and give my mom a little, then I could study at France, and according to what Aulde had said, Montepieller had a sunny southern coast, it would be great.

Director, please take me out of my studies now.

I thought about it, and went to the Head's Office.

I knocked on the door, and only the old professor was there.

He was currently writing a few things down, he looked up and glanced at me: "Come, sit."

I was very fearless, really, I was basically like this all the time.

The head gave me a few forms: "Qiao Fei, fill in this one, one in Chinese and one in French."

I lowered my head to look at it, I couldn't believe my own expression, this was a form to become an exchange student. Trembling, I asked: "Teacher, what is this?"

After I knew the circumstances, I understood that this should have been organized under Cheng Jia Yang's great hands.

The Ministry of Foreign Affairs and the Ministry of Education had organized

joint translating programs across the country for senior interpreters, and they would choose only the best to go to the famous French translation Institute, arranging accommodation and one would also enjoy a € 600 monthly government scholarship for one year.

They were chosen mostly from two three-year professional translation graduates, but my name had been put down by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, the learning location was Montepelier, at the Paul Valery University interpretation building.

“Teacher, I, I,” I couldn’t continue to speak.

The head stopped writing and lowered his glasses, watching me: “Qiao Fei, the teacher has always thought you were a good student This time, going out to become an exchange student you must cherish the opportunity. After you come back, serve the country.”

“About my situation.....”

“Don’t even mention it. If the school didn’t believe you they wouldn’t agree to allow you to go out of the country. All right, go back to fill in the form, and after three days prepare the form, resume, and send your request to Meng San Da to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Do not delay. “

I came out from the head’s place, and muddled, went back to the dormitory, I grabbed the smoke, and hid in the bathroom again.

Sharp turns in life took one by surprise, my dream opportunity was in front of me now. But, I would owe Cheng Jia Yang a great debt again, I felt that it was very difficult to let go of, but I couldn’t afford it at the same time.

Someone knocked on the bathroom door heavily, and fiercely shouted: “Who is smoking inside?”

The door was opened, and it was the girls from the Japanese Department who were on duty, when they saw me they froze for a second, then they exposed their contemptuous look: “Classmate, you are not allowed to smoke.”

I slowly stood up, and flicked the cigarette butt: “Okay, sorry, I’ll leave.”

Okay, sorry, I’ll leave.

Chapter 31

Translator: QueenAng3l & Tranzgeek

Editor: Tranzgeek

Cheng Jia Yang

I took Qiao Fei's form, resume, academic credentials and an application letter, and carefully looked it over. Only then did I realize that this was my first time seeing her handwriting, graceful and powerful, like her character. I edited her tiny mistakes, and returned it to my colleague responsible for education cooperation, he laughed: "Who is this, that makes you go to so much trouble?"

"My friend's little sister." I said.

Not after too long, the French University replied, to send its students a confirmation of their registration and housing guarantees. In the letter to Qiao Fei the University of Paul Valery asked her to arrive at the end of June to participate in a language fundamentals training during the break.

Thinking of it this way, the time had really passed quickly.

Last year June, we got together, strangers; and it had passed a year, and I had sent her away from my side.

Before, I had thought that we would never separate, but as of now, I had done the last thing I could for her, but no matter what, this woman had been by my side before, given me happiness, and given me warmth.

When I thought of it like this, I was driving on the road.

The car door opened, and the tree imprinted on my body left a mottled shadow.

I encountered a red light, my car stopped, and I looked to the side, it was the cinema that I had went to before. A guy and a girl held hands, and stood in front of the ticket window, like they were thinking about what movie they should watch.

The poster said that there was an old film that was replaying, 《Casablanca》,

the man finally bid farewell to his beloved woman.

The end of the movie really made one feel emotional, the beautiful Ingrid Bergman tearfully said farewell forever to Humphrey Bogart, and said, please kiss me.

In the movie, women were pliant, and men were hard steel.

As for me, I was contradictory, it really made one feel irregular.

At this road, I U-Turned towards the Foreign Languages School.

I called Qiao Fei's phone, no one answered.

I intercom called her under her dormitory but no one answered, as if repeating the scene from a year ago, a fellow classmate told me, Qiao Fei returned home to pack.

Qiao Fei

I went home and told my mom that I was going to France.

Mother said, *Are you dreaming? Then go.*

Really mom, it's true. I showed her my signed visa. *Look.*

She said, *You're simply just taking something to deceive me. I've never even seen the People's Republic of China passport before.*

My father said, *This is real. The neighbors also have children going to Japan to study.* He came over and carefully studied my passport. He even attached my photo for me and signed my French Republic visa.

Do you believe it now? I'm leaving in two days. The school is sending me. I'll return after a year.

They started worrying. *France, it's even more expensive than Shenyang right?*

Mother said, *How are you going to cover your living fees?*

It will be provided by the government. Every month we get about 6000 yuan.

That much? The school gave you this opportunity? They asked.

I thought for a while. *Mother, do you remember the older brother (close older male friend) who visited our house last year?*

She said, *I remember, did he help you do this?*

I said yes.

Fei Fei, you must remember to repay others.

I nodded, but felt guilty inside. How could I repay Cheng Jia Yang? What did I have that he didn't have?

I packed my suitcases and checked them in. Then I went alone on a train to Dalian. I sat at the beach in the city for a long time. I thought about that vacation, me and Cheng Jia Yang, talking softly on the airplane as opposed to holding hands, a night of passion. Lately it had become a person's cherished memories with a loved one.

Cheng Jia Yang

I rode an airplane, and sat on a train and went to her hometown again.

When I arrived at her house, Fei's father was there. I had seen pictures of him before.

Using hand gestures, I asked him where Fei was.

He wrote on a piece of paper with a pen that she hadn't returned for long and had already left.

I suddenly sat down. The trip is long, don't worry, empty, but it makes people feel tired.

Fei's father poured me a glass of water. I thanked him, drinking it all at once.

I wrote words down for him, telling him that I was Fei's friend, and that I wanted to see her before she left the country. *Does your heart feel better?*

Much better, thank you.

I have to leave to find her. This is some money, not much, please keep it.

He persisted in his refusal, pushing and shoving for a long time.

I had no other solution and finally took back the money.

I wanted to go back as soon as possible, to see her once more before she left. There are some words I hadn't said and thinking about it now caused a terrible

feeling.

In the little supermarket by Qiao Fei's house, I found the boss and asked, "Are you familiar with the Qiao family in Building 5?"

"The couple is deaf? Their daughter is learning a foreign language?"

"Yes."

"Longtime neighbors. Is there something you need?"

I took out the money, "This is two thousand yuan. Sorry to bother you but could you send them ribs, fresh meat, on the weekends and holidays."

The boss wiped his hands on his apron, looked at me, and thought for a moment, "Okay, I'll give you a receipt."

I took the receipt, finally accomplishing something.

I quickly went back. I saw one of Qiao Fei's classmates who said to me, Didn't she go home?

"She still hasn't come back?"

"No."

"She already left for France, right?"

"No, no. We just helped her pack her suitcase this morning."

I let out a relieved sigh. Fortunately she hadn't left yet. I'll just wait for her here.

But this afternoon, the Ministry suddenly assigned a task to me. I had to go in place of a sick coworker and go to Shanghai for the Annual Meeting of International Lawyers for simultaneous interpretation. It would be a two day trip.

But I couldn't leave at this time.

"This is too sudden. Why did you just tell me? I don't even have time to prepare." I said to the director.

"You suddenly disappeared for three days and now you're saying you need time to prepare?" He scolded me. He walked behind me and patted my shoulder.

“Plus, I don’t have any other solutions. She suddenly got sick, what am I supposed to do? Plus the others didn’t prepare beforehand either. So it really must be you, small Cheng who goes.”

Seeing that it was like this, there was no solution. It was an order. I just had to pray that Qiao Fei wouldn’t leave in these two days.

Conferences were battlefields.

I originally pretended to be in a poor condition, saying that I didn’t even prepare so I wasn’t ready to go. I racked my brain, looking for a good excuse. Luckily, the Shanghai counterparts were pretty good. The effect of our translation collaborations could be regarded as ideal.

On the flight back, I thought I would just close my eyes for a while but I accidentally fell asleep. Feeling hazy, I had forgotten where I was. I asked the stewardess, she told me, “This is the Air China flight to Dalian.”

After I woke up, I realized it was a dream.

I suddenly remembered, and started laughing. Right, how did I not think of this? Would Fei have gone to Dalian? I went back, she must have also decided to go back. After I meet her, I will tell her to be careful on the trip, study diligently, and come back with advanced translation skills in order to earn lots of money for her and her parents. Would she have brought a lot of luggage? Fortunately I had an acquaintance at the check-in location so it wouldn’t matter too much if her bags were a little overweight. Did she bring any dried vegetables with her? Mushrooms, black fungus (*Chinese “vegetable”, edible*), okay, I would buy these for her. There was no need to bring toilet paper, I’ve already researched, and the price in France is similar to the one in China. But I probably shouldn’t say this, or else she’ll just say I’m nagging her again.

With this intention, I felt eager to go home. After getting off of the plane, a wind below my feet. I jogged out of the landing channel and boarded the company car.

The car had not yet left the airport when my eyes were attracted to a huge advertisement on a large bus across from me. The Herbal Essence shampoo girl. She had slightly amused cat-like eyes and black hair as shiny as satin. Like Qiao Fei.

My carelessness was once again the cause of another irreparable mistake. I didn't look up once, I didn't see Qiao Fei sitting in the bus, about to go onto the plane.

Chapter 32

Thanks to inno and family682's support, a new chapter of Les Interpretes has been released. Also, this has not been fully edited, so I will update with the fully edited chapter.

Firstly, we did not hold back on Les Interpretes on purpose; rather, we all have our own personal lives beyond this blog so all the crew of Les Interpretes were rather busy. Thanks for your understanding!

Translator: Jeslyn

Editor: LiliyWho

Chapter 32

Qiao Fei

After a 10 hour flight heading in a westerly direction, I arrived in Paris around evening.

I took my luggage and departed. Foreigners with high brows and deep eyes passed by me while the sound of talk buzzed softly in the background. In a blink of an eye, I already knew I was in an unfamiliar city.

I wanted to take the high speed train at the south of Montpellier. After asking around, I boarded a bus, which travelled through the city towards the train station under the drizzle of light rain.

There was an evening mist in this floral city.

The scenery along the journey was so beautiful; one pair of eyes was simply not enough to fully appreciate everything.

The scenery was filled with ancient Chinese parasol trees, neon street lights, roads that have endured hundred years of rain and bleak-looking pedestrians. There was a pretty boy who was hurriedly walking a large dog along the street. There was also a mysterious girl who lit a cigarette by the window of a cafe while silently gazing outside. There was so much to take in. I could vaguely see the shadow of a tall tower, which was still a distance away. It was a faint impression.

I gently knocked on the window and quietly muttered in French, “Eiffel, Eiffel”.

The foreigner in front of me turned around and asked me: “First time in Paris?”

I nodded my head, feeling a bit embarrassed. “Yeah, that’s right.”

I arrived at the train station at around 7. As I purchased the tickets, someone told me that the last train heading north had just departed and the next train was not until 6.30 the next morning. I had no other choice but to wait. The ticket seller took pity on me for my young age and the long waiting time I had to endure, so he gave me a 50% discount.

I took a seat on a bench as I waited, and wanted to remain like that until the next morning. I snacked on some biscuits that I brought along with me. As the crumbs fell to me feet, a large group of dark gray pigeons started to gather, jumping around and pecking at the crumbs.

I lost track of how long I had waited as the number of people in the train station grew less and less. Some tall policemen with large, ferocious dogs that were muzzled passed by. A few people standing a short distance away started whispering and occasionally threw glances at me.

How improper, I sneered at them in my mind. I was accustomed to solitude and have already mentally prepared myself before coming to this foreign land. Their whispers meant nothing to me, and whoever dares to give me trouble will know my wrath.

I recited a speech I had prepared inside my head in case something like this was to occur: I am a citizen of the People’s Republic of China and received my education in the Ministry of Education in the French Republic. I have been invited to study in France by the Paul Valéry University in Montpellier. If I receive any unfair treatment, I will be protected by my country’s Embassy, and I have the right of access to justice and-

Oh wait, this is a French democracy?

Okay, one more time.

The person who approached me was relatively young. He smiled, and in broken

English asked: “Chinese? Japanese? Korean?”

I replied in French: “Chinese. I speak French.”

“That’s great.” He rubbed his hands, “Miss, you cannot stay here.”

“Why?” I was so close to blurting out my speech, but the person began to speak before I could start.

“This place is unsafe at night, single women better not stay here. Plus, the last train has already departed and the station will close in half an hour.”

The train station will close?

I was stunned for a moment. Why was that not stated in the teaching materials?

However, his attitude towards me was never unpleasant. The problem now was where am I supposed to go? It was already very late and even the cafes were closed.

“Do you understand what I’ve just said? Okay, I’ll repeat it again in English...”

I quickly stopped him with my hands and honestly told him: “Look at my luggage, I have no idea where to go.”

The young officer looked at me and had an expression that showed that he was in a difficult position and went back to ask his colleagues what he could do. In a round of discussion, the few people smiled at me in the process. Right now I felt that I was too impulsive and was making things difficult for others.

The young person came up to me and said: “There is a youth hostel nearby for prospective students. I do not know if there is still vacancies, but I can escort you to there. Are you okay with that? If not? “

The second suggestion he suggested was for me to go to a nearby police station to wait for the next morning’s train.

What kind of logic is this? Ending up in the police station on the first day of

studying abroad? This is extremely unlucky.

I said: "Could you please take me to the youth hostel." I looked at the few people over there and had some doubts. I smiled: "How am I supposed to know if they are really the police?"

The young person also laughed : "We are not the police, we're the patrolling gendarmerie. I am an intern gendarmerie called Zeus Ferrandi, my service number is "

I gave a reassuring look, smiled and said: " ah, yes gendarmerie, haha "

He turned around and pulled out a small book that was written in Chinese: If I stumble upon any misfortune, I would have been taken away by an intern gendarmerie called Zeus Ferrandi. His service number is I was a little dazed. Who was it written to? Who will see these words?

Cheng Jia Yang.

I casually wrote his name in a messy manner.

Being tall sure was useful, my heavy box was lifted up easily by the young gendarmerie and he took big steps, leaving the train station in place of me.

On the way, we did not talk at all.

The youth hostel was not a far distance away. I was lucky there were still beds available. Prices have been lowered to 18 euros for young students around the world. I did not dare to think how much it cost in renminbi (Chinese currency).

After registering, the gendamerie said to me:" It is 2 o'clock now, what time do you have to board your train?"

I took out my train ticket and checked: "6.30."

"Do not be late. Goodbye."

"Thank you. Goodbye."

I washed up, and lay on my bed feeling very awake.

Although the journey was tiring, but I felt excited and a feeling of novelty.

Where am I now? Oh Paris. The Paris that has the Eiffel Tower, the Paris that has The Louvre, the Paris that Napoleon was born in, and the Paris where Hugo is at...

The place that I am about to go is the picturesque Montpellier.

I had actually realised my dream.

But I also felt heart wrenched that the 18 euros that was able to accommodate me for 4 hours, after giving some money to my family, the rest of my savings that I had brought along was left with only a mere amount of a few hundred euros that I had put in my underwear.

I had to be careful in my spending.

I thought of the scene that just happened at the train station, and found my nervousness and carefulness amusing.

As I continued thinking, the sky soon turned gray and it was going to be dawn.

I looked at my watch, oh it was still according to the time in Beijing. Then the time now in Paris...

At this moment, someone knocked on the door. I opened the door and saw a tall French guy. I carefully looked and realised it was a young gendarmerie that had just ended his duty.

"Miss, it is 5.45 now. Please head to the train station and get onto the train after having your ticket checked. No hurries."

"Okay, thank you."

I closed the door, quickly changed my clothes and washed up.

The gendarmerie was still helping me carry my luggage, shipping it to the train station.

On the way I asked him: "Are French gendarmeries still responsible for escorting foreigners?"

"The staffs working at the train station has to ensure the safety of the citizens and foreigners."

"Responsible for escorting?"

"Not really, I am off duty for my night shift. I am worried that you would sleep too late and delay the train. Anyways, it is convenient for me when I return to my hostel."

"Oh, thank you very much."

We entered the station, and I saw a few bullet-shaped high speed train that was stationary. Gendarmerie pointed out to me the ticket gate : "Please have your ticket checked here ."

I kept taking the train ticket out and then keeping it again that it made a small chip on the ticket.

The gendarmerie told me: "The train conductor will check your ticket, so please keep your ticket somewhere that is convenient to be taken out easily."

Of course." I said.

At this time, the train station had very few passengers.

I shook his hand, feeling very thankful towards this enthusiastic youth. I repeatedly thanked him.

He looked at the train: "Where are you heading towards?"

"Montpellier. I am going to learn about interpreting."

"No wonder you are so eloquent in French." The youth said while smiling, "Montpellier is a nice place. The weather there is warm and sunny."

"You went there before?"

"I am from Montpellier."

"Oh, you came to Paris to work?"

"Internship."

“ Oh yeah, you told me that yesterday.”

I had to get on the car and thanked him once again.

Young gendarmerie Zeus Ferrandi said to me: “All the best.”

It was a distance more than 1100 km. The high-speed train was speeding so quickly, it is no wonder it is known as the fastest and most secure transportation on land.

There weren't that many people on the train. Some were conversing in soft voices while others were in deep sleep. As it was my first time taking the train, I lamented as I looked at the scenery along the way that went behind me so quickly that it caught people off guard, just like our lives that are full of twists and turns.

Chapter 33

Thank you to all who liked all of our posts to now! We now have 100 likes and in appreciation of this, we will release another chapter after this!

Cheng Jia Yang

This summer, a few things happened like this: I met with Qiao Fei once, and she finally went to the faraway France to study, for a month. She didn't give me any news. I was promoted to the bureau, and besides the usual translation work, I also had to replace my colleagues who had quit, and train the newbies; as for my online friend "I just don't believe I can't register for it", I knew a little more about her. From the calm way she handled my womanly issues, it was a woman; a web author, who was busy finishing her second novel.

"What's your novel about?" I asked.

"A man and a woman live across from each other, and have sexual fantasies about each other."

"Is there an end result? Do they finally meet?"

"No. They don't meet. Why would they want to? That would only invite trouble and disappointment."

"The main topic is about the beauty that comes from distance."

"This is a true statement."

"Oh.

I am going to log off now."

"It's still early."

"I have to sleep, and I still need to work."

"I haven't seen many guys like you who are addicted to the good things."

"Thanks, I'll talk to you later."

I closed the computer, and opened the lamp, and began to review some

documents.

My other hand took out some marijuana from the drawer, I lighted it, smoked it, and I felt that I wasn't that tired.

Not very long afterwards, my mom's birthday came around, a small dinner party was held at home.

My aunt was the master of ceremonies and the master of elegance; she invited two piano players to come and help from the Music School, and the buffet was from the Swiss hotel chef chief who came to the scene and cooked.

At the banquet that day, friends and family gathered together.

The other family gave a lot of face (*really respected their reputations*), Wen Xiao Hua's father and mother came to dinner by themselves. That day, she shook hands with my mother, and softly told 'auntie' happy birthday.

I saw my mother's eyes brighten: "This is Xiao Hua? What a beautiful maiden."

From that point on, Wen Xiao Hua left a deep yet good impression in my mother, because on the day of the banquet she had also excitedly performed a violin song "Small Green Apple"; she was skilled, but she couldn't beat the professional players.

Ah this type of girl really made one admire her, she had an impeccable bright aura. But she couldn't be worthy of someone like me, so not long afterwards, my mom wanted me to send some very good cigarettes and very good wine to the Wen house as a gift but I flatly refused.

"Don't you feel it's not enough work making the drivers go? Or go yourself, but why do you want me to go?" I asked.

My mother fiercely glared at me.

Jia Ming didn't have these boring topics like me.

On one hand, he had made himself look bad enough in front of our parents; at least on this topic, at the last battle, the two sides did not act rashly. Jia Ming didn't have a permanent girlfriend, and my parents did not dare intrude unwarranted into his private life; on the other hand, no matter who was in his eyes, his romantic life made him seem more like a normal person than me.

I knew this, and simply did the same. Or else, my mother would be blinded with worry.

And whenever I had time, I would go to the nightclubs. I gradually realized the fun.

I liked young girls. Sitting outside the crowd at the bar, alone, the look blurred, I didn't know where I didn't have my own problems, and came here to be drunk, to buy forgetfulness for a moment.

I didn't need to say much, my eyes didn't need to return her looks to often. I felt she was very pleasing to the eye, and that we could have one romantic night.

Some limbs were soft, some rich experiences had a variety of bizarre gestures, but the more it was this way, I only felt new and strange as if I got more and more off the mark. As if I was watching a performance of *Huo Se Sheng Xiang* (*The Legend of Fragrance*. This has been adapted into a drama with leads Tang Yan and Li Yi Feng).

Some people wanted money from me on the second day, some people disappeared on the second morning, and left money for me.

My conscience was peaceful when paying or taking in money. Money was of equivalent value.

I drank wine in front of the bar, and there were also some guys who approached me.

I politely said that I was not a playboy.

Some people said, I wasn't such. I had a wife, it was a supermodel.

"It would be difficult for me to go down that path. "

"Why don't you try it, you only know after you do."

Doing it like this, really made one tired.

I pushed him aside and left the bar.

Outside, I lit a cigarette and found my car. I was suddenly pushed to the ground, I looked back and it was the same guy, he had another companion by his side.

My face received another hit again, my mouth filled with a smell. I didn't know where I had began bleeding.

"You think you're a deity just because you have a beauty face? When you come out to mix with the others you even pretend to be a virgin!"

He was right after all, I didn't rebut.

After this person vented his anger, he left.

I took out a handkerchief to wipe the fresh blood on my face, with shaking hands, my phone fell on the ground.

A ringing sound suddenly sounded.

I looked at the number, it was a French district number.

It was Qiao Fei, at this moment, my heart beat wildly. After I answered it, I only said a "Hello?" and I heard a choked voice.

"Jia Yang."

"I'm listening."

"I have stabilised myself on this side. But just now, a classmate bought a phone card, so that's why I only just called you."

"Oh, no problem. How are you? Did it go well?"

"Very well. I'm doing very well."

.....

.....

"I know, this was your plan. But, before, I was a little rushed going there, so I didn't have time to call you and say thank you."

"No problem. This was a little thing."

Separated by mountains and rivers, the sound is always a little wrong on the phone, the call parties hesitant, tentative.

Do you know, I chased you to your house, wanting to see you again; Do you know, I dreamed on the airplane, that I seem to have went to Dalian with you again; Do you know, a man, resentful and filled with the urge to wait for a call,

until deep in the night.

My tears flowed again, I couldn't say anything, otherwise I would cry loudly.

On the other side of the phone there was no sound, for a long time. She said to me, Thank you.

Qiao Fei said 'Thank you' to me.

.....

I lowered my voice: "Do you have anything else? I still have to look at my documents."

".....

All right....bye."

"Bye."

I looked at the dim screen, and closed the phone, I closed the line, and got onto my car.

The car rushed about the street at midnight, like the broken strings of an arrow leading to loss of control.

In front of me was a chaotic path, a hopeless life.

The car crashed into a tree on the coastal side of the road. My head hit the steering wheel, and there was only a second for the air balloon to explode, and my head went back to the top of my seat. I couldn't breathe.

When I woke up, my surroundings were completely white. Then I saw Jia Ming's face. I was currently in the hospital. I seem to only be able to move my eyelids.

"You're awake, sit up and eat by yourself then." He said, "Our hospital's food is very good."

So it turned out that I hadn't been injured heavily, I sat up, and poured water to drink.

Jia Ming carefully observed me: "Are you kidding me? You committed suicide?"

"I was just joking. This is a small matter, I drank a little more than usual." I

said, "Have you contacted my office to let them know I have to take a day off?"

"Today is Saturday."

"Oh what time?"

"2:00 in the afternoon."

"You haven't told father and mother right?"

"No, I also just came here."

I took off the patient gown and changed into my own clothes. When I was about to leave Jia Ming said: "Oh that's right, Ming Fang came to do a checkup, I didn't see her just now, can you say hi for me?"

"Are you kidding? Look at my panicked appearance." I said. My hair still had small pieces of gauze and bandages.

My car had already been taken to the repair shop, I found Jia Ming's car in the parking lot, and drove to the clinic entrance, and saw Ming Fang, who had finished her checkup, behind her was her husband, Zhou Nan who I had met before.

Seeing her from here, her belly was already pretty big. Walking was not very convenient, she was supported by her husband, and got into her car. I walked behind them. But, their car drove crookedly, I glanced over, it was the left wheel in the back that had no more air.

They also realized this themselves, I pressed the horn, they stopped. I also got off the car.

When they saw me, the two people were very happy.

I pointed at Ming Fang's stomach and said: "How did it grow so quickly?"

"How is that fast? In two more months it'll come out." Zhou nan said.

Ming Fang saw my head: "What happened to you?"

"I fell." I said, "Brother in law, while you change the tire I can send Ming Fang home."

"It wouldn't be too much for you?"

“Well I don’t have anything much going on today anyways.” This was true.

While we were going to Ming Fang, she showed me the ultrasound picture that had just been taken of the baby, in the grey blurriness; she told me, this is the heart, this is the lung, this is his back.

“So small, and it has all its organs already?”

“It has all of them. When it comes out, it will even have hair, all right?”

I laughed.

“You really do make people admire you.”

“If you admire me, then make your own family, have a child too, Jia Yang.”

I was silent and continued driving.

In the light, I saw Ming Fang looking at me, she warmly said to me: “If you have a family you will have a child, you will gain stability, you will be happy. Jia Yang.”

Chapter 34

Note that all foreign names are spelled with Chinese phonetics. If you know the real name please let us know!

Chapter 34

Qiao Fei

I put down the phone, a little dazed.

Jia Yang was on the other end of the world, as I thought hard, I couldn't conjure his image up.

I was currently in the College's dormitory for exchange students; it was one person per room, each room had a bathroom and small electronic cookware

I had opened a bank account to receive the first month's scholarship money, Montpellier didn't sell Chinese phone cards, so I bought one, returning from Marseille. This was the first phone call I had given to him, and when we only said 10 sentences, Jia Yang said, that there were still documents that he had to look at, good bye.

The computer's notification: Your talking time was 1 minute and 25 seconds.

I looked at this phone card in my hand that had a picture of a monkey drawn on it, I didn't know how much more time I had to or who I would call.

It is now July. The weather is hot. Others took a break off, and the school gave us some heavy homework.

I registered for the Interpretation School so I am in a class, that is specialized in translating from French to Chinese. There aren't many students, two Hong Kong classmates, three Taiwanese, two Belgium guys, four French, and me, the only Chinese mainland student, everyone already has a certain language foundation and experience, but have come here to receive training.

Every class, the teacher must put on a series of news broadcasts. It'll be about 10 minutes long, and asks that we make notes, then we will begin to translate. This practice can be up to 15 minutes, 20 minutes. My notes have become less

and less, and the content that I interpret has become more and more detailed.

In the second class in the morning, they introduce some French social life, to help us expand our vocabulary. I have memorized from “Fauvism art” to “Boomslang” from “Microelectronics” to “Dover French Doctrine”

Learning like this is very painful, to the point that my brains become juice and my eyes go black. But there are happy moments in the bitter moments.

The times in the afternoon are dominated by the students, the acquainted students make an appointment to go do their homework together in the library, and help each other correct their mistakes.

Sometimes we will go to buy fruit, swim in the ocean, talk a bit, some afternoons we will limit ourselves to only using one language, French, Chinese, and sometimes English.

Some mornings before class, Qiao Te, who is from Belgium will hold some newspapers and run over and say to us: “I said, yesterday I recognized that person on the beach, so it was Ronaldo.”

I look at the newspaper, on the Hua Bian newspaper headlines read: Baseball Star Ronaldo goes to the Beach Resort for his Break.

“Then why didn’t you say it then.” I said, “I could even have gotten an autograph.”

“Hello, I only saw a guy who had a beautiful maiden by his side, his head was pretty big, and between his front teeth there was a gap, I felt he was very familiar, but I couldn’t think of who it was.”

“Now that you think of it, it isn’t very newsworthy.” A French guy, Damian rebuffed him.

“This is my hindsight.” Qiao Te said in Chinese.

Everyone laughed.

Rong Rong, from Hong Kong, played the violin extremely prettily, she worked part-time at the Theater Center bar, we would go occasionally to join her.

This group of young people who spoke Chinese aroused the interest of the boss. He proposed that we do a day for his bar that was just related to China, it

was currently the tourist season, so we attracted many guests, and he shared the revenues with us 50/50.

We felt it would be very fun and agreed to him.

We used bamboo from China to decorate the bar, the Taiwanese girls knew calligraphy, and copied Tang poems onto the wall, just like the existing ancient colors; we bought some incense from the Chinese store, and thus it also had an ancient smell; the Western bar also supplied some Chinese wine and small desserts that had been ordered from a Chinese restaurant; we also invited a travelling Chinese artist, who made ink splashes at the scene.

After a week, it seemed that everything had been prepared, the boss said: "It seems we're still missing something. Which of you can sing?"

Damian's mouth spoke quickly: "I heard Qiao Fei sing while she washed the clothes, she sings very well."

I didn't have stagefright, but only wanted to do it well.

I downloaded the accompaniments of "Jasmine" (https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aZ_yOV1XMa8) and "Passing Years" (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rDERjOerNHY>) at the school internet cafe, and translated the lyrics into French. I stood in front of a mirror and practiced, I sang to the part that went "In this lifetime, we met each other in the gorge, we cannot be spared this unhappy end, our palms suddenly grow thin lines" and suddenly froze, and looked at my own palm. I had met another in the gorge before, but now we were far apart?

On the day of the Chinese activities, the bar was packed, there was a warm atmosphere. In the end, everyone used Chinese to say, "Hello, thank you, Happy New Year" or even "I raise my eyes to the moon, looking down and think of home"

On this night, I also met an old friend, Aude Ferland, who had already returned to her country. She ran over from afar to hug me, and kissed my face: "Qiao Fei, do you still remember me?"

I also hugged her: "How could I forget? It was you who taught me how to smoke well."

“Ah you’ve finally come to Montpellier. Are you living happily?”

“Really well. Thanks, thanks.”

Aude, who had learned Chinese thoroughly by now, was currently responsible for liaisons with the sister city Chengdu at the City Hall Office of International Affairs. She left me her home address and phone number and told me: “Qiao Fei when you have time you must come find me.”

This was more of a benefit to having friends, the ends of the earth were unexpectedly warm.

On this day, based on my end of the course, 20 points was the maximum for both classes’ homework, the teacher gave me a 16. I called a neighbor and asked the aunt to tell my mom and dad. As for the scores, they didn’t know much about it, so I said, very simple, I had gotten first in the class. Such great news, who else would I tell? I called Cheng Jia Yang’s cell phone, and was redirected to the secretary’s desk.

Thus, I called Aude again, and asked if I could stay at her house over the weekend.

She said: “Of course, of course, if you are a good person’s life, then you must come.”

Aude’s family was in an old neighborhood in Montpellier.

Quartzite road, white brick walls, old buildings surrounded by palm trees.

Step by step I walked into the wet narrow streets, and imagined how many wooden cars had once passed through here, sending bright tasting grape wine; how many people had once passed through here, lonely walking their own history.

Such a warm feeling did not suit me, this idiot. As I walked, I found that I couldn’t see any street names, I couldn’t see any people, and I also didn’t know if this was the street I was looking for.

It was about nighttime now, now far away, there were some small shops’ bright signs, I wanted to ask about the route, I walked closer, it was a pizzeria shop

Behind the counter was a young guy, who grabbed a new pizza from the oven. That pizza was baked perfectly, with thick cheese, fresh tomatoes, crisp mushrooms. The guy was very satisfied and cut the pizza into a few chunks with deft movements, he turned to put it in the window. At this moment, he saw me.

I felt I had seen this person before, but I didn't think that he would be here.

A young face, black hair and black eyes: "Miss, a freshly baked pizza, would you like to try it?"

"I would like to ask you the way to here."

Before I could finish, someone came out from the counter, it was my friend Aude.

"Fei, I am waiting for you. Have you found it yourself? That's really amazing. Come in quickly."

Aude said to the guy: "This is my Chinese friend, Qiao Fei."

She said to me again: "Fei, this is my little brother, Zu Zu."

The world was really small, so I thought of it in an instant, where I met this guy before. At the same time I heard him say: "Right, we met before, in Paris."

Chapter 35

Translator: QueenAng3l

Editor: Tranzgeek

Note: All French names in this chapter are in Chinese phonetics.

Qiao Fei

Zu Zu is Aulde's younger brother. I met them when I was in Paris. They are similar, both very warm-hearted people.

He is a 19 year old boy, tall and handsome. When he smiles slightly, he looks shy. Right now during break, he is helping his father and mother take care of the family bakery.

The Ferlande family is of Italian-American origin. Their bakery has several decades of history. It was created by Aulde and Zu Zu's grandfather. Though it's not very large in size, it is welcomed by the people in the neighborhood, and well-known in the area.

"But in our generation, the industry suffered a crisis." Aulde said.

"You make it sound severe. What happened exactly?" I said.

Aulde pointed at her brother, "In our family, this skill is transferred from male to male, not to females. My dad wants to give the shop to Zu Zu, but he doesn't want to inherit it."

"Then what does he want to do?"

Zu Zu was preparing to close the shop. Blocking the windows with a block of wood.

"He wants to go to Africa. Put on a blue helmet and be a peacekeeper there." Aulde laughed, "Who knows how children think these days."

"He doesn't think. You can learn the skills and take care of the store."

"Me?" Aulde stretched out her hand and looked at it. Shaking her head, saying, "Using this pair of tar and nicotine-stained hands to make bread for

other people to eat? Forget it, I have no enmity with the government and I don't want trouble."

We sat down and chatted. Zu Zu finished taking care of the shop and busily cleaned it up and organized it. Not long after, he prepared dinner for us.

He had prepared fondue. There was goat cheese in a small pot in the center of table, covering cooked potatoes. We ate it dipped on bread. It had a rich, mellow taste. I had a big appetite and ate a lot.

"In China, do you eat cheese?" Zu Zu asked.

"No, I don't eat it." I thought for a moment, "I don't eat it a lot."

I remembered the first time Cheng Jia Yang took me to eat Western food. I had tried authentic French cheese. At first I was not accustomed to the taste. Later, I started liking the scent and taste of it.

"China's most famous food is dumplings." I said.

"We also have that." Zu Zu said.

"It's not the same." Aulde said to her brother, "China's dumplings don't have cheese as the filling, it has vegetables and meat."

"It is tasty?" He asked, looking at me.

"In a few days I will make some dumplings and invite you guys over to eat them. Does that sound good?"

The boy laughed, "Don't say a few days. Quickly tell me what time- my break isn't very long."

"Then how about two days? I will invite some other friends. We can have a little party."

The siblings were very happy, Zu Zu said, "I will secretly bring some of my dad's wine over."

Aulde squeezed her eyes closed and said. "Haha, great, I wish you success."

At that very moment, a big white dog sauntered out from behind and grazed my leg. I was very startled. It's forelimbs climbed onto Zu Zu. Zu Zu stroked its forehead hairs out of its eyes and said, "This is Ou Luo Er, my little brother."

It was obvious that the French loved dogs, even seeing them as part of the family.

He said to the big dog, "Ou Luo Er, this is Fei. Look, she's so good at speaking French, isn't she talented?"

The dog barked, as a way of greeting me.

Don't say, he is really quite sensible.

We chatted for a while longer. When was late, I got ready to leave.

Aulde said, "What do we do? My parents took the car and left."

Zu Zu said, "I'll take her."

Aulde said, "Forget it, don't bring out your old motorcycle."

"I'll walk her home."

"That's good." Aulde said, "Fei, he will escort you home. Rest assured, my brother is skilled."

Nighttime in Southern France, however deep the sea was was how high the skies would be, on the deep blue dome screen, the stars would shine, some sea birds sang as they flew overhead, bringing a tiny bit of the salty wind over, blowing onto the leaves, rustling, these seemed to be the sounds in a young person's heart.

Looking at it this way, Zu Zu was not like his sister. When we had walked all the way to the train station, he still hadn't said a word.

The train came, and I got ready to leave. Wishing him goodnight and goodbye.

He got on with me, "I'll send you to the university campus."

Apparently the day I arrived in Paris, he had gone to the young hotel. Now that was a dutiful military officer.

Until we had arrived to my dorm building, I pointed towards the window and said, "Look, this is my room. Two days later, you won't get lost and not find it, right?"

"No," He laughed, "But you'll have to make more dumplings."

“No problem.”

I ran up the stairs, returned to my room, changed, rinsed myself, looked at the clock, and realized it was already very late. The last bus had just left a moment ago, so how would Zu Zu return?

Cheng Jia Yang

Ming Fang gave birth to a child. It was a little girl with a round face and a small layer of hair. She was clutching onto my finger, her hands full.

I brought the gift my mother had prepared and went to see Ming Fang in the hospital ward. I also saw Wen Xiao Hua.

The child was in her arms, clutching my hand.

Afterwards, I escorted Wen Xiao Hua home. On the road, we talked about the child, who had not yet been named. Ming Fang called on us to work together on naming it.

I said that I would go home and look through the dictionary. Xiao Hua said, “An ordinary Chinese character is the best. The more common the name, the better the person.”

“There’s a theory like that?”

“Yeah. Look, Jia Yang and Xiao Hua, are very common names, and we are very good people.”

I laughed.

“Do you have anything planned later?”

“No.” I said, looking at her. She looked back at me.

“Why don’t we go drink some tea.” I said.

“Okay, I know a Taiwanese tea shop. They have many kinds of shaved ice.”

Two adults, like a little boy and girl, in a Taiwanese tea shop that had been renovated to look like a cartoon house, eating multicolored shaved ice. It made me feel young again.

Wen Xiao Hua ate a mango-flavored one and a mangosteen-flavored one, concentrating on the taste and enjoying it extremely. Mine had melted into ice

water and was only half-eaten. She ate until she was satisfied, raised her head to look at me, and laughed, “Thank you.”

“What are you thanking me for?” I asked.

“You’re so patient, waiting for me to finish.”

“As a person, the one thing I definitely am is patient.” I said honestly.

“I sometimes think you are a polite and proud person. Not saying much, encouraging people wholeheartedly. In fact.....”

“I don’t say anything because I am not good at speaking. Politeness is so that I don’t have to show any other emotions because I am lazy.”

She looked at me, then looked out the window.

“Ever since I was young, I liked gaining the upperhand and winning. I went to the best university and traveled to the farthest country. I have worked, completing difficult tasks that other people wouldn’t do, and been to the most dangerous and tricky places for interviews. Life is very difficult because the heart believes that as long as you work hard, you will achieve your goal.”

She drank a sip of water, a slight smile on her face, “Until I met you. Cheng Jia Yang, did you know, you are what the foreigners call, a difficult person.”

Is she started to reprove me in this manner?

“I didn’t know you thought that way. When I try to get close to you, I’m often found out. Then we go back to being like strangers again. When elders praise me, you smile along. When it’s just me, you won’t even glance at me once, nor say a word. You wouldn’t not know, that if you’re too polite, then it becomes impolite. Sometimes, you make me feel uneasy. For example, your mood will suddenly be good, and you’re willing to escort me home. I was so happy I left my car at the hospital. For example, you’re suddenly not busy one afternoon and you accompany me to eat shaved ice.

“I didn’t know you drove here.”

“I also forgot.”

She let out a chuckle, “When I’m around you, my IQ is 0.”

She worded it so clear, finally deciding to not wrong herself.

I didn't know what to say. It was a difficult problem, and I didn't know how to answer.

I couldn't tell her I was sorry. What would I be apologizing for? She is sacrificing such a good girl.

I felt very embarrassed and raised my head. Wen Xiao Hua looked at my face.

My throat felt a little dry so no words were coming out.

She finally looked disappointed, picked up her bag, and left.

Chapter 36.1

In honor of aznhanavira@gmail.com and [daydreaming817](#), we have released another chapter of Les Interpretes.

Qiao Fei

I was going to invite my classmates over to eat dumplings, consuming a lot of effort.

Foreign white lettuce was very hard, I had to use water to boil it to soften it, before making the filling; all the meat at the market were all mixed with foreign sauces. I could only buy my own meat processing machine. The good part was that French flour was of great quality, it was white and chewy. After you cooked it, it would look transparent. But I couldn't only have dumplings. I smashed the cucumbers, and mixed salt and sesame paste I had bought from a Chinese stop, making "Chinese salad"; in the case of anyone not eating it, I also prepared a few sandwiches and two big bowls of fried rice with eggs. I even bought some fruits and beer.

I busily worked like this for a whole afternoon, in the evening, the dumplings came out of the pot, and my friends continuously arrived.

The white cabbage dumplings were very liked, my Hong Kong and Taiwan classmates both felt this northern food taste was very new and strange, not to mention the foreigners. The food's fragrance also attracted some exchange students from the same floor. Thus, faces of different colors all filled my tiny room. I felt very accomplished; such a simple dish made them all full of desire.

Auld Ferlande who had came from work brought us two melons. She ate some of my dumplings, and gave a thumbs up: "Delicious, delicious."

I asked her: "Why hasn't your little brother come yet?"

"He didn't come?" She looked around, "Hey, who knows. Fei," She gave me the plate that was completely clean, "Hit me up with some more fried rice."

They finished eating, drank tea, drank beer, I didn't know who brought a recorder to play Arabian music. Some people softly spoke, laughing, some people

slowly danced to the music in the center of the room, a small space.

I sat on the sofa by the entrance, and accepted a cigarette that Aude gave me, and deeply breathed it in. Shrouded in smoke, I felt very happy.

My phone rang. I answered it saying "Hello?".

The other side of the phone stopped for a second, and then I heard Cheng Jia Yang's voice say: "Qiao Fei?"

I stood up, leaving my room, running to the dormitory's patio. I said: "Hi, it's me, are you good, Jia Yang."

On the patio, the moonlight was bright, and the wind was soft and breezy, brushing my face and my neck. I didn't have to look in the mirror to know I was smiling, I said: "It should be the morning over there right, why call me now?"

"Did you ever call me? I got your phone number."

"Yeah, a few days ago. I was going to tell you, my basic course ended and I got 16 points for both courses."

"That's good. Congratulations."

..... what are you doing now?"

"I'm with my classmates, having a party."

"Is it lively?"

"It's great. My dumplings were very popular."

"That's right, I know. You really know how to cook."

I felt as if I had more to say to Jia Yang, my words were in my heart, tossing around, but I didn't know how to begin. I only hoped that he would say something more. I loved his voice the most, there were never any clear impurities. Hearing it today, it was just as soft.

"Okay then, go play, be happy. Bye."

This ended so quickly?

"Bye." I could only say it like this.

I closed the phone, and looked up at the night sky.

How could I forget Cheng Jia Yang’s appearance, being so handsome. His thick eyebrows, his watery eyes, his mouth that would make me into chaos, his white face that was like the dumpling skin I had used to make the dumplings today.

People were separated from such a great distance. When I thought about him, I forgot all those misunderstandings from before, and my heart was full of his goodness. His sweetness that would be like the waves in summer.

I also didn’t know how long I spent on the patio. I basically forgot all my friends, and returned. It seemed that everyone had left. They wrote me a paper and stuck it on the door, it said: “Fei, thank you for your dumplings and your just as fragrant fried rice, which was just like our friendship. Underneath, all the faithful heroes signed their names.

I laughed, took the paper off of the door, and pushed open the door. I saw that there was still one person sitting there, carefully looking at my picture which was pasted on the desk. He looked over. It turned out that it was Zu Zu, with black hair and black eyes, he looked at me: “I’ve come, but it looks like all the good things have all been eaten.”

Chapter 36. 2

lol Qiao Fei named the dog after Zu Zu :P Zu Zu (the person) is also pretty fit though...went to the Alps and the Tour De France? Woww can Cheng Jia Yang beat that? lol just kidding. It's all one sided, believe me.

Qiao Fei continued

"Who let you come so late?" I asked, and began to look around everywhere. Looking for anything that I could make for him to eat.

"Because of this."

He actually took a small white dog from his chest. So small and so fat, it rolled out from his embrace, dropping onto my bed, looking around everywhere, giving a whining sound.

I hugged that dog in my embrace, and sat on the mat: "What is this for? Such a big surprise."

"If you own a dog, your days will be happier."

"Thanks, I love dogs."

"This is a dog that was just born, I got him from a friend's house in the outskirts, give him a name."

I thought about it, and looked at him. The small dog's expression was just as bright as Zu Zu's : "Ah, I've got it."

"What?"

"We can call it Zu Zu, all right?"

The boy really thought about it: "All right, he's Italian-American anyways."

I wanted to laugh, like I was forcibly stifling my internal injuries.

"You're probably hungry, right?" I said.

He nodded.

"There aren't anymore dumplings. I also don't have any good milk fondues to welcome you with."

“Oh.”

I’ll make you some fried rice. Guangdong style fried rice, ok?”

“That sounds great.”

I used the remaining rice, eggs and green onions to make another plate of fried rice for Zu Zu. I crushed the cucumbers again. It didn’t pass a moment before he ate it all up: “So delicious. Fei, thank you.”

“What are you talking about.” I hugged the small dog, Zu Zu, and said, “I haven’t thanked you yet.”

“I heard Auld say, you want to go to Africa? To go as a protector and a peacekeeper?”

“Yeah. I’ve already applied. Next spring, I will know the results.”

“Why?”

“What about you? Why are you learning interpretation?”

“To make money, and give some to my parents to spend.”

Zu Zu nodded his head: “When I was little, I saw a picture, a small African girl was so skinny that she was just skin and bones, lying on the ground, like she was about to die. An eagle was ready to eat her back.”

I also saw this picture on “Black Lens” before. At the time, my heart had been happy to have been born in China, not in the black Africa.

The living hell where you couldn’t even hide from, but the prosperous and happy French boy said, he wanted to there to work.

“Where are you going, what can you do?”

“Doing something is better than not doing anything at all.”

And he was even so confident, speaking so plausibly.

He looked at me, I looked at him, the boy suddenly reached out his hand to touch my hair: “Your hair is really great.”

“Oh, this isn’t much, when I wake up every morning, I will lick it a bit, and use some saliva to moisten it.”

He laughed: “Like a dog?”

“Like Zu Zu.” I pointed at the little dog in my embrace.

It was late, he should probably return now.

I said: “How are you going to return? The buses are gone.”

“No problem. I’ll run home. Like that night.”

“That far?”

From my university city to the Ferlande’s pizza shop, you had to go through the whole city. Even though the city wasn’t big, it was a pretty big distance in itself.

“I was just kidding.” Zu Zu gave a very dismissive look, “I represented Montepellier in participating in the Tour De France last year, what does this count as? Next time I will show you my photos from the Alps mountains.”

The boy said this as he jumped up and down to warm up: “I am going to leave.”

I didn’t have anything to say, the tall Zu Zu pressed my shoulder and kissed my face,”Good night, good bye.”

As he said this, he ran outside.

He ran downstairs, and gave a loud whistle, shouting the gendamarie command, and left, running away.

I didn’t know if it was the classmate from that room, but I heard a scream: “Who is that pain in the ass? I just ate my medicine and was about to sleep!”

Chapter 37. 1



WHY WHY WHY is everything happening like this? I'm afraid Cheng Jia Yang will be pulled into something bigger than himself. The concept of unending love though- did anyone remember where Xu Dong and Jia Yi left off?

Translated by Jeslyn

Edited by Tranzgeek

Cheng Jia Yang

When I called Fei, I was at another person's house.

I just helped her change her clothes and gave her warm water to drink, and now she was lying on her bed looking very weak and pale.

She was a very strong and healthy woman and yet the state she was in now made me have no choice but to have compassion towards Wen Xiao Hua.

The summer sky at this moment became grey . Last night had been very chaotic.

The night before, I went drinking at a bar with Xu Dong who I hadn't seen for a long time and he talked about how his business was not doing very well lately

and his life was even more lackluster. His relic-like composed wife did not care about him or anything at home. Her face was like a relic from the Imperial Palace, luxurious and dignified, yet it felt like she was dead.

I must say that his words were a bit too serious. He told me that he has not done it for a long time and also did not want to do it. I think that woman crushed all his sexual desires.

He naturally asked about Qiao Fei; he actually remembered her name so clearly.

I said, drink up.

He just sighed and did not continue.

When Wen Xiao Hua came in, there was two or three men beside her. They looked very glamorous and arrogant.

She must have seen me and thus sat beside Xu Dong. She ordered a lot of wine and laughed very loudly while playing guessing games.

I said to Xu Dong: "Let's go."

He tugged at my elbow, he must have already been a little high, and said with a hoarse voice: "Don't interrupt, accompany me for a while more bro. Where do you want me to go at this timing?"

I could only continue sitting there, even though I had no mood to drink and just swiped my phone. There was a message sent from the secretary's desk. It was the number of Qiao Fei that was in France. I repeatedly looked at the number.

Xiao Hua that was behind asked the man beside her: "What was your name again? Jason?"

"He is not Jason, I am. You have to drink as punishment."

"Okay okay sure." Xiao Hua was in a good mood. "Great wine."

Xu Dong suddenly started singing: "Let us raise our oars, as the small boat pushes the wave....."

My head hurt, aching extremely hard.

This continued for a long time. The singers at the bar started to leave and the DJ was playing soft rock music by Sting.

Finally, someone decided to leave this place. Wen Xiao Hua led a group of guys to follow her to drink more, and walked pretty far. However, she rushed back hurriedly because she had left her handbag here.

We still faced each other in the end. However she smiled and pointed at me: "Jason?"

I looked at her.

One of her guy friends came along and wrapped his arms around, bringing her out: "Don't go around calling everyone Jason, I am Jason."

I tapped Xu Dong: "Bro, are you feeling a bit better? I'll send you home."

"It's okay, you don't have to send me home." He immediately stood up, with a sober voice, with a generous imposing manner as if all the old wine he had just drank had gone into my stomach. But his words came out roughly. He sat down again, closed his eyes, his mouth blurting: "Send me off, if you send me off don't send me to another person's house."

Some people were so drunk they were in a complete mess, not even knowing where they were and what day it was. Yet for some people, the night was still young.

I supported Xu Dong to the entrance of the bar, and just at this moment a beautiful woman was pushing the door to enter. It was Wu Jia Yi, whom he has not seen for a long time. She looked at me then at Xu Dong as he struggled to straighten his body.

Wu said: "Hi."

I said: "Hi."

Xu Dong said: "Jia Yi."

Then, he started crying.

I came out alone, taking a walk around the street outside the bar to get a breather and then turned back to get my car. I thought: This person saved Xu Dong at the right moment and took him away. I was guessing he wouldn't be

going back home.



-Unending Love-

Chapter 37. 2

Well...everyone does have some problems once in a while. Today is just another one of those days~ Thank you all for your patience!

Translated by Jeslyn and Tranzgeek**Chapter 37.2**

I was walking towards the parking lot, when a car sped towards me crazily. In a moment, it stopped 3cm away from my feet.

The driver lifted her head up from the steering wheel. It was the drunk Wen Xiao Hua.

Despite being so drunk, she still managed to drive so well. One day I will have to ask her to teach me.

She was looking at me from inside the car.

Who is going to tell me how to handle this situation?

She started puking inside her car.

I walked over, and opened her car door and then pulled her out. Even such a virtuous woman like her could end up in such an embarrassing state.

I sent her home. On the way, Xiao Hua was mumbling and could hardly say her address.

After reaching her house, I helped her clean up and had her drink water before finally placing her to bed to sleep.

Who made this girl end up in such a state? Who was gonna bear the responsibility?

I went to smoke at her balcony.

Afterwards, I called Fei.

Her voice seemed happy. With her academic ideals, she would love living in France. She never knew how to take care of herself and enjoyed the happiness in living simply. It made me relieved, and, jealous.

I walked back to Wen Xiao Hua's room. She was already awake, and was

quietly looking at me, her face pathetically small.

“I have to go. I need to go to work.” I said.

She lowered her head and slowly said. “Sorry.”

I walked over and held her hands: “Venting your anger on yourself because you feel miserable inside is what a child would do.”

Her tears dropped in a moment.

Afterwards, there was a long period of time where I didn't see Wen Xiao Hua's special column program. I called her colleagues and the reason I got was that the program was having some adjustments. It was only after saying I was Wen Xiao Hua's friend, then the person told me that Xiao Hua who was the editor and anchor was on sick leave.

If it was like this, then the matter was more serious.

I knew that she was like me, that she would delay anything but work. I called her cellphone, and even her house phone but I was still unable to contact her.

After a business trip to Guangzhou, I immediately called her again.

I finally found this person. She was at home at that moment.

“Where did you go? I asked, “I was so scared, thinking that you might have gone missing.”

“What was it that was so serious?” She said, “I went travelling, if I hadn't, I would not have had a holiday.”

We did not talk for a while.

“Jia Yang, are you free now? Can you come over now?”

I thought for a while. “Okay.”

When I reached, Xiao Hua was wearing a weird long skirt that was gold and blue when she opened the door. To be honest, her face had a rosy color and she looked energetic and pretty.

Her room had many bottles and jars displayed. Long necked, round necked, curved ones and some had gorgeous ancient patterns on it. The wall also had a tapestry, which had a beautiful woman with a face mask riding on a camel on the

art piece.

“Where did you go? What’s with the new style?” I said.

“Turkey.”

“Oh, it’s a nice place.”

“Come, drink this.”

I tasted the drink she gave me. It was a fragrant tea.

I smiled: “You must have enjoyed yourself during this trip. You threw aside your audience.”

She sat on the mat next to me, and looked at my face with bright eyes: “It was very happy. Everyday I followed the locals to pray five times a day, because they said, Allah knows everything. In the mosque I asked Allah, Allah how do you know everything. Then do you know I like Cheng Jia Yang? Do you know, how he thinks of me?”

I did not know what to say again, yet the brightness remained in her eyes, and couldn’t leave.

Xiao Hua’s lips then imprinted on mine. Cold, soft.

We left quietly, our faces almost touching, I could see her smile in her eyes.

I had difficulties talking, and said: “Xiao Hua, you will regret this. I’m not good enough for you.”

“Nonsense.”

She held my face and continued to kiss me.

Qiao Fei

The small dog Zu Zu slept underneath my bed inside the small wooden cage. Whatever I ate, I gave to him also; whenever I learned, no matter how hot it was, I would put him on my knee; everyday I would give him a bath, and hug him on my bed and play for a while. The second day I found that white dog fur was all over my t-shirt.

Whenever I had time, I brought him to the square to play. I bought a sandwich, and split it in half with Zu Zu. He was full, and then he went to go run around

crazily with other dogs. So you must not be tricked by any animal's outward appearance. This rascal that was usually quiet and serious, barked to the point where he could roar other big dogs down.

Finally someone came to complain: "Your dog calls so loudly, does this influence communication?"

I was initially reading a book on a chair. When I heard this, I lifted my head, and pasted on a smile, but I found out that it was actually the boy, Zu Zu Ferlande. I ate up my smile (*took back my smile*), and immediately said: "People have human rights. Dogs have dog rights. I cannot agree with every sentence that he barks, but I swear to defend the rights of his roaring."

Zu Zu sat next to me, and carefully looked at me: "Isn't this right? After some time, your French is even better than mine. I was never into reading."

I laughed: "You flatter me, you see, I happen to be doing well during this time."

Rousseau in my book frowned: "I cannot agree with every word you say, but I swear to defend your right to say it to the death."

Zu Zu was holding a skateboard. I said: "You know how to skateboard?"

"You want to try?"

"Why not?"

I hadn't eaten pork before, but I had seen pigs run before. I was also an athlete. I put the book down, and tried it.

But not after two times, I pouted, my two knees kneeling on the ground. The dog excitedly barked beside me, because he was gloating and excited.

Zu Zu said: "Aye, you sure know how to fall. Falling like that won't hurt the back of your head."

I was hurting terribly, and stood up to clap my hands, acting casual: "Ai ya, this, ahh, it is a little harder than ice skating, ha."

The two Zu Zu's laughed until they were almost out of breath.

Later, he carefully demonstrated and explained again. When the day was almost getting dark, even if I wasn't quite skilled, I had had the right posture.

“So happy. Thank you. I must leave.” I hugged the dog, he had become crazy after playing so much today, and was tired to the point where half of his tongue hung outside of his face. I said to Zu Zu, “I’m still considered okay right?”

“You should still work a little harder.”

I turned around and left.

Zu Zu that was behind me said: “Fei, let’s go to Avignon this weekend alright? It is an old city, I’m sure you’ll love it.”

I thought about it. Before the mid courses began, I still had a week of break. Avignon was a prestigious city, and I had wanted to go for so long. I looked back and said: “All right. Let’s go together.”

“That’s great. Wait for my call.”

I took the trolleybus home. The blue bus was travelling on the tracks above the pavement, across the city square, passing by a coffee awning. The doves by the side of the road all flew up, piece by piece. I looked out the window, Zu Zu Ferlande was on his skateboard, by my side, gliding past.

Chapter 38. 1

Happy birthday...Xiao Hua

Translator: Tranzgeek

Cheng Jia Yang

Xiao Hua was a Virgo (*constellation under which she was born*). At the beginning of September, when the weather was cool, she made an appointment with a few friends to go to Shanghai for her birthday. Most of them were unfamiliar faces, Xiao Hua introduced me to them saying: "This is Jia Yang, my boyfriend."

We shook hands, greeted each other, drank wine, joked around, and fished. I dutifully accompanied her to socialize.

Most of them were from the news circle, while conversing, they would also bring up news from their jobs. Who had their own personal circles, and whose photograph was reported to the Foreign Ministry because they had faked it, and who was planning to go to the Gulf interview.

Xiao Hua said: "What did you say? Lao Zhou is going to go to the Gulf?"

The insider said: "It's already not on the news, how did you not know? You retired recently, and can't keep up with the news. Lao Zhou is always on the organized team. What, you're interested? Xiao Hua."

"What are you talking about?" Xiao Hua poured herself a glass of champagne, and gracefully sipped, "Life is precious."

I also poured a cup of alcohol, and only felt that her words were still in my ear. She had said, she liked to go to the most dangerous, the trickiest places to interview, and do things that other people couldn't.

"But, Lao Zhou doing this, I am also unsurprised," Xiao Hua said, "He divorced, his child was given to his ex-wife, unencumbered. Come, let's drink to him."

My fishing rod rang, and I went to go get the string.

There was actually an octopus on my fishing line, the round head had been

caught on the fishhook, and its legs kept twisting around and around. This was a pallid life that was unable to struggle.

I took it off of the fishing line and threw it back into the ocean, and put the fool back onto its destiny.

When the sky darkened, I drove back on the boat.

The night's sea breeze was light and cool, Xiao Hua hugged me from behind.

"Wait a moment, and let them go first, so it's just us two." A woman's voice was soft and sweet.

I patted her hand on my waist: "If you're like this, I can't drive the boat."

"Then go find a rock and crash into it. Then we won't need to come back, and can live on that rock, becoming the Robinson couple, all right? Jia Yang."

I laughed: "Are you evil or not? What about your friends?"

"They are all great swimmers, let them swim back."

We returned to the Gang Kou, and separated with our friends. I brought Xiao Hua to eat favorite Guangdong seafood.

We ordered some meals, and I said to the waiter: "I also want to plate of potato braised with eggplant, do you know of it? It's a Dongbei dish, and it has chives sprinkled on it."

"How do you eat that?"

"It's delicious. Just wait and taste it."

The dishes came over, and Xiao Hua ate a small bite of each dish. When she ate that Dongbei dish, she ate two bites, then she said she was full, and told me that the dish that I ordered was actually pretty good.

I was very hungry. I ate that dish up with my rice.

I sent Xiao Hua home, but also stayed back because of her.

We talked for a while, drink some wine, and she lay on my chest warmly. This moment, I should do something, her hand hooked onto me and I grabbed onto her.

This was our first time, I experienced a high tide xdx in her body, and in the middle, there were some regular motions and movements. Touching, sucking, entering, clamping. Then she bathed in her bathroom, and I went to open the television in the kitchen.

The movie currently on was “Red Rose White Rose”. It was an old film that had been aired before, I felt it was too theatrical, too petty, but today I was attracted to one episode, the woman ate the peanut butter and said to the man: “I am an uneducated, unsophisticated person from the countryside, I like eating simple foods.” Joan Chen played the woman, and had an amorous body, when her head was as simple as a child. She would laugh suddenly sometimes.

This was actually what the woman in my heart was like.

But guys loved red roses to the bone, but in the end, they would always leave her.

I heard the loud water in the bathroom, and relaxed, crying.

[1] “Red Rose White Rose”- Chronicles the love life of a man, Zhenbao. He has a steamy fling with the wife of a friend, the saucy and exciting Red Rose. Even though he feels happy with her, he knows he will not end up with her. To maintain his reputation, he marries an antiseptic, frigid but classy lady of a prim and proper background (White rose). Dissonance abound when he finds his bride irritating.

Chapter 38. 2

Haha I knew it! If you guys recall my comment previously on Cheng Jia Yang vs. Zu Zu...who won?

Qiao Fei

I hadn't dreamed for a long time, that day, I suddenly dreamed of Cheng Jia Yang.

I was translating, simultaneously interpreting. The scene looked like the time he had been interpreting at the summit conference for the ASEM. This time, the person working was me, Cheng Jia Yang quietly sat beside me. I only felt like my whole head was sweating, powerless, I looked back at him and wanted to ask him, Why are you not helping me; in the dream, he seemed like someone who understood people's hearts and said to me: "Have you let me help you? I have done everything I can for you. You see, right now, my head was blank." As he said this, he opened his head to show me, and I sat down, my sweat already seeping into my back. It was a really creepy nightmare. I lay on the bed, and couldn't sleep, hugging my small dog, I restored a little of my peace in my mind.

I woke up early, with puffy eyes, black eye circles; a really ugly appearance.

I wore a dress and went down to buy breakfast, but was startled by Zu Zu Ferlande. He sat on his own motorcycle, and beeped at me.

I walked over, my hand over my eyes.

"Why are you here so early?" I asked.

"I'm not doing much. Let me tell you, the train tickets are a a great price, this Friday we can go. Why are you blocking your eyes?"

"Can't you just call? How much does it cost? Zu Zu. Wait until I go upstairs and then I'll give it to you."

"Why are you blocking your eyes?"

"The sunlight is too strong, my eyes are sore."

He accompanied me to the restaurant, really an uninvited guest, I even had to

bring his portion of breakfast.

I lowered my head to eat breakfast, but I still wasn't careful, and he noticed my eyes.

"Why are you so serious? Was it from playing with the skateboard that day?"

"Where can I put my eyes? If you're not careful I'll throw you into the tea and drown you."

"So mean."

I sighed: "I had a nightmare. I dreamed of a person."

He didn't eat anymore, and watched me.

"He gave me many things, and he became nothing."

"So scary."

"I know."

"I also had a nightmare."

"What?" I squinted my eyes at him, guessing he was going to dupe me.

"I dreamed I was at school learning how to write, it was obviously French, but the whole paper was wrong, I looked a bit, and the proctor was actually you."

I bit my teeth as I laughed saying, "I hope I failed you."

Zu Zu gave me the train ticket: "This is yours, hold it carefully. I'll come get you on Friday."

I looked at the train ticket, 20 euros: "Wait, wait for me to return you the money."

"Why? It isn't much money."

But I knew foreigners were used to AA, and people I was familiar with were also like this, moreover in these circumstances. 20 euros, I returned him with yuan, and felt it really was a lot.

"No. What logic is this?"

He looked at me: "Fei, I feel very strange."

“What?”

“I originally felt that girls from China were warm, but now I feel, someone like you, so manipulative, is like a guy.”

He wasn't the first person to say something like that about me.

Money to me, was something that if you lacked, it would make you helpless, I didn't want to be looked down on this kind of matter, and thus became more sensitive.

But this wasn't my fault.

I didn't speak, Zu Zu watched me, and grabbed a pen from inside his jacket. He wrote some calculations on the napkin, and said: “Then let's calculate more clearly. What I have and what you have.

You ate cheese fondue at my house, and according to the store, it is 20 euros per person.

I ate stir fried rice at your house, Chinese salad, and beer, according to Chinese restaurants, it should be about 15 euros.

I made you get a puppy, every day he uses about 10 euros per day for meals, right now it's already been 10 days, so I owe you 100 euros.

This breakfast meal, 2.75 euros, I owe you.

Then, Miss, I owe you 97 euros in total. 25 euros, minus the ticket money, I should give you 77.25 euros.

I thought I even made a friend, so we wouldn't need to calculate so clearly.”

After Zu Zu said this, he really did take out the money, and take out a few notes and place them in front of me.

Saying it like this, he really did calculate so much money. But now, he still owed me, I didn't know what to say.

I returned him the money, and the hand with the notes in it was suddenly pressed by him. A boy's palm was nice and warm; he pressed my hand, and then clenched.

Zu Zu didn't raise his head to look at me and slowly said: “Someone like you,

how would you know how to smoke?”

I used force to throw him off and continued to walk onward.

I ran back to my dormitory, holding my dog, and smoked towards the window.

My heart was in chaos.

The hand I was smoking still had an imprint of the young guy’s warmth, in that time, this warmth made one fill with yearning.

I liked tall guys, with a healthy physique, a clean body full of information. I liked his skin, but in my head, it was another guy’s face.

Chapter 39 .1



Going to Avignon...I wanna go too!! lol

Translator: Tranzgeek

Qiao Fei

After two days, Zu Zu came to the dormitory to find me.

I had just finished washing my hair, and my head was still wrapped with a towel.

I asked him to come in, opened the door wide, and the guy who lived across

from me said hi to me.

I sat on a mat, Zu Zu sat on a chair, the small dog sat beside him, the traitor (*she's referring to the dog*).

He also didn't speak. A moment later, he looked at the book I placed on the table, while using his finger to roll the dog's hair, embarrassed.

Then I felt I was a little too harsh.

Plus, he was my best friend's little brother. A boy who had just reached the age of 18, had once used such a generous enthusiasm to help me.

I said: "Zu Zu, do you want to drink something? I have green tea, milk, and beer. What do you want to drink?"

At the same moment I asked him, I heard him say: "Fei, where did I wrong you?"

"What are you talking about? How did you wrong me?" I took off the towel from my hair, and when I lowered my head, I thought, good child, you have the talent of a diplomat. Retreating, and even hitting me.

"Haha, Zu Zu don't think too much about that. That day, it just happened that I wasn't feeling very good. See, you bought the transportation ticket, and I hadn't even said thanks. Ai ya, thanks, thanks."

"That's good. Please make me a cup of green tea, with mint leaves and a spoonful of sugar." He said.

"I don't have any mint leaves. Would it be okay if I put a piece of mint gum inside?"

"Then nevermind."

I gave him the tea. When he saw me, he laughed. I also laughed.

The little dog stood up, and was about to run outside, its head hitting the table. I said, "Zu Zu, you idiot."

"Hey!" The boy yelled.

"I was talking about him." I said.

"Do you not know that you should add a prefix to idiot? You should say," He

paused, and sincerely said, “Zu Zu, you cute idiot.”

Our trip to Avignon took place as scheduled.

On Friday evening, we boarded the small train from Montpellier. Because the speed wasn't as fast as $\frac{1}{3}$ of the speed of the high speed trains, we walked about two hours, before we got to Avignon.

After we got off the train, I quickly took out the dog from the cage. Someone was waiting for us at the train station. An uncle (*term used to describe a man about the age of one's father*) said: “Zu Zu, you finally arrived, we were waiting for you.”

The uncle didn't ask anything, but hugged me, and said: “This is that young lady. Ah. She is really pretty.”

My mouth said thanks, thanks, but my heart said, uncle, you are flattering me. As soon as I get off the train, from a long journey, my face turns shady at the way uncle speaks lies with your eyes open.

I didn't make the circumstances clear and called him Uncle Jules along with Zu Zu. Ai ya, a familiar person, a Chinese old friend, so coincidental.

Tranz: Zu Zu called Uncle Jules as in “blood-related”. Qiao Fei called him Uncle as a term that is usually used for older males. Qiao Fei will continue to call him Uncle as in an older male. She is not associating herself with the Ferlande family at all and is calling him Uncle as a form of etiquette. We could go on and on about Chinese etiquette... let's not-

Sitting the car, I asked Zu Zu, how did he happen to have relatives here?

Zu Zu said: “It's Uncle Jule's daughter, my cousin's wedding, tomorrow it will be held. Father and mother are in Italy, Aude went to Chengdu, so I am representing my family to go.”

“Why didn't you tell me earlier, I should have dressed up a little more.”

Zu Zu looked at me: “You're pretty beautiful.”

This was a small classic city that was even smaller than Montpellier. We hadn't driven for long, before we reached the outskirts of the city. Even if it was nighttime, I could still make out the white stone brick wall and the shady

dense plants.

Uncle parked the car in front of the door and said: “First go to the kitchen to see your and your sister, they prepared you things to eat.”

Thus I went with Zu Zu and entered the small floor. In the classic simple house, I turned around. I had just seen a beautiful red haired maiden, I had just smelled a meat aroma, when I heard Zu Zu laughed loudly. He ran to the beautiful maiden and hugged her: “Haha, you’re great now, you’re marrying. Next will be Aude.”

He hugged the maiden and then hugged the maiden’s mom.

But he didn’t just hug, he hugged and kissed. I remembered an animation from childhood. There was a cuddle monster. The French must have been the prototype (*that the animation copied off of*).

I hugged the dog and followed along with the music along with the strangers.

After Zu Zu hugged enough, he introduced me to these two people. Ah, it was auntie and the bride. I said, Congratulations. Then I was passionately hugged. All right. Everyone came together, not even excluding me.

We ate a simple meal, talked, I told them, what I did in France. How I came to know the two Ferlande siblings, sister and brother. How we were so good together.....

Chapter 39. 2



Plot twist! Who does she kiss?

We ate a simple meal, talked, I told them, what I did in France. How I came to know the two Ferlande siblings, sister and brother. How we were so good together.....

Zu Zu played with the dog at one side while talking sentence by sentence.

“Right, she is classmates with Aude.

Right, she studying interpreting at Paul Valery University.

Awesome right? Yeah, there aren’t many Chinese people here.

Interesting, right? I even met her in Paris.”

I said: “Zu Zu, you might as well be my spokesperson.”

“All right.”

Auntie smiled and said: “Really, Zu Zu usually doesn’t like to talk.”

The red haired maiden bride said: “That’s right.”

Zu Zu stood up: “Ai ya, I’m sleepy. I’m going to sleep.”

Auntie said: “Go rest then. I’ll bring you to your rooms.”

We slept on the second floor. My room was directly across from Zu Zu’s room.”

I said thanks to them, said good night, and washed up in the restroom, preparing to go onto the bed and sleep.

The clean white, soft bedding had a very light smell of lilies, seducing people to sleep. I almost fell asleep when I suddenly thought of closing the window. I looked outside, and only saw a black foggy piece. I could not see the end of it, and didn’t know what it was.

The next morning, I woke up with a contented heart, opened the window to take a look. It turned out that the big piece of blackness from yesterday were lush grapevines, not marginal at all with one glance. The emerald green foliage and its fruit brightened under the sweet sunlight. The air was full of the fragrant aroma of ripe grapes. I breathed it in with open arms. I was about to go downstairs after formulating a seven stanza, four line poem, when I heard Zu Zu yell from below: “You have to do morning exercises. Why not come down.”

These words really spoiled all the fun.

But I looked at him now, standing downstairs, looking up at me. This boy with black hair and black eyes, was very lovely and handsome.

Nevermind, I wouldn’t argue with him anymore.

I wore my small blue dress, and put on some light makeup. I put my hair up into two flower braids. I went to the downstairs garden, and found that the guests had already begun, the ceremony hadn’t yet started. They sat at the table on the lawn full of flowers, talking.

I saw him at the same time, and was also watched by these people. I turned and said greeted all of these people. Zu Zu finally appeared by my side: “This is Fei, my Chinese friend.

Fei, these are friends, relatives.”

A “ho” of laughs, everyone toasted: “Welcome, welcome.”

I reached for a glass of wine: “Hello friends and relatives.”

I drained my glass and the audience applauded.

Zu Zu said: “Does it taste good? It is farm-grown, from the ‘90’s- Uncle Jules’s treasure.”

“Mm.” I used force to nod my head, “It’s really good.”

On my happiest day, this French wedding, was a bright memory worth looking back on.

The white farm under the sun, immersed in a sea of green grapes. The bride and groom in the garden were all young people. In front of the priest, they swore, that they would love each other forever, and this was accompanied by applause and congratulations.

The cake was cut, the champagne was opened, the groom shook hands vigorously, wine splattered everywhere. It was luck that it landed on everyone’s body.

A pair of a small boy and a small girl held the bride’s dress. They were so pretty that it looked like they came from my pictures of Western dolls. I waved. They came over, and I hugged them on my lap, kissing them.

“Do you know whose child this is?” Zu Zu asked.

I thought about it: “Is it the bride and groom’s own?”

“So smart.”

I had guessed it, and I also felt very surprised, and very admiring. Having some kids before seeing the confirmation of your love and marriage. How romantic this was! And how luxurious!

Zu Zu held my hand: “Let’s dance, all right?”

At this time, the band played happy music. The newcomers and guests danced on the grass. I stood up with Zu Zu and joined them.

The songs followed each other, one after another. I didn’t know how much I

had danced, I felt my sweat was going to come out, and my face must be red and hot. Zu Zu was the same way.

We stopped, and we looked at each other.

The boy said: “Ah?”

“What’s wrong?”

“Here, you seem to be bleeding.”

I didn’t even get to say “where”, when I was kissed by his mouth, and my words disappeared on my tongue.

Here was my return to a boy’s hug and kiss.

It was weird, we were obviously just a guy and a girl, acquaintances of different countries, but the young Zu Zu’s hug made me feel very safe and warm.

My hand were still around his neck.

He was great.

Tranzgeek: Haha did I trick you into thinking Cheng Jia Yang came suddenly? Don’t be mad!!

It really is a plot twist when you think about it though...she’s getting together with Zu Zu? Ah but that kiss was so magical...

News flash! QF may be taken soon!! CJY get your butt over to France right now!!

Chapter 40

When will they reunite?

Translator: Tranzgeek and Jeslyn

Chapter 40

Qiao Fei

But this afternoon, Zu Zu Ferlande received a command to go to Paris. His break ended early, and he had to go back immediately.

When he received the phone call, we were sitting on a wall of the farm, watching the workers gather the grapes. He received a line, and was very conflicted: “Really! I hadn’t yet strolled in Avignon with you yet.” He thought and had another good idea, “I’ll tell my cousin, and let them bring you around. After all, it’s the weekend right now.”

“Of course not.” I said, “I will return with you.”

He looked at me, really very happy, his mouth said: “That would be pity.”

“What pity? Later I’ll come again. I’ll wait for you to get another break.”

He was even happier.

I said goodbye to Zu Zu’s relatives with Zu Zu and we took the night train back to Montpellier. He went home to pack up. I went home to sleep.

The next day when I woke up, I prepared to go to the train station to send him off. I opened the window to take a look. Damn this weather sure does change according to the occasion. This year-round sunny Mediterranean city actually began raining today.

Using an umbrella is out of fashion here.

Therefore, even though the rain was not very heavy, it was enough to make me

all wet.

When I arrived, Zuzu who was wearing his uniform waited for me on the platform. I looked at him from a distance. He was like the first time I saw him, tall and vigorous, wearing a dark blue uniform, a sailor's hat on his head. Zu Zu Ferlande is very handsome.

I walked over and he looked at me.

I should say something, however at this moment I became speechless.

We could only hug each other until he boarded the train.

I thought in my mind: He sure is nice and warm.

After a week, I received the postcard he sent from Paris. The picture was of the Eiffel Tower which I mentioned to him before was what I liked the most. At the back, Zuzu only wrote a sentence: I really miss you.

I also ended my short-lived holiday and started on my second phase of learning. The teacher was a lady from Hong Kong, and her surname was Wang. She was once a United Nations simultaneous interpretation officer and her Chinese was so good I felt mortified.

The first lesson then started on simultaneous interpretation training.

The teacher played a French recording of around 5 minutes. We interpreted as we listened and recorded our interpretations at the same time.

I listened to my own final recording. It was incoherent and it even inserted English, French and some of my pet phrases from my hometown in the middle. Teacher Wang asked me: "Qiao Fei, explain what is "That something". What do you mean by always saying this sentence?" I wanted to find a hole to hide at this moment.

Professor Wang said: "Do you know where the problem is?"

Everyone said: "Where?"

"After hearing something, you feel that you have understood it and

immediately blurt it out. However, you do not realise that you have already left out some of the related content at the back. It is not possible to do a good job of simultaneous interpretation without listening to the completed translated language and organizing it. Also, look at all of you. Why is nobody taking a pen out to write down anything? Have I taught you guys shorthand for nothing?

Hence just like this, I went through the first round of hell training however the second round would be more horrible. We continued attending lessons in the morning, listening to a lot of tapes, as a form of training for simultaneous interpretation. Afternoon was still our free period. Everyone grabbed each other and fought at close quarters, and listening to this continuously made people feel dizzy and lightheaded, inducing vomit.

When people face great stress, they will then feel suspicious about the meaning of their jobs.

Why was I so daring? I had a pretty good life. Why did I choose such a hard path?

Why did I have to suffer this kind of hardship from the West? I was learning until I started losing my hair. Everyday was like I was suffering from obsessive-compulsive disorder, interpreting all the French I hear to Chinese.

Considering my capabilities now, I could find a pretty decent job after I graduate if i wanted to earn money to feed my parents. I would have no problem doing so.

I do not have very high expectations, really.

What else would it be if not for money?

Someone's shadow started to revolve around inside me.

He is full of energy when he is working. He was so calm and cool-headed and his looks were deeply etched in my mind.

Cheng Jia Yang.

Thinking about him, it felt as if i really saw him. However he did not have a good attitude, using his hand to hit my face left and right saying, "Idiot, not even

learning, stupid and lazy.”

He hit so hard, I felt the pain.

After struggling hard to get up, I realised it was the dog Zuzu that was using his paws to hit me.

He ran happily after I gave him the chips.

I stretched my waist and continued listening to the radio.

Cheng Jia Yang

Xiao Hua’s show began filming all over again. On the TV, she looked very noble and beautiful. Because her news show reopened again after an interruption, Xiao Hua invited many famous celebrities to support.

The leader faced the camera and said:”This is a show that will be facing the future and the public.”

A famous CEO in the city said:”Having an interview here makes me feel happy.”

The famous director said:”I admire the show’s cultural atmosphere the most.”

The basketball star that came back from America said:”I love this show.”

The budding star said: “Hello everyone, i am Si Jiang Man Yu, please continue funding such a warm and romantic show.

Apart from its value.

I saw her show in the department’s coffee shop. I did overtime at night, the big shot wanted to have talk with the foreigner over the phone and exchange some opinions about the gulf issue. I was standing on standby here. Next to me were several colleagues in the Information Department, discussing about something. I heard them say: ” Sigh, such a pity, such a pity.”

“What’s unfortunate?” I asked.

A reply: “One of my colleagues went to the Gulf to do an interview. He lost a leg from an explosion. Right now, I don’t know how he is going to return.”

I froze for a second.

“His children are still little. He gave them to his ex-wife to take care of. He said not to tell his parents in Qinghai.”

“Isn’t the surname Zhao? From the Hua News Agency?”

“Oh right. Jia Yang, you also know of this?”

“I heard it before.”

My phone rang. It was Xiao Hua. Her program had just ended.

“Jia Yang guess what our ratings were today.”

“How many?”

“20%. A record high of all the talk shows. Isn’t it great?”

“Congratulations.”

I wanted to talk to her, about her colleague, Lao Zhao. My words were on the edge of my lips but I didn’t say it. I heard the other side of the phone. Someone said, Congratulations, congratulations. At this happy time, why should I pour cold water on her?”

“When do you get off work? Come over to pick me up.”

“Me?” I looked around everywhere, “I’ve had to prepare a lot of things today, I slept on duty.”

“Then that’s good. Give me a call.”

In the nighttime I returned to the room I had lived in with Qiao Fei. After she left, I had spent very little time here.

I bathed, drank water, went online. It was very coincidental, “I just don’t

believe I can't register for it" was also on.

I asked: "How's your novel going?"

"I'm about done, I am currently finishing it. Are you not busy?"

"I finished work, I'm going home to rest."

"You don't have any women by your side?"

"Haha"

"Why haha?"

"I don't have any women by my side."

"That's weird, I thought you had entered a relationship?"

"Why did you think like this?"

"You haven't come in a long time. Really? Fallen in love? You've finally decided to fight another battle [1]?"

"You can say it anyway you would like."

"What kind of reply is this?"

"I do have a woman.....but only....."

"Only, she isn't the original one that you had?"

She was really an author. Even across the internet, she could guess another person's heart clearly. I didn't reply to her.

"You know that," she typed it word by word, "people cannot step in the same river twice [2]. What was the one before like? Do you know what she is like now? How has she changed?"

I pressed "Leave" in an instant.

Then I lay on my bed and smoked marijuana.

[1] You’ve finally decided to fight another battle: You’ve finally decided to open yourself up again?

[2] People cannot step in the same river twice: You can’t have the same chance you had before.

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Chapter 41

Happiness always comes 'round Christmas time!

Translator: Tranzgeek

Chapter 41

Qiao Fei

While busy learning, the days passed quickly.

Growth was subtle, for both people and animals.

The small white dog grew a year older, and his hair on his forehead blocked his eyes. I tied it into a pigtail, and now it was a very hippy style.

In this high intensity learning environment, as a classmate, my grades also had a definitely improvement. Right now, every time I practiced with the recording, it wasn't as miserable. Teacher Wang said: "Thank God and the heavens, Qiao Fei, I finally can't hear your pet phrases (TL: aka QF's native dialect)."

I replied and said: " 'Inside whatever' - Teacher Wang, I really didn't mean to say 'Inside whatever' but when I get panicked I speak in the Northeast dialogue."

Teacher Wang's classes ended before Christmas time. I got 13 points and passed. A big portion of my classmates were pretty satisfied with their grades. We all took part in treating Teacher Wang to a very prestigious restaurant to eat.

From Christmas to the New Year, French schools have two weeks of break. The foreigners and Hong Kong classmates all returned home to celebrate. The Taiwanese classmate went to her boyfriend's home in the Alpines. The dormitory was very empty. I called Xiao Dan and Bo Bo who were in China, and went to the supermarket to buy sufficient food for two weeks, preparing to celebrate it by myself.

Montepellier was pretty cold at this time. The tree leaves were all over the ground. Small cool winds brought moisture, but I felt it was cold. Most of it was because I was alone because of the holidays. When I held a small package and went back to the dormitory, I was angry at myself: Next year when I celebrate

the holidays, I must be prosperous, the halls full of children and grandchildren!

At this time, it began to snow lightly. It floated onto people's faces, bodies. I looked up. They even stuck onto my eyes, and when it melted it flowed out, warm.

Suddenly someone said: "What are you doing? It never snows here. What did you say you did? Making this place snow?"

I looked ahead, and my chin almost dropped. I said to this person: "How does the republican government raise you guys, like small students? You guys have so many breaks?"

Zu Zu Ferlande took the package in my hands, and watched me: "I escorted a sick comrade here and got a day off. Tomorrow night I'll return to Paris on duty."

I nodded, and looked at him: "Merry Christmas."

He really was awkward. His hands held my stuff, and he even hugged me.

The cuddling monster said: "Merry Christmas."

I organized it a bit, and went with Zu Zu to their house to celebrate. I met Aulde and her boyfriend, Corsican, and their adorable parents.

The Ferlande family had a religious tradition. So before we ate dinner, I prayed with them.

My prayer, was really some of my heart's wishes. I hoped that the people I liked would have peace. My father, mother, my neighbor, the Ferlande family in front of me, my best friends Xiao Dan and Bo Bo, my small dog- I hoped that he would grow very quickly, taller, and Cheng Jia Yang. I hoped he would be happy.

Cheng Jia Yang

The foreigners began to have break. During this time we had a break that was hard to find.

On Christmas day, I went with Xiao Hua to see Ming Fang's child.

I carried him and carefully studied his small face- his delicate skin akin to water, and his curly hair on his head. The child's body was warm, and when I shook him from side to side, his mouth that hadn't grown any teeth yet laughed.

Ming Fang grabbed some fruit. When she saw this she was very happy: “The child laughed with you; this year, Jia Yang will have a lot of luck.

Her husband, Zhou Nan said: “What more luck can Jia Yang need?”

Ming Fang looked at me, and then looked at Xiao Hua: “Not on work, what about life? Throughout this life, what else can people ask for?”

Sounds came from the baby’s mouth. I didn’t know if he was uncomfortable lying down so I immediately held him and patted him.

“Look, his posture is so standard. Don’t be an uncle anymore, be a stay-at-home dad for our child.”

Zhou Nan said: “What will the salary be?”

I couldn’t help it, and laughed.

Xiao Hua said: “I’ll say, big sister, brother-in-law, recently have you seen my show?”

“Oh right. I forgot to congratulate you. Right now, this style is a lot more relaxing than the original one.” Zhou Nan said.

“Thank you. Next year, we have plans with Taiwan, and my column has been pushing the project. Oh, I don’t know how busy I’ll become.”

The baby and I looked at each other. His eyes were a clear brown. I didn’t know if they could be such a good color even after he grew up, like that person.

We ate at Ming Fang’s place. She ordered a chef from a Western restaurant to make an excellent steak. The children slept early. I didn’t have the heart to bother them, so after I sat for a while I left. After the show, we went to a night club to reunite with friends, sing and dance, spending time.

I sang a song with Xiao Hua “Clearly Understand My Heart”, I didn’t know whose face it was, but it had actually gotten cheers from the full house.

TL: This is the song they sing together.

李宗盛 & 梁靜茹 - 明明白白我的心



I wanted to go outside to feel the cool air. In the hallway I ran into Liu *Gong Zi* who I had not seen for a long time. I didn't want to say anything, but I was blocked by this man who was full of an alcoholic air.

"As for, Cheng Er, from a small age to now, why do you still not say anything."

I watched him, what as for, as for. I had never been willing to acknowledge this person.

"I still have some things to ask you. You're great, right? Shipping that maiden to France?"

If he hadn't mentioned this this would not have mattered. When he brought it up, I instantly boiled up with anger. I didn't know why but I just couldn't control myself. I punched Liu *Gong Zi*'s face, and he had not prepared for it. With a "boom", he sat on the floor. I still wanted to add some kicks, but when I saw him so drunk, I just let it go.

Liu would not surrender and wiped his own face: "The matter with that maiden, I know. She's been framed by someone, right? Do you know who to blame? I'll tell you. It was me. Cheng Jia Yang. It wasn't you. Living so assumingly, who can direct it at her?"

I loosened my tie and walked forward. Every time I walked a few steps, I would see Xiao Hua standing by the hallway, watching me.

At night, we went to her house. The whole way we didn't say anything. I felt she had heard Liu *Gong Zi's* words. I waited for the woman to ask. I would honestly tell her that there was such a girl who had dumped me. I didn't plan to lie or hide it from her.

But Xiao Hua didn't ask about anything. She didn't say anything.

We entered her room. She turned her head to kiss me.

This night, she was very passionate. We touched each other, climbed, thrust, for two times. Afterwards, she went to go bath. I sat down, smoking.

She came out from the bathroom. I just happened to be wearing my clothes.

She looked at me: "Why don't you stay over at my place?"

"I am going to return to my place. Tomorrow it will be more convenient for work." I said.

She sat on the bed, her back towards me, using her towel to wipe her hair. After a long time, she didn't say anything.

I arranged my clothes and prepared to leave. I said: "I am leaving."

Xiao Hua didn't say anything.

I walked over: "Tomorrow I will pick you up from work."

She still didn't say anything.

I put my hand on her shoulder. I said: "Xiao Hua."

She turned her head. Her face was actually full of tears. I froze there.

The woman was choked with sobs as she said: "Jia Yang, what kind a person did you take me for?"

I was afraid Xiao Hua would be like this. I was afraid that she would cry. My heart had been made sour and soft by her tears. I sat down, and slowly hugged her over, patting her back. It was like the child that I had coaxed today. I slowly said: "Don't cry, Xiao Hua, what have I taken you for? You are my girlfriend."

She became more intense, and cried until sounds came out. I could only continue to say soothing words, my head thinking confusedly, Right, inside movies, novels, the woman is already like this, her tears are really very useful. At

least it is with me.

That night, I didn't leave.

Later, Xiao Hua quickly prepared pajamas for me at her place, documents, and complete sets of daily necessities. We were living together.

Tranzgeek: Actually after I thought about it again, Cheng Jia Yang or Qiao Fei aren't really being unfaithful to each other because now that they've let each other go before (when QF went to France), it's normal to live their own lives. Hmm...even though they haven't really let each other go for real.

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Chapter 42

Translation spree is set for October 17 (US Time). Hopefully we can push into the 50's and get close to the 60's. They are finally reuniting! But who knew it would involve the fate of one of our more innocent, naive parties? *Sigh* The author is too cruel! >_<

Translator: Tranzgeek

Chapter 42

Qiao Fei

When I was sending Zu Zu off at the train station he said: "Since I'm taking a break, why don't we go to Paris to play."

"I still need to do my homework, and I need to find a place to intern. How can I find the time to play? Plus, right now, why would we go to Paris. The weather is abnormally cold." I said.

"That's right. When the weather gets warmer, and its springtime, then we can go. We can go to Disney."

I adjusted his collar: "Okay, when I get to Paris I'll call you."

"Do you dare?"

I laughed, he kissed my face: "You must raise that dog well."

"Don't worry."

"Remember to eat your vitamins."

"If you continue saying things like this, I will become an Arabian Aunt."

The train whistled. He got onto the train. On the train, he waved to me. I felt it was very romantic, like the old movies. The train went on its way and when I almost couldn't see him he made a wry face.

With Aulde's help, after Christmas, I got the opportunity to go to Montpellier to intern. With her, I assisted the city and their sister city, Chengdu from China communicate.

When it was February, we had a cultural exhibition in China, that introduced the social and cultural aspects of Chengdu to the people in Montpellier through concerts, art exhibitions, cultural salons, and related business meetings. In the middle, I did a huge job, interpreting, planning the program, finding the venue—extremely busy. Sometimes, I would work late into the night.

When people are busy, they will suddenly find that the time passes quickly. Winter was already ending. Spring slowly came. The green leaves quietly climbed the trees. The greenish waves in the Mediterranean billowed.

I often got Zu Zu's phone calls. He would ask about my learning and work circumstances. And there was our small dog. I would put the phone to the dog's mouth, he would "woof", Zu Zu heard it, and laughed.

The boy's phone call really made me happy. It let me know that I was actually being cared for by someone who didn't share my blood.

He told me to not overexert myself.

I said, If I am not diligently working, that's not possible. I got a scholarship. If I return, I still need to serve the country.

We had never breached this question. My words seemed to make him misunderstand.

"I thought you would stay here for a long time, you would stay here."

I thought about it: "After I finish studying, I am going to return to China."

"....."

"What about you, Zu Zu, did you go to Africa and get your peacekeeping application approved?"

"I still don't know the result. I don't know if China needs peacekeeping."

"Screw you. It should be that we give you troops for peacekeeping."

At the other end, he laughed.

During this time, I thought that my age was older than this guy. I felt he was still a child. Thus, my heart felt a little immersed in reality and cold, I slowly told Zu Zu: "You know, Zu Zu, we will have our own future and life later."

He put down the phone, and didn't call me for a long time.

After a long time, I was actually a little worried. I carefully asked Aulde.

She said very casually: "You must be joking. Zu Zu never calls home."

I was even more uneasy. But, even though I had his number, I also didn't call Zu Zu.

Half a month passed like this. One night, I finally got his phone call. Because I calmed down all of a sudden, I was very happy, but I still emotionlessly said: "Oh, yes, I'm about to sleep. Right, I fed it, don't worry. What's the matter?"

His voice was very excited: "What did you guess? I applied for a Chinese class in my unit. I am going to learn Chinese."

"You're crazy."

"Why?"

"You don't want to go to China."

"I'll go after I retire."

I sat up from bed: "Why do you think of everything so simply?"

"Is there anything that is hard?"

He really did have me stumped.

"I can't talk to you anymore. Good night. Fei."

Zu Zu happily hung up, leaving me in a daze.

My work was very appreciated by foreign bosses. Aulde told me, on April 17, the mayor of Chengdu would come to discuss. At that time, I would help the Mayor of Montpellier interpret. What type of winning was this? As soon as I knew of this news, all night, I was extremely excited as I wore my pajamas and somehow walked to the mirror. Like a Japanese woman I told myself: "Come on! Qiao Fei, you must work hard."

Right when I was busy preparing for the exchanges between the leaders of the two cities, I got another phone call.

It was Cheng Jia Yang.

“Fei.”

At the other end, he only said one word, but I felt my heart was trembling.

How long had it been since I had received his phone call? How long had it been since I had heard his voice? As of this moment, I tightly held the cell phone, until my hand hurt.

“You’ve done a great job in Montpellier. I know. I saw your translation in the cultural exhibition. It was very good.”

Do you guys know of a type of feelings, called, just right.

A field dries up, when suddenly warm rain falls.

A flame is about to go out when suddenly, there is dry wood to allow it continue, and it curls, burning up.

A bird flies around in the desert, when it suddenly finds a branch and can stop to breathe.

I only felt my throat tighten. After a long time, I said: “Thank you, Jia Yang.”

“I am going to go to Paris, but, I’m afraid I don’t have time to go to the south. Do you have time to come over a bit? Maybe we can meet each other.”

I didn’t think about it, what could be more important than this?

“All right, no problem, I will go to Paris, I will go find you. Where do you live? What time? April 17, okay, I will definitely go find you.”

I put down the phone. The sound of a church bell came from far away. My heart thanked God. I must have done something good so that he would reward me.

Aulde knew I was going to go to Paris, and was very unsatisfied: “You’re crazy.

Do you know what kind of an opportunity this is? You are helping the mayor interpret. Do you think this is just like buying an apple from the side of the road?”

I was organizing my things. My heart was also very sorry towards my best friend, but I must go see Jia Yang. There seemed to be an irresistible force pushing me, just like how in my lifetime I had the fate to encounter him.

Aulde continued: "Can you consider this a little more? You know, your friends, they are also here. If you don't do it, they will definitely do it. Do you think this internship opportunity is so easy to find? Qiao Fei, I thought you were someone who would separate work and life."

I finished packing my suitcase, I said: "Sorry, Aulde. I must go."

"Who are you meeting? Fei, who are you meeting?" Aulde sat on my windowsill, her eyes fixed on me.

"Aulde, this is my own matter."

She stopped and finally still said it: "Then what about Zu Zu? What are you like to him? What have you taken my little brother for?"

I was speechless. I sat on the bed and hugged the dog.

At this time, I felt being a human was hard. I couldn't be a little abrupt or harsh. I really was embarrassed in their presence.

After a long time, Aulde hopped down from the windowsill and patted my shoulder: "Go then. As for the interpreting matter, I will go ask your colleagues.

But, Qiao Fei, I beg you, Zu Zu is a young dimwit. Please say things clearly with him."

Chapter 43

Ugh the drama!!

Translators: Tranzgeek

Chapter 43

Cheng Jia Yang

I told Xiao Hua, I was going to accompany the leaders to visit France.

She was sitting at the sofa, watching a video of her own program, as she carefully repaired her own nail. When she heard this she froze, and looked at me: “When do you leave?”

“Plane No. 15.”

I washed and came out. A sweet soup that she had made was on the table. She gave me the bowl: “Jia Yang, taste it, I learned how to make this soup from my mother.”

I took it and said “Thank you”. I drank a sip, the taste was really good.

Xiao Hua warmly hugged me from behind. Her body was soft and warm, with a light fragrance.

“Jia Yang, sorry.”

“Why are you sorry?”

Her words made me really surprised.

“Around the 10th, I have to make the manuscript for the next week. I cannot accompany you to Paris.”

“Dimwit.” I put down the bowl and turned to face her, “I am going to work. Plus, you are also busy. What sorry?”

Her two hands hugged my stomach, her eyes full of softness: “But I feel, Paris, should be a place we both go to. It’s true, Jia Yang, we haven’t travelled together before.”

“There are always opportunities.”

She carefully looked at my face: “When I am together I feel very happy. Happiness sometimes lacks realism. I think, will there be a day when you will suddenly disappear from your side?”

“I don’t understand what you are saying.” I stood up, “I am going online now.”

I heard her laugh behind me, and I turned around to look at her: “What are you laughing about?”

“Nothing. You go online. I’m going to sleep.”

When she didn’t need to prepare for her show, Xiao Hua’s live was more

I modified some of my files, opened my mailbox. Inside were a lot of long term weather reports for the French city of Montpellier

Sunny, light western breeze, 14-19 degrees Celsius.

It was really good weather.

My heart felt good. Not after too long I would see Qiao Fei.

She did not hesitate to say that she would go to Paris to see me. Such generosity made one moved.

What was she like right now?

Would she remember my appearance?

Qiao Fei

I gave the small dog to Rong Rong, and asked her to take care of it, along with many many instructions, until that Southern girl’s heart got annoyed. I felt I hadn’t even finished, and was still worried. I finally understood Zu Zu’s noisiness at the other end.

I sat on a high speed train. I accidentally sat in the wrong compartment that was way over air conditioned. Midway through my sleeping, I was so cold that I opened my eyes and changed to a warmer seat. Then, I couldn’t fall asleep again, and looked at the outside landscape, fully awake.

Some things, a small portion, a small portion emerge in one’s mind.

Cheng Jia Yang and I, had a chance encounter, we had travelled together, and fought. In the end. Finally, I had broken off this matter, and he kicked me to France. Now, I could see nothing of him.

Life was a mess. We were two confused insects.

In the morning, I came out anxiously and now I felt hungry. I took out my yogurt that I had brought. The old grannie across from me said: “Miss, give me one.”

I quietly looked at the person, of which I had no idea when she had sat across from me. She wore an old floral dress that had lost its pattern. Her long white hair was draped over her shoulders. Her face was like the color of the Mediterranean Sea, black and red, black and red, the symptoms of too much sun. Her face had a lot of wrinkles, an eagle hooked nose, like a witch. Her body gave off the scent of aged cheese. These types of people shouldn't be messed with. I obediently gave her a box.

But she grasped my hand: “What are you looking at?”

“Miss you are so pretty.”

I considered myself pretty witty.

When she heard this she laughed, her face's wrinkles softened: “When I was younger, I was a lover with Francois. Francois, do you know him?”

“Francois?”

“That's what other people called him.”

“Haha, so fortunate.”

She still grasped my hand, and wouldn't let go.

“Miss, eat some yogurt. It is peach flavored. Taste it, I love eating it.” I wanted to take back my hand.

“I'll read your hand for you, Miss. Acquaintance is fate.”

“I have a Chinese hand. You usually look at foreigners's lines. Don't speak nonsense.”

“Why are you going to Paris?”

“To see a friend.”

“Don’t go.”

I froze there.

The grannie let go of my hand, and looked at me: “When you get to the stop, please return.”

“I don’t believe it.”

“Then try it.”

She drank the yogurt and saw the compartment in front of her: “The ticket checkers have come, I must go.”

I was actually the most superstitious person. In China, I would always beg Bo Bo to help me divine my life. As of now, I had met a French half deity and her words of bad luck made my heart uneasy.

I sighed, I would go. It was nothing more than seeing Cheng Jia Yang once. I wanted to thank him. I wanted to thank him for giving me the opportunity to study abroad. It wasn’t possible for us to have an even more complicated relationship. I was very clear about this. Since it was already like this, how could the situation become worse? But that was the case.

I reached Paris, it was the afternoon, and walked around the subway, going up Concorde square, when I finally reached Jia Yang’s hotel.

When I entered, I saw banners written in French and Chinese: Passionately welcoming the People’s Republic of China’s Congressmen to visit.

Such a good style.

I didn’t know how I looked at that moment, but the moment I entered, I was blocked by a smiling lobby manager.

“Miss are you here to stay or find someone?”

“I am looking for someone.” I said.

“Then please come this way.”

The foreigner was still smiling, laughing as he said: “Here, we have many high standard VIPs. Safety is the most important. Please forgive us, we only need to

give a notice.” On the other side he was hypocritical, “Ah, you can actually speak French, really a miracle.”

My heart was very uncomfortable. I didn’t need to check the room number. Jia Yang had told it to me already. Now I was going to find him. We had already said that he would wait for me. But I had to take into account the face (*reputation*) of others. I went with him, and when we got to the front desk, I was just about to speak, when I noticed there was another Chinese woman registering next to me.

The woman’s clothes were bright and flashy with a set of Louis Vitton clothing. She used fluent English to say: “Hello, I am here to find Mr. Cheng from the Chinese representative group. Please inform him.”

I lowered my head, looking for something in my bag, watching her speak.

The manager at the front desk said: “Miss, Mr. Cheng is waiting for you.”

My hand flicked.

A server asked: “Miss, can I help you?”

At this moment I lifted my head, about to leave, when I saw a familiar face.

I looked at her. She looked at me.

This face, so beautiful and powerful, a face in high spirits. I saw it before. I remembered she smiled towards Jia Yang. I was very chaotic right now. Jia Yang was waiting for her? Then what about me?

When the woman saw me she laughed: “Chinese? Hi.”

Of course she wouldn’t recognize me. I said “Hi”. She left. She went to go wait for her Jia Yang.

My bag fell on the floor.

The lobby of the hotel, Tiannan Haibei’s rich stream, its spring waiters waited to usher in more people; only myself, alone.

Here in me, is the cold empty city.

Cheng Jia Yang

After my meeting I waited for Qiao Fei in the hotel.

My heart pressured as I waited for a long time, drawing into a sensitive string. Whatever sounds at the entrance plunged my heart into chaos.

The front desk called to say she had come. I went to the entrance to wait. The room door was knocked, and I opened it in an instant.

It felt like I was falling through ice.

Wen Xiao Hua laughed like a flower: “Jia Yang, I wanted to give you a surprise, why are you here waiting for me?”

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Chapter 44

I. Cannot. Believe. It!!!! >_<

Translator: Tranzgeek

Chapter 44

Cheng Jia Yang

I called Qiao Fei's phone, time after time but no one answered.

What had happened?

But she had promised that she would come and find me.

I didn't know what my face was like at this time. Wen Xiao Hua sat across from me, watching me smoke like a lunatic, calling on my phone.

I didn't know how long it passed like this. I stood up, went to the window. The faraway Union square and Tuileries Garden was actually at dusk. Pedestrians came and went in the twilight.

In my heart, my initial suspicion and disappointment, became worried. No matter if Qiao Fei came to find me or not, she should have called me. She was a woman, all alone. I was worried that she would have had an accident.

I said the truth to Xiao Hua. After she came in, I said: "Xiao Hua, I am indeed waiting for another friend."

She said: "All right, let's wait together." Then she asked me again: "Then seeing me, it was still a surprise, right?"

I nodded, and continued calling. I didn't have time anymore to talk to her.

Someone came to knock at my door. I ran to open it. It turned out to be a Secretary of the regiment who told me that the leadership had changed temporarily, and we had to leave Paris tonight, taking the high speed train to Brussels.

I said: "All right."

I warmly sat down myself, feeling my head hurt.

Xiao Hua said: "How is it? Have you contacted her?"

"No." I shook my head.

"Then quickly continue to call her. If you guys leave, then what if she comes to empty air?"

I looked at Xiao Hua, and put my hands on her back. I was so blatant, but she helped me think. I said: "You're right, Xiao Hua, thank you. I must tell her that she shouldn't come. I better go."

"Quickly call. Find her." She gave me the phone.

But at this time, my phone rang. I looked at the phone number, it was Qiao Fei. In that moment, I thought, what method I should use to get rid of the delegation. I must stay here and wait for her.

I picked up the phone: "Hello?"

"Jia Yang."

"Where are you?"

I stood up.

"I am at Montpellier. Listen to me, I am really sorry, but I have an important test. I just finished testing. I forgot to tell you."

It's okay, my heart said, As long as nothing has happened to her, it's okay.

"Then when can you come over? No, or I go to find you."

"No, no, I cannot go over. You shouldn't come either. I am rather busy lately. I may have to go abroad with my teacher to intern. I....."

I didn't know what she was saying. Was she saying, that this time, we could not meet? I felt my nose get tart. After a long time I said: "Fei, why did you only call me now? I was afraid something happened to you."

"What would happen? Jia Yang, I can't talk anymore. Let's contact each other again, okay?"

She quickly hung up.

I looked at my phone screen: 36 seconds.

After a long time, I didn't move.

Xiao Hua asked: "Was that your friend? Did she call you?"

I nodded, I turned to look at her.

"How is it?"

"Nothing." I arranged her hair, touching this woman, beautiful and cute, "She isn't coming."

"Xiao Hua?"

"Ah?"

"We still have a little time. Can I go to the restaurant to eat with you?"

"Okay." She hugged me.

"Even though we probably cannot go around Paris, but, maybe we have time in Brussels. What do you say?"

"With you, anywhere is good."

She kissed me.

Downstairs in the hotel lobby, the manager saw us and came up to us to say hi.

I said, I'm bringing my girlfriend to go eat dinner.

The manager said: "There's a restaurant, Red Crane, nearby in the street corner. Their steak is awesome, you guys should go try it."

I said, Thank you, thank you, do you guys have an evening newspaper?

He immediately gave me one.

When I went outside with Xiao Hua, I casually opened it. The striking headlines said: Recent Disturbances in the Urban Area of Paris, The Government has Increased Police to Ensure Civilian Safety.

Xiao Hua put the newspaper down: "You're going out to eat with me and you're still reading the newspaper. Do you even have me in your eyes?"

I laughed, and let her throw the newspaper away in the waste basket in the

veranda: "Ok, we will concentrate on eating."

Qiao Fei

I returned Jia Yang's call, sitting in front of the Lyon Train Station, waiting for the train that would return south that night.

That old granny was really right. I really should have returned as soon as I got off the train. If I had, I wouldn't have seen what I didn't want to see. To now, my heart wouldn't have been full of such depressed pain.

Jia Wang wasn't wrong. Of course I knew he was waiting for me. But he had his new life, he had a girl who was well matched with him. My own heart was clear, I also didn't have any wrongs. I couldn't give him any more troubles. I had never wanted to give him troubles.

My head hurt as I thought of it. When I returned I still had to find a new internship location, and I had to finish my papers. July, maybe I had to return them. When I returned, I still had to find a job. All of these matters were a tedious reality, but thinking of these, also had another purpose. I felt there were still a lot more things to busy myself over, and felt that my emotional troubles were really extravagant. I could not afford it.

I sat in a daze when someone asked me: "Miss, who let you come to Paris alone without permission from the gendarmerie?"

I looked back. It turned out to be Zu Zu, wearing a uniform, holding a dog. He was patrolling. Right, the train station was his territory.

My nose was jammed, I looked at him, and slowly said: "Zu Zu."

He looked at me: "I'm asking you. Do you not understand French? Why didn't you call the gendarmerie before? I was so ready to pick up the phone at any moment."

I laughed again.

He gave his dog to his colleagues, and told them a few sentences. Then he sat down next to me.

"Are you not on duty?"

"Rest for a while, there is no harm." He said, "I have some good news."

“What?”

“I have been approved for peacekeeping in Africa.”

I knew this was his dream, but I couldn't be happy. That was Africa, war, a black Africa full of rampant plague, “How long are you going for? Which country?”

“Côte d'Ivoire. One year.”

“Zu Zu, you must be careful.”

“Of course.” He said, “Fei, what happened to you?”

“What happened?”

“I've seen you for a long time now. Your face now is full of stormy clouds, your eyes blinking. You seem like you want to commit suicide.”

“Screw you.”

“Oh, I haven't asked you yet, why did you come to Paris yourself? Why didn't you call me? What did you come to Paris for? It seems it wasn't because of me right?”

At this time, I thought of Aulde's words. Zu Zu's face was in front of me, a young, heroic face, no trace of wind or frost, purer than the other boys.

“Zu Zu, this is a long story.”

“Are you willing to say it?”

“I'm willing to tell you.”

“.....”

“I came to see a friend. When I was in China, I lived with him before. But, just now, I couldn't see him so I was a little sad.”

Because we had too many differences, we couldn't be together.

But I loved him, even now, it was like this.

He took away some things, and left some things in my life.”

Zu Zu's face stopped smiling and now it was very serious.

I was telling him such old fashioned words, things that I had never told anyone else, but when I opened my mouth, I suddenly felt a strong desire to talk. Some secrets were buried in my heart, buried too bitterly, I felt overwhelmed.

“We, me and him, used to have an unformed child. I didn’t have the strength to support him, so I could only, remove him.”

He watched me.

“So, Zu Zu, I am different from the me in your imagination.

And I was not a healthy person. When I aborted that child, something happened, and I am afraid I cannot have little children again.

I just feel, I will live by myself for my whole life.”

I slowly said these things, and felt my heart grow lighter. All this time, being a person full of secrets and yet pretending to be strong, I was very tired.

But I had no tears.

Zu Zu didn’t speak for a long time, and took a deep breath. He rubbed his eyes and looked at me again: “Fei, do you want to hug?”

Many years later, I would never forget this French boy’s hug. In my heart’s weakest moment, I was in his gentle arms, like a burst of a light and warm small southern wind, slowly tying together my hideous wounds.

4/17, Paris, Lyon Train Station, this was an ordinary evening.

A moment.

I only felt Zu Zu suddenly stiffen up his arms. He stood up in an instant, fiercely blocked me behind him, a bright light, a loud noise, I used my hands to cover up my eyes, and lost consciousness.

Chapter 45

It turns out...

Translator: Tranzgeek

Chapter 45

Qiao Fei

My mother could suddenly speak, she stroked my hair and said: "Is it exhausting?"

I laughed: "What is exhausting? You wouldn't even know how happily I live every day."

"Fei Fei, you've gotten skinnier."

"That is what happened when I went to the gym to exercise." I stood up, "I want to to learn how to skate now."

Whatever I thought of came. Underneath my foot was a skateboard. I stepped up to give my mother a show, when suddenly I felt a small wind beside me, Zu Zu Ferlande skated by me. His appearance was so beautiful and behind him was a small dog at a flying pace.

I said: "Zu Zu, slow down, wait for me."

When I said this, I was about to catch up, but Zu Zu didn't turn around. I was in a hurry, anxious to chase him, when my movements suddenly changed and I fell to the floor in an instant. I was so hurt that I began to grimace in pain and finally yelled.

This pain made me break free of my dreams. I opened my eyes, snow white on all sides of me. A person's face, kind, asked me: "Miss, what is your name?"

It turned out God was a French person. The good part was that I had learned this language.

"Am I in heaven?"

"Sheng Xin Hospital of Paris."

“It hurts.”

“Your body has a lot of wounds, but don’t worry, they are all light injuries.”

“I want to go out and walk around.”

“You still need a few days.”

“Thank you, I am a Chinese exchange student, Qiao Fei, at the moment I am in Paul Valery University.”

“Very good. This is what we need to know.” The doctor smiled to me, “Your body’s condition is very good.”

I lay on the bed, my body hurt. But I felt very clear. I was encased in bandages. I wanted to take a picture of my current self and take a look at it later. It would definitely be very fun.

“What happened? Doctor.”

The person that kept talking was a kind-hearted, middle aged person. He pondered for a second: “The Lyon Station exploded, you are wounded.”

My heart sank little by little: “I want to ask you, there was a gendarmerie. At the time he was by my side, where is he now?”

“Are you talking about Mr. Zu Zu Ferlande?”

“Yes.”

“At the time, Mr. Ferlande, to protect you and the civilians, he rushed towards the criminals. We tried our best, but we are very sorry.”

I nodded.

At this time, my heart was absolutely quiet.

Many of my confusions from childhood were answered.

It turned out that after someone passed away, he really would have a soul. I had just dreamed of Zu Zu. He had come to say good bye to me.

He was so shy, and didn’t like to talk. When I called him, he didn’t reply, leaving just like that.

He was still a child, who was mad at me, but only gave me a view of his back.

Zu Zu, I offended you, to such a frank and straightforward you, my waywardness and coldness offended you.

I didn't have time to apologize.

Yes, Zu Zu, you were mad at me, or else you would definitely have brought me with you.

The doctor said: "Miss, please rest well."

"Sir," I slowly called that unfamiliar doctor, "Do you know? Gendamerie Ferlande was only 18 years old, he applied to go to Côte d'Ivoire."

"Miss, here, he ended up on duty for Paris." The doctor said.

I didn't know if it was my physical pain or my emotional pain, but I kept sleeping. Sometimes I would be awake, and want to count sheep, and continue to sleep. I felt feeling, Zu Zu, his heart was so good. He would give me another chance, he would keep coming to see me.

When I was awake, I found that the bandages on my body lessened. The doctor came to see me and told me I had recovered very quickly. And there some people who came to see me. A Chinese, the embassy education department teacher knew of my condition, and came to express his condolences. He told me, "Exchange students also affect the hearts of the motherland and the government." They asked about my life and my condition. They asked me if I had any requests. I said: "Please don't let my parents know about this matter."

After a long time, I could walk, but my hands were still bandaged. The doctor said, that place had suffered a serious injury, and I had to take care of it carefully, otherwise my activity would be impeded. I often went to the garden to take a walk. The time passed quickly, it was the beginning of summer. Paris also had an incomparable southern sun. Sometimes I would sit in the long chair in the garden for the whole afternoon. My heart thought of and missed Zu Zu all the time.

Someone came to see me. It was Aulde.

University had already taken a break. My paper's due date was postponed. Aulde came to Paris. She had already helped me complete the remaining formalities at school, and returned the house rent. She had also helped me

organize my luggage, which was registered in the Chinese Federation Office.

She was so thoughtful, and I didn't know how to thank her. What I owed them, the two siblings, I did not know if I could repay it in this lifetime.

Aulde gave me a cigarette, and lighted her own cigarette. We sat in the garden.

"When Zu Zu passed away, I told myself, I would never come to see you again." She spat out a smoke ring, "My beloved little brother.

But, later, I thought, if he was here, Zu Zu would definitely do this for you."

"....."

"Zu Zu is buried under the French flag and with his comrades, Fu Ling. He was buried in the National Heroes Cemetery of Paris. Are you willing to go see him?" Aulde said, as she continued to smoke.

"Can I? Aulde." I asked.

She looked at me. After a long time, she reached out her hand to hug me: "You must know, Fei, this is not your fault. God brought him away, definitely because there are other errands he must run."

I went to go see Zu Zu myself. At the Heroes Cemetery in a corner, I found him. His tombstone was plane, his epitaph had but a few words, and was very simple: Zu Zu Ferlande, young gendarmerie, Blue Helmets Corporal, for Paris, he stayed here.

There were some flowers next to the tomb. I didn't know who had come to see him before. I placed my white lilies with those flowers, my face very closet to his tombstone. The chilled quartzite gave off a cold atmosphere. I kissed his name on it and said: "Zu Zu, are you cold?"

"Zu Zu, this time, I'll hug you, all right?"

As I said this, I glued my body onto his tomb. So cold, Zu Zu, this time let me give you some warmth.

By my side, someone walked over. I looked up. It was actually the old woman from the train. I looked at her. She looked at me.

“What happened to you?” She asked.

“My friend passed away.”

“Then what happened?”

“.....”

“Look at all the people here. They are all so happy over there, do you believe it?”

“I don’t believe it. That side is cold. My friends are all southerners. He would not be comfortable.”

“How did you know? Did you go there before?

That side is really good. Not like the way you think it is.”

“How did you know? Did you go there before?”

“Ah.”

“Then bring me.”

She looked at me contemptuously: “Hmph.

Let me tell you, they only went to another place. Just like my Francois.

Do you understand? For them, everything has yet to finish; everything has just begun.”

The old woman was a gorgeous weirdo, crazy.

But I had heard her last words through my ears. Everything had yet to finish, everything has just begun.

I was willing to believe it.

For safety reasons, the doctor only took off the bandages on my hands when I was discharged from the hospital. I looked at my palm for a long time. It had a healing jagged red scar on it, embedded in my already messy hand pattern.

My hand suddenly had an entangled curve.

I laughed. The good hearted Zu Zu had never left me. He would forever stay in my life like this.

When I was going out of the hospital, something else happened.

The emergency truck came in, the stretcher brought the patient in, bloody.
When they were handing over the patient, the doctor said, it was a car accident.

I stopped in my tracks, I heard the patient use Chinese to say: “Save me quickly.”

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Chapter 46

Pro interpreting skills!

Translator: Tranzgeek

Chapter 46

Qiao Fei

The whole way, I anxiously sent this hurt Chinese person to the emergency room. He was awake the whole time and used Chinese to say “Help”.

The French doctor asked me: “Are you the patient’s family?”

I said: “No, I am also a Chinese, I came to see if there was anything I could help with.”

“Thank you, Miss, that’s good, please continue to talk to him.” The doctor commanded.

“Hello*.” I said to the patient.

*In Chinese, Hello is literally translated to “You Good” “您好”, which explains the patient’s reply.

“Not good”

“Who are you?”

“Huang Wei De, Chinese advisor to the Michelin company. My passport is in my jacket pocket.” as he said this, his breath thinned and blood came from his mouth.”

I heard the doctor at this side say: “the wounds are not serious, but there is quite a bit of blood lose. That’s not good, the blood has increased.” they looked at the conscious Huang Wei De and said to me: “miss, please ask the patient if has had abdominal surgery before.”

I interpreted these questions and asked him.

His finger kept pointing to his jacket’s pocket, and then he fainted.

The nurse opened his pocket and really did find his passport. There was also a closed plastic health data card. It clearly stated his age, weight, blood type, history; a sentence was written underneath: Last September I received liver segment resurrection surgery, the attending physician was the chief physician of Union Hospital of hepatobiliary surgery, MD Dr. Cheng Jia Ming, phone number *****

I froze for a second. I knew this name.

I told the circumstances to the nurse. She consulted the doctor who was treating Huang Wei De. The doctor ordered them to push Huang to do the operating room. When he saw me I said, the patient's condition was complicated. Please contact his Chinese physician, we need his help.

"Miss, are you willing to help?"

"I will do my best." I said. A life was important. Even though I was facing things I had never experienced before, a stranger's face, my heart had some apprehension, but I knew, now I was not the same from that year, "Where should I call? Doctor."

"Operating Room."

In the lens below, it looked like the American drama ["ER"](#).

I was in the electronic control room in the operating room. I was calling Dr. Cheng Jia Ming while quickly scrolling through all the vocabulary I had learned before.

The phone went through. It only rang for three times when someone answered: "Hello?"

In front of me, the French doctor had already opened Huang Wei De. I saw a huge amount of blood. But in my ear was a bunch of sounds that sounded just like Cheng Jia Yang.

"Is this Dr. Cheng Jia Ming?"

"It's me."

I made an OK sign to the doctor.

"This is the Sheng Xin Hospital of Paris, France. We just received your patient,

Huang Wei De. He now appears to be bleeding inside. The doctor just opened his abdominal cavity, and is in the process of surgery.”

At the other end, he seemed to ponder. It hadn't passed half a minute when Cheng Jia Ming said: “Yes, I have already opened the patient, Huang Wei De's information. I am ready to answer any questions.”

Through the network, the Chinese and French doctors communicated about common treatment, I did an alternate interpretation.

French doctor: “Organs bleeding, but no wound.”

Cheng Jia Ming: “When the segment is removed, the suture is at the left side of the central vein. Please check this.”

French doctor: “The wound has healed completely here, without rupture.”

“.....”

The words of the doctors was like the military orders. No matter if it was French or Chinese, there was not a word that repeated. I threw everything I had into it.

I heard in the operating room, the assistant reported Huang Wei Da's blood pressure and heartbeat. My heart also beat like drums now.

French doctor: “Internal bleeding continued.”

The assistant helped the patient replace his blood back as he continued to lose blood.

Cheng Jia Ming had not replied on the other end.

“Dr. Cheng?” I said.

“Yes. I am remembering.” His voice was very cold, a moment, “Please examine the left lobular. Three weeks ago, the patient came to my office for a physical examination. There were signs of cysts but it was not yet confirmed.

I interpreted this for the French doctor.

After a moment he said: “The left side has a lobular lump. The back side has a rupture. We found it bleeding, and are preparing to stitch it up. Thank you, Dr. Cheng.”

I interpreted the French man's words for Cheng Jia Ming, feeling like these two doctors had solved the gist of the huge problem. I also sighed in relief. It hadn't taken a long time or many words, but I seemed to run out of energy, my body full of cold sweat."

"I am honored to help." Cheng Jia Ming said, "Please help me ask Mr. Huang Wei De. In addition, Mr. Huang is suffering from diabetes. After the surgery please use saline."

I interpreted this for the French doctor, his assistant recorded it.

"Thank you, Dr. Cheng, the condition is under control." I said.

"Your interpreting is very outstanding. Are you a Chinese doctor?"

"Thank you, I am a professional translator."

"I seem to have heard your voice before." Cheng Jia Ming said.

I froze for a moment.

"It is possible, but there are too many similar sounds in this world.

Good bye."

"Good bye."

Cheng Jia Yang

I added another 'x' in front of another name, closed the folder, and gave it to my Personal Department colleagues.

He looked at me: "Why can't this one do it either?"

"His professional work doesn't pass."

"If you continue to pick like this, no one will even be going to Europe."

"Better have nothing than something bad." I stood up and walked to the window.

This was the Foreign Language Institute, and another summer. The me who was in charge of new translation training and choosing talented new recruits came here, courtesy of the Ministry of Foreign affairs.

The students would be assigned to corresponding departments. The most

talented would be picked to go to overseas embassies and consulates. After undergoing our training and exercises, they would become the translation industry's top elite in the nation.

"We'll just go to here." I said, "You guys return first, I'll go see Teacher."

"That's not good. There's not even one in French? Today you Bureau doesn't want anymore people?"

"Who said I didn't want any? I won't allow anyone to account for that place." I looked at him, "You forgot, the one we sent out."

I went to see the Head, Professor Wang. He welcomed me in, and asked: "Jia Yang, how is it? Did you choose some people?"

I shook my head: "Do you have any news of Qiao Fei?"

"I don't know any more than you do." The head said, "After she left the school, she didn't contact me afterwards. I don't know when she returned to school. They are almost about to graduate. This child is too self-willed."

"Right, self-willed."

I said. I completely agreed.

After I came back from Belgium, I found out that the Lyon's train station had exploded. The embassy came to determine the news. Qiao Fei had gotten injured in the explosion. That day was 4/17. That day, I was in France. But as for her, in the phone the Qiao Fei who had told me she was testing in Montpellier, she was also in Paris.

I bought another ticket. I wanted to immediately return to Paris.

When I was driving to the airport, I suddenly felt it wasn't anxious, and my heart wasn't pained.

I thought of the story in the Arabian Nights. The demon was enclosed in the jar, and thrown in the sea. He hoped to be rescued and was willing to thank the person who thanked him. As time passed, the reward increased. The initial little treasures changed into immortal life, but still no one rescued him. A few hundred years later, a fisherman finally opened the jar. From the non, the demon's repayment was to kill him.

I thought of the time when we were together. I had given happiness and pain to this woman. She didn't say anything to me. And she was often missing, fabricating reasons; after we broke up, I had tried to see her many times, I had come to school, I had chased her to her house, I had went to Paris, but I just couldn't see her.

What had made her reject me like this?

But she was still here, slightly injured, God help me.

At the time, I turned the car back again, and returned to the Ministry to continue working.

I was pretty certain, Qiao Fei, she would come back and see me. I could not lose to this mess.

[] []

Chapter 47

Oooh turns out karma is real...

Translator: Tranzgeek

Chapter 47

Qiao Fei

Uncle Huang woke up, and looked at me. He recognized me, and said: “Thank you, maiden. Without you, I really don’t know what would have happened to me.

After waking up from the surgery, his Northern accent was unrefined, but I could see his body was still very stiff.

I asked: “Uncle, why don’t you know how to speak French and you even came to Paris?”

“Oh.” He first took a deep breath, “Give your brother some cigarettes.”

“Don’t joke around. This is a hospital. They don’t even let me smoke and you still want to smoke?”

“Fxxk, I say, foreign devils are wicked.”

My heart said, it was even foreign devils that saved you, and you say things like this. Crude person.

“What do you need? Should I go find the embassy or your company? Is there anyone taking care of you?”

“There’s no need. It won’t be of use even if you find someone. I can’t believe these people. Oh you aren’t from here?”

“I am an exchange student. I am going to return to China. Originally, I was also living in this hospital. When I was discharged, you were dragged in, and I came over to help. My airplane ticket is already booked. I have to go.” I said. I had procrastinated for so long. I still needed to get my diploma from the school.

“Why do you not have any compassion?”

“How do you want me to sympathize with you.”

Lao Huang* laughed: “I was just kidding. I was afraid I wouldn’t have time to thank you.”

- *Lao meaning Old is often attached before a surname when someone is speaking colloquially towards another person. This can go the same way for Xiao which means Little. So if the person is older than you you use Lao. If the person is younger than you, you use Xiao. Yup quick Chinese lesson right here!

“There is no need.” I thought about it, “I can find you some special care in China. There are many middle aged women who can work and speak French.”

“Then I guess I can only trouble you. Find me a clean, dexterous, good looking one. I don’t care about money.” He was really picky.

“I’ll do my best.”

I took the subway to the Italian Plaza near the Chinese area. Here were a lot of Chinese people who came to work. The job board was tacked to a small Chinese wooden board. I helped Lao Huang find an auntie who used to work as a nurse. I thought of Lao Huang’s few words that revealed his temperament and this one was about 40 years old, quite like his age.

Lao Huang’s nose pipes glared at me: “Didn’t I ask you to find me one that looked good?”

“That’s enough. Where do you think this is? Finding one that can work and speak French is already good. All right, I’m leaving. I am returning to China the day after tomorrow. Goodbye to you.”

“Oh miss, I still have things to ask you.”

“Say it.”

“You are returning to China for.....”

“I graduated, I am returning to the country find work.” I said.

“What work do you want to find?”

“I am learning interpretation, what about professional interpretation.”

“I’ll help you. After I recover I will also return. I’ll give you my personal card, and go to Shanghai to find me. I can help you arrange a job.”

I thought about it. I hadn’t replied yet when Lao Huang said: “You don’t believe it? Do you know what I do?”

This person was coarse to a certain extent. How could he be still working at Michelin as a technical consultant? I don’t know what you are doing? I only know you have half a liver, diabetes. Your blood type is AB.

“What are you thinking about? You open the number for the salary. You saved my life, what does this count as? Furthermore, you know how many graduates want to go to Shanghai companies.”

It sounded pretty good, and was another path anyways. I said: “All right, you can leave the communication method to me. I will also give you my Chinese phone number and contact method.”

Lao Huang gave me his hard. Underneath there was even a stack of notes. I took it, wow, there were so many.

He looked at me: “You keep the money. If I can’t contact you or contact Dr. Cheng, maybe I would be gone.” This person could pretend to be so small; he was already 50 and was still so brotherly like to me.

I held the euros that he had given me. I had really tried my best, my heart estimated.

“Oh, the National Foreign Language Institute? No wonder.”

I said bye to Lao Huang and finally left the hospital. There were still two days before I was going to return to China. This way, it would end my exchange student life in France. I thought about it. I was still very grateful towards Lao Huang. I thought before I leave, I should still take the opportunity to do something good, otherwise, this happy life from before, would really have ended from the moment Zu Zu left.

I walked towards Versailles, Fontainebleau. Before leaving, I only bought a large bouquet of fresh flowers to see Zu Zu. I said, in the future, I will still skateboard. In the future I will still come to see you. I will not, forget you.

Returning to China was an eastern flight, against time. When my feet stepped onto Chinese soil, I calculated the time difference. Unknowingly, my life had been shortened by a day.

By exiting and entering again had completely changed the world.

There were many Capital Airport visitors. I saw the faces of compatriots who spoke in the most familiar language. Some people said farewell to each other, some people reunited, laughter, tears, and emotionless faces. These things had been repeated throughout the years. The airport was a small world.

I first called my house's neighbors and told auntie to my parents I was safe. Then I returned to school to report.

It was Sunday, there was no one in the education wing. I carried my luggage to the bedroom, and passed by the athletics field. I saw it was very noisy. Some classmates were playing basketball, and the cheerleading team loudly applauded.

I was also very tired, and put my things down. I wanted to rest a while, and watch the competition. I hadn't even squatted when someone said behind me: "It is prohibited to urinate."

My temper ah, I whipped around forcing the arm behind me to stop: "Who are you talking about? Who are you talking about, Bo Bo? I haven't seen you for a year, your skin tightened right?"

She threw me aside. Oh I had not met up with this girl's kungfu for a year. She said: "You still have the cheek to say it, you didn't even tell us when you were returning, the whole world thought you had disappeared."

The two of us called and scuffled together. Xiao Dan suddenly appeared and used [Crayon Shin-chan's](#) voice to say: "Who let out the animals? And is creating havoc here?"

- It's too hard to explain how Crayon Shin-chan speaks... so here's the Chinese: "四随把动物都放了粗来？在仄里胡闹？"; and an analogy for how he speaks in English... Have you guys ever heard someone say Thursday like Thuhdsday or Friday like Fwyday (Fuh-why-day) where someone brutally obliterates the "r" sound. Lol. Just kidding. That's pretty much how Crayon

Shin-chan speaks.

I got her over to participate in the war. Finally we were all tired. We stopped and laughed haha.

Xiao Dan said: "Us three flowers have gathered together again."

I said: "Three flowers, is that crude or what? It's the three musketeers."

Bo Bo said: "You're the one who's crude. It's obviously three big mountains."

We were about to graduate. Work issues were basically settled. Xiao Dan had found a job at a travel agency as the head. Bo Bo had tested into the French airline translation services. Her salary was enviable. Our classmates all found pretty great jobs. They asked me, this person who had always come early but later came late. I said I didn't know. Everyones aid, Qiao Fei leaned so well, and she even came back from abroad. Finding a job is definitely not a big problem. But, right now there are too many graduates and exchange student graduates. People are overstaffed so you have to grab opportunities. After July, the school's relationship with us will become a knot, and our files will return to our hometowns. If you want to go to a bigger city then, it'll be complicated.

At the time they were holding a welcoming reception meal for me while saying some things over the table. When I heard it, my heart was also pretty anxious. Every moment, every thing they spoke about; we were going to graduate just like that. In the future, the future issues of our livelihoods shone ahead.

"What job do you want to find?" A guy from my class asked, "We can help you keep our eyes open."

"I am not clear about it either. I may go to Shanghai to take a look. Maybe there will be job opportunities there, but I still want to be a professional interpreter."

"Oh, being a professional interpreter is pretty sick, but," A classmate said, "Finding jobs now, a lot of us are all finding specific businesses. French is only a supplement or spare knowledge."

"And there are some people that don't even need it." Another one said, she found a good job in Guangzhou for a pharmaceutical brand agent, and followed

with a French ‘bye bye’, “Hi, four years of education is just a foundation. Knowing these people, understanding how to speak and do things is already very good. In the future, you won’t necessarily be doing things for the big bucks.”

“Right, drink wine, drink wine.”

Everyone agreed and raised their glasses.

I drank a lot, happy and sad. Our classmates’ relationships were very good. I had returned now. Everyone was about to dissipate.

In the era of university, the sky was blue, the time passed slowly.

But I could not turn my head around to look at it all.

That night I dreamed, I had forgotten all the plots (*against me*), and would not stop saying, Good bye, good bye, good bye, until I woke up on the morning of the second day.

Chapter 48

Hmm have you guys ever thought of the possibility that their breakup is also Qiao Fei's fault? But at last! Ugh been waiting for this moment foreverrrrr

Translator: Tranzgeek

Chapter 48

Qiao Fei

I went to go see the head that morning. When he saw me he looked surprised: "Qiao Fei, you returned? Why didn't you say hi to the department before?"

"After I left the college, I didn't have a phone card in Paris so I couldn't contact you." I said.

"Is your body better?"

"It's basically okay." My hand clenched. On it was a scar.

"Ok ok, after a few days you are going to graduate, about your work....."

"I want to go to Shanghai to take a look." I said.

The head looked at me: "You don't want to stay here?"

"I don't know."

"Ok, then you go first, rest a bit, reunite with your friends. If there is anything I will go find you."

I came out from the head's office, and went to the phone bars outside the school to get a cheaper long distance call. My hand had Huang Wei De's namecard. I wanted to touch luck.

A nice sounding feminine sound answered the phone: "Hello, this is Chief Engineer Huang's office."

It turned out it was real. I said: "Hello, I would like to find 'Chief Engineer Huang'."

"Chief Huang is currently not here. Who are you? Can you leave a message?"

“Ok, I am his friend,” I said this hesitantly. I felt I was begging him now, we weren’t even “friends”, “My surname is Qiao.....”

“You are Miss Qiao Fei? Miss Qiao from the National Foreign Language Institute?” I did not speak. The other woman asked.

“That’s me.”

“Chief Huang is in Paris. He has not returned, but he has left you a message.”

He was still a Northeastern person to the core. Lao Huang was so coarse, but he was really very affordable. Before he recovered, he turned over my matter to the department in China.

“Whenever Miss Qiao is willing to come to Shanghai, please call this phone number and contact me. I will help you arrange transportation and accommodation, I am Chief Huang’s secretary, Jeremy.”

Wow, I felt so warm, but was very embarrassed, I said: “Thank you, I, maybe after a few days, I will go to Shanghai.”

This time, I was very qualified to teach children, to be kind to others, and do some more good things as my own path would also become wider and wider.

But, in my heart, there were some things that had some vague ups and downs but I didn’t know what it was. I couldn’t see it clearly, I didn’t know what it was, but it made one uneasy.

I went out of the phone bar. The long overcast day began to rain. It didn’t rain very hard, but very rhythmic. I wanted to return to my bedroom. I went through the school, passed by the athletic field, the rain drops collected in a small pit, flying bubbles emerging, with a crisp rhythm, fragmenting the clearness.

I suddenly knew what made my heart uneasy, difficult to let go.

Cheng Jia Yang.

When I was about to leave, before I went to another place to work, I wanted to go see him. I wanted to tell him some things. I had never regretted being with him. He had given me more than I could have ever wished for in this lifetime.

But I had never thought, with him, I would meet him another way. Plus, it

would be so fast.

I had just seen the head in the morning. I was called to his office again in the afternoon.

The head's office had two other people. One was a stranger, the other was also a stranger, Cheng Jia Yang, expressionlessly looked at me, turned his head down, continuing to fill out a form.

What was he doing now?

I had no time to calm myself and did not understand this battle.

Before the head left, he said to me: "Do you not know him? Isn't this your senior brother, Cheng Jia Yang? This a colleague from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. His name is Teacher Li. They have come assess you."

Ministry of Foreign Affairs? Assess me?

I slowly sat down.

It seemed that as the two monks scratched their heads no one spoke to me. They came to assess me? How was I going to work at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs?

I felt that I had always had the capability to deal with unexpected situations, but in front of me sat Cheng Jia Yang. Just looking at him I would deceive him. This was an old habit. Now I was a blank bubble in the fog. I looked up at him. This person lowered his head, focusing on the form in his hand. I could not see his face, and could only see his hand. He was still so skinny. Looking at him like this, I sighed. His pen suddenly stopped, but he still never looked up at me.

Teacher Li by his side kindly said to me: "How is the wound on your body?"

It seemed the whole world knew of this.

"It's okay."

"We came here to select young translators for the Ministry. The school recommended you. Of course, your grades are pretty good but you still need to go through a test. Today is an interview. Teacher Cheng, Teacher Cheng....."

Jia Yang stopped his pen. Our conversation began to be in French.

“Please use French to introduce yourself to me.”

“I am called Qiao Fei, 22 years old. I came back from Paul Valery University as an exchange student.”

“Profession.”

“French culture, translation tendency.”

“Native place.”

“Liao Ning.”

“Hobbies or specialties?”

“None.”

“.....”

Jia Yang’s voice did not bring warmth. My initialed confusion and doubts turned into chagrin.

“Sir, I do not understand.” I said, using French.

At this moment, he looked up to glance at me. His clean face, eyebrows, bottomless eyes made my mind so chaotic like the culprit.

“I never applied to go work at the Ministry.”

“Otherwise? Otherwise what are you going to do?” He said.

I have decided to go to Shanghai to find a job, but I think this does not need to be reported.”

“Shanghai?” He looked outside, and lightly laughed, “Why are you going there? Are you going to be an interpreter or an enterprise staff?”

“I have already approached the Michelin Shanghai company,” I said angrily. I was very unhappy with his attitude and added, “Whatever I do it is better than staying here.”

He suddenly looked up at me: “What did you say? Say it again. Why is anything better than staying here. Has anything done anything wrong to you here?”

He had never spoken to me like this. I saw his almost angry look. He didn’t have the momentum himself, but I didn’t know what to say. I froze, staring at him.

Even though we used French to speak, our attitude and tone was certainly unusual. Teacher Li next to him looked at Jia Yang: “Teacher Cheng, are you still asking questions?”

He frowned at the form and gave it to his colleague, walking out himself.

Teacher Li looked at him, looked at me then he looked at the form Cheng Jia Yang had thrown at him. He was probably surprised and said: “Qiao Fei, your interview has qualified. After another week we will go to the Ministry to have the written examination and test your listening.

I stood up. I clearly told Cheng Jia Yang: “I will not go.”

He walked to the doorway. When he heard this he looked at me. Whatever he wanted to say, there were colleagues there, so he couldn’t erupt. Gritting his teeth, he walked away.

The rest of myself stood, frozen in place. What had happened? Why was Jia Yang like this to me?

I found a nook in the playground/athletic field and began to smoke. I thought of his warmth towards me before and his recent coldness. Women were said to be fickle, but really, men were the elusive things.

However deep feelings were, however crazy they had been, they all couldn’t make up for the gap we had in reality. We could not be together. I was clearer than anyone on that point.

But even if we could not be lovers, that did not mean that we had to be strangers. Since we were now strangers, his attitude towards me just now was good.

But his face, why was it so hot?

I squinted as I thought.

Would his heart still like me? Was he going to act another scene of an idol melodramatic drama with me?

This type of thinking flashed like a small fly. I quickly found a fly swatter to destroy it.

Qiao Fei, you should not desire Cheng Jia Yang anymore.

I finished smoking. I fiercely pressed the cigarette butt onto the ground and stood up, stretching my lazy waist. The summer rain came quickly and went away quickly. Right now, the sun peeked through the clouds.

I planned to go to the cafeteria to eat. As for the University food, I was eating less and less.

A car stopped beside me. Someone came out from inside it, and said to me: "Get on the car."

I didn't know what was in my eyes at that moment. It was the light after the rain. Or the man always hidden inside of my heart.

Cheng Jia Yang

Qiao Fei frowned, took a closer look at me, her expression extremely strange.

"Qiao Fei, get on the car, don't make me say it a third time."

She suddenly laughed: "Senior brother, you want to treat me to eat? All right." She obediently sat on the car. I knew what had happened. This was Qiao Fei usual trick: to pretend nothing was wrong.

I started the car, not looking at her.

"Where are we going? Can we go nearby? In a while I made an appointment with my friends to play poker."

I accelerated, and rushed towards the highway and the beach.

"Senior brother, where are we going? I, I told you, I still need to return to play poker." She was a little anxious, but her face was still smiling.

"Shut up!" The hate in my heart ah, "Buckle up your seat belt!"

I crazily drove out of the city. I really didn't want to forget oneself, and I thought I could control it, but to the end, I was still a person without a set behavior. I didn't understand skillful deflection, I didn't understand pretending to be a fool in a timely manner. Beside me, the person had finally closed her mouth, and was also thinking of countermeasures.

I stopped the car at the beach, and got off the car myself. Facing the sea breeze, I lighted a cigarette.

Finally I saw Qiao Fei, but as of now, the distance between us was even farther away than a year ago.

I had many things I wanted to understand in her presence, but there were a thousand things and I did not know where to start.

But there was one thing that I knew very clearly. Qiao Fei was very talented. She should stay in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. This would be the best path for her, and she would have the best future.

Whether it was for her or for myself, my head was full of confusion.

No matter what we had lived together before. Qiao Fei, she had more heart and eyes than me, but it was not without its flaws. I knew that I could not use force, I had to speak logically with her.

She walked to my side.

I turned and said: "Just now I shouted at you. Sorry. Myl," I laughed, "mood isn't very good."

My attitude was beyond the expectation of a proper person. She blankly stared for a while: "Ah, it's okay."

"Qiao Fei, the matter of going to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, you should really consider it. I am taking you as a friend, persuading you like this. Think about it, this is a great opportunity. No one else can even dream of getting in, how do you not want to get in?"

"I feel like it doesn't suit me."

"Don't you really want to be an interpreter? When you get into the Ministry, when you want to cultivate culture you can do so, when you want to practice, you can practice. When you go to work, it isn't always like this. It'll be strange if there isn't a shortage in professionals." I said this truthfully, "Your grades are so excellent, if it turns out like that, then it will be a pity."

"I can also be an interpreter elsewhere." Her mouth was very hard.

"Do you have any concerns?"

"....."

I said it very slowly. Some words in my mind had not fully formed: “You don’t need to think about it too much. Graduation is a threshold, you are going to become an adult. The matters in the future aren’t worth considering.”

When Qiao Fei heard these words, she was a little shocked. She looked up at me, with her brown cat eyes. I think they were misty.

“Plus, your family, won’t you consider that? No matter what you’ll be living closer to them a little, and you can care for them. If you really go so far away, who will your parents find when they run into problems?”

She lowered her head: “Thank you, but I must consider it. I cannot make a decision right now. Why don’t we return now.” As she said this she walked towards the car.

She couldn’t see me so I carefully studied her. She had thinned, her body in the skirt was a little empty. Her hair was still so good. This was this person’s hair, warm, strong, I had never been able to hold it.

I knew, these words would play a role in her heart.

Qiao Fei, she was a slippery loach[1], but her heart was soft.

- [1] loach- a small elongated bottom-dwelling freshwater fish with several barbels near the mouth, found in Eurasia and northwestern Africa.

I raised my head, saw that there was a person flying a kite faraway. The kite was very high, and gradually became a black spot.

I felt tired, like a person flying a kite without a reel, bare hands holding onto the line, trying to bring it back, until I became bloody.

Chapter 49

What if Cheng Jia Yang was forced to be with Wen Xiao Hua? Hmmm....?

Translator: Tranzgeek

Chapter 49

Cheng Jia Yang

On the way back it was very silent. When we went back to the urban areas we had just caught the peak of off work hours. Cars blocked the road, half an hour, slowly moving a little at a time.

It was very quiet. I seemed to hear Qiao Fei's breathing.

My heart was very peaceful.

I hoped that it would forever be like this, we could forever stop here.

She was suddenly a little impatient, looking back and forth, the cars lined up, there was no accommodation possible. She looked at me: "Think of a way."

"What way? There is no way." I said, "Since we've caught up to this, we should just follow them."

She heavily laid back on the chair: "What words do you have to say to me at the beach? I already made an appointment to play poker. You made me miss my good hand!"

She grabbed a phone and contacted her friends: "Sorry, sorry, I'm afraid I can't return. Find someone to replace me for a moment, temporarily, I have to return to my place when I return....."

I looked at her, and did not speak, because these things were blamed on me. Did you forget how crazily I waited for you in Paris?

I didn't know how far away the signal was in front, like it had passed a week. The long dragon [1] moved a little at a time. Next to us was a KFC.

- [1] – Long dragon refers to the long line of cars. Metaphor.

"I am hungry." Qiao Fei said.

"I'll go buy it." I was about to get off the car.

"Hey," she called me, "You have to drive. I'll go. What do you want?"

"Hamburger, chicken wings, corn, mashed potatoes, ah just these." I blurted these out and then regretted.

When Qiao Fei was careless, she did whatever she could. She didn't really seem to hear anything: "All right, right away."

She ran ahead. I watched her. She had grown up and was still like this. She seemed to never have been able to walk well.

My car moved forward with the long queue, Qiao Fei returned in a moment.

She had a bag, I had a bag. The fragrant food, I felt I was also hungry at this moment.

My cell phone rang, I looked at the contact, it was Wen Xiao Hua. I pressed NO.

Qiao Fei didn't eat as she looked out at the situation.

Qiao Fei didn't speak

"What are you looking at?" I asked.

"Oh, isn't there a subway here?" She was very happy, and looked back to say to me, "Sorry, I might as well go on the subway. The cards will fall like mountains today."

I didn't hear it wrong right?

She was about to get off the car again, I stopped her: "Qiao Fei."

"What?" She looked back at me."

"The matters that I talked to you today about work."

"I know, you wanted to tell me about the good life, but," she paused, "I also have my own choices."

"Think about it carefully."

"I'm leaving, bye."

Qiao Fei had just left when Wen Xiao Hua called again.

I picked up the phone.

“Jia Yang?”

“Hmm.” I watched Qiao Fei cross the road.

“When will you return? Let’s go watch a movie all right?”

“I have to return to my house in the nighttime.” I said, “I can’t go over anymore.”

“.....”

“Sorry, Xiao Hua.”

“Oh, okay, then what about we go tomorrow, all right? You know, I have always wanted to see that movie “2049”.”

“Tomorrow, ok, no problem. I will go pick you up from your hostel.”

I took the money and began to eat.

The long traffic jams began to move. Not after too long I could finally drive. I returned to my house in the Western city.

My mother was there.

She was in the small living room watching the news. I greeted her and was about to go upstairs to my room when I was stopped by her.

“You’ve been busy recently?”

“Same as usual.”

“Why have you not cared about your home?”

I sat down, my mother got some drinks. I didn’t speak and changed the channel of the TV.

“You are together with Xiao Hua?”

“Mom, how do you know everything?” I said.

My mom left: “I don’t understand you more and more, Jia Yang. Originally, I let you get more in touch with her but you didn’t like it. Later it has become like

this. What happened?”

I loosened my tie.

“There are benefits to having a friend from abroad but I feel this maiden is pretty good. Even though she’s a little lacking in matching up with you, you shouldn’t be half-hearted either.”

“What are you talking about? I just don’t like it when you nag. You are also a female senior cadre, but why are you so foolishly sentimental over this?”

My mom laughed and patted my back: “If I hadn’t given birth to you two, I would never have to worry my heart.”

I grabbed her hand, and looked at my mother’s fine skin and tender face, I seriously said: “Mom, when will you stop controlling me?”

She also thought about it carefully: “How long did Old Bush control Little Bush? How long did Chiang Kai Shek control Chiang Ching-kuo? For life.”

I loosened her hand: “How long did ** care for Mao An Ying[2] ?”

- [2] [Mao An Ying](#) is Mao Ze Dong’s son. Also I have no idea why the (**) is there, but it is referring to Mao Ze Dong.

She looked at me.

“He cared about him until he died.”

After I said this, I went up the stairs.

When I went online I met the long missed “I don’t believe I can’t register for it”.

She said: “I want to change my name.”

“Called what?”

“The Pear Conceded to Kong Rong [3].”

- [3] Before I explain the user’s name, go [here](#) to find out more about Kong Rong if you don’t know about him already. The traditional saying is: 孔融让梨 which means: Kong Rong shared his pears. However, the online friend wants to change her name to: 梨让孔融. If you use the same syntax as the

previous sentence, it would be the Pear Shared Kong Rong. However, the word “shared” is depicted by the Chinese word “让” which means allowing or conceding. So I have translated the online friend’s name to the Pear Conceded to Kong Rong. This would literally mean that the Pear is the one that conceded itself to Kong Rong, instead of Kong Rong conceding the pear to his family members (as per the actual legend).

“Why?”

“Changing luck.”

“Is your luck not good? Recently.”

“Yes. The reactions to my new book are so-so. What about you? How are you? Last time I seem to have offended you.”

“What last time. I forgot it earlier. Recently, I’ve been doing okay.”

“Aren’t you getting married?”

“Are you joking with me?”

“No, you’re a school age youth, I’m asking because I’m afraid your friend would suddenly use this to scare me.”

“Then please rest assured, I have not had this thought recently.”

“That’s good. Being single will allow you to not be hurt. Long live singleness.”

I lighted my cigarette and continued to type: “Really, no one is willing to be single.”

“?”

“Just a last resort. I am waiting for people to rescue.”

“Why don’t you consider me for a moment.”

“Haha.”

I went offline, and read books on the table. As I read it, I fell asleep, my mouth dazedly saying: “Why did you go so far away?”

Qiao Fei

I received a phone call from someone from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, who

told me the time of the written exam and the political exam. Right now I was really exceptional. Cheng Jia Yang's words were really logical. I wanted to become a professional interpreter, I wanted to succeed. I wanted to become my parents's pride. The Ministry of Foreign Affairs was a big meat pie [4], that Cheng Jia Yang had moved up to hit my head.

- [4]- Big Meat Pie refers to luck, an opportunity that one could only dream of. It is usually referred to as "hitting" the person that is receiving the luck.

Of course, if I didn't consider another factor, I would not have hesitated to join the test.

If I tested in, would I have to work with Cheng Jia Yang?

This was dangerous, but was also a huge temptation.

I had basically no confidence towards myself, Cheng Jia Yang, I felt I could not afford to provoke him; I couldn't always hide under the covers.

The day I was supposed to take the test, I slept very late and slowly opened my eyes. I grabbed my watch and when I saw that it had passed the time, my heart was peaceful at the fact that I wouldn't have to go. But then, I found there was actually still half an hour. I slowly put on my clothes.

I hadn't brushed my teeth when I received a phone call from home. My neighbor, auntie said: "Fei Fei, your mom is by my side, she has something to talk to you about."

"What is it?"

"You've returned to the country, but why haven't you returned home yet?" Auntie said.

"I should first stabilize my work."

"Your mom let you go thank someone."

"Who?"

Auntie said: "It's the, guy that originally came over to your house."

It was Cheng Jia Yang.

“He left money for the butcher shop and let them give you parents meat.”

“Are you saying he went to my house recently?”

“It wasn’t recently. Last year, didn’t you come home before you went abroad? When you left, he came. In the end he didn’t find you and when he tried to give your dad money, he didn’t want it, so he gave the money to the butcher.....”

Cheng Jia Yang

All the testing students from all languages were all sitting down. The French seat was empty, Qiao Fei had not come yet.

I went around, outside the testing area again, but could not see her shadow.

My colleagues asked me: “Jia Yang, verify it.”

I looked at my watch: “Wait a little more.”

The first bell rang. They began to verify student IDs and student cards.

The second bell rang, it was time to pass out the test.

I kept standing outside the testing area.

Qiao Fei

“Auntie, I can’t talk anymore. I have an important test to take. Tell my mom I will return in two days.”

I hung up the phone, washed my face, washed the clothes, and ran outside the school, calling for a taxi. After I sat in the car, my heart thought that this city was really big. My sweat started trickling from my forehead. I blamed Cheng Jia Yang. I owed him so much.

I finally reached the test area for the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. There wasn’t time to take the elevator. I ran up to the fourth floor in two or three steps. In the long hallway, I saw his figure. His back was towards me, facing the elevator room.

I lightly walked in, standing behind him. I said: “Jia Yang.”

He immediately turned around, looked at me. His expression in that moment was very complex: “You, why did you come so late?”

“Sorry.”

Sorry, Jia Yang. Sorry, sorry about everything that you’ve done for me.

“Quickly, enter the testing area with me.”

His colleagues pointed at the clock on the wall: “You’re half an hour late.”

The testing requirements were very clear. When one was late for so long, it wasn’t allowed to take the exam anymore.

“Let her enter. That is your seat, Qiao Fei.”

Jia Yang’s face was expressionless.

“You’ve come so late, you probably can’t answer all the questions anymore.”
The nosy person was still talkative.

I turned and said clearly: “I can finish it. I know it.”

Jia Yang smiled, a relaxed smile.

Chapter 50

Qiao Fei is ready to step into another universe- the world of work...

Also sorry for all the grammar stuff and other errors.

Translator: Tranzgeek

Chapter 50

Cheng Jia Yang

When the professional test finished, they began to interrogate Qiao Fei on politics. The Personnel Department had brought out some satisfactory questions. I didn't want to interrupt her answering her questions so I continued to stay in the testing area doorway.

The person who had went with me to the interview anxiously walked over. He saw me: "Jia Yang, I was looking for you."

"What is it?"

"This Qiao Fei. We just got news that she used to have a somewhat bad record in school."

"What?" I looked at her.

"The Ministry received a fax before, saying that this child had previously....."

I heard this and only felt my mood was difficult to set. After he finished I nodded: "Did the Department do a investigation? Was there a conclusion?"

"They didn't investigate, so of course there was no conclusion."

"Then isn't it just like that? Of hearsay matters, we should also consider. Your level is too little, Xiao Li."

"Wasn't I just investigating it in the Department. I didn't record it either, and came here especially to see what to do."

"What should we do?" I opened the door a tiny bit and saw Qiao Fei answering questions in side. Her face was red and glowing, "The people I want to recall, I'll

take responsibility.”

“Yes, Jia Yang, aren’t I discussing it with you now.”

“I know now. Thank you.” I waved my hand.

I hadn’t waited for Qiao Fei to finish answering her questions, when the phone rang. The director had a few things to clear up with me. I went to go see him. I asked me about this year’s recruitment circumstances. I gave him a brief report and he was pretty satisfied. He told me, next I would have to train my recruits. I said, don’t worry.

When it was almost lunchtime Xiao Hua called me: “Where are you going to eat for lunch? Jia Yang.”

“Cafeteria. You?”

“Cafeteria? You don’t want to eat 鲜奶洋芋[1] and 茶香青虾 [2]?”

[1] Haha too lazy to translate the food names. The first one is made up of taro and fresh milk.

[2] The second one is made up of shrimps and tea leaves.

“It sounds really good, but are you saying now?”

“Why don’t you want it now? I bought it for you and am waiting for you outside your unit.”

I said: “Xiao Hua.....”

Some people are so good to you. How can you not be touched?

That day after we finished the movie, and after I ate with her, I only said those two dishes were good at the time casually. She had remembered it in her heart.

“All right, wait, I’ll come down now.”

The senior brother from the same office said: “Your girlfriend came to send your meal over?”

I laughed: “How did you know?”

“Hey, it isn’t the first time.”

Outside the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, I found Xiao Hua’s car. She smiling said:

“Quickly grab it. I still have to return to the TV show in the afternoon. This one is yours. This one is for my colleagues. This is iced black tea.”

“You’re leaving like this?” I took the item and looked at her.

“I’m anxious. Oh eat slower. All right I’m leaving.” She said this and was about to start the car when she stopped, looking at me, “Jia Yang.”

“Ah?” I stood outside the car window looking at her.

She reached out her hand to touch my face: “You’re so hot, sweating so much.” As she said this she kissed my mouth.

I had not responded yet when she had already driven away.

I held the light sweet food she had given me in her hand. On my face I still had her hand’s light fragrance, but my heart felt heavy.

After I got off work I picked up Xiao Hua to eat together. At night we went to her place.

When I lay on the bed reading, Xiao Hua grabbed two big books and took them over. She sat next to me: “Today I returned to grab something and found my childhood pictures. Do you want to take a look?”

“All right.” I took it, and flipped it over. On the first page, Xiao Hua’s 100 day picture [3]. A round little girl’s face. Color had been added to the black and white picture. She had a face like an apple.” Right, when I was little, my 100 day picture was also like this.” As I turned the pages, the girl grew up. Her looks grew clearer, and she grew into a maiden, “You’ve been such a good student for so many years? I really admire you.”

- [3] Chinese do something called the 100 day celebration where you celebrate the 100th day of an infant. Yup. More goes into that (of course)

Xiao Hua laughed: “Cool, right?”

“But.”

“What?”

“When you were little, your nose didn’t seem to be as good looking.”

“Really?” She grabbed the album and looked at it herself, “Who said this, I always had this authentic hanging lamp nose.”

I laughed and said: “What authentic nose? Isn’t it a fake silkworm nose?”

Her hand stretched out into my armpit: “You aren’t making jokes about me now aren’t you?”

I laughed and flipped on the bed. Xiao Hua was pressed on my shoulders, her mouth into my ear, the air that it spit out itchy: “My mom said, she would treat us to a meal.”

I froze, and slowly sat up, I said: “I’ve been busy for these past few days. After these days, after these days. Plus, if you want to eat, I should treat us.”

Xiao Hua said: “Right, I also said this to my mom. Alright, you look at the pictures. I’m going to bath.”

I saw her go to the bathroom. My heart absent-mindedly drank water, smoked.

Qiao Fei

Next, was a busy time.

I was hired by the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, the last few days before graduation, I held a letter from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs to get various stamps from different school bodies, transferring my relationship over (*TL: The relationship with the school is transferred to the Ministry*), checking my body.

Then, I busily found a house. Because there were more new graduates, the Ministry didn’t care about housing. In the future, with monthly subsidies, everyone would solve it themselves. In the hot weather, I ran to many places. I finally found a house by the subway. The person who was with me and had been in this city for a long time was a girl, white-collared worker, Xiao Deng, who would be using the same public kitchen and bathroom as me.

The second day I moved out from the school, was the graduation ceremony.

Later when I recalled it, that day was pretty sensational. Everyone took pictures, listening to the head teacher’s lecture, people even cried.

It must have been that people couldn’t bear to leave the best four years of

their life. When I thought of it again, through these four years, busyness, enriched, thrilling, excitement and a little eclectic. Wow, just like stepping on a cliff, foot by foot. Looking back on it, my whole body filled with cold sweat.

In this big and bustling city, I was very fortunate my two best friends still stayed here for work. Ever since Bo Bo had stabilized her work at the French airlines, she began to train in business. The third day after she graduated, she went to Paris for the first time. She called to tell the world asking: "What do you want to bring for you guys from from Paris?"

Xiao Dan said: "Why don't you hit us?"

Xiao Dan's work in the travel agency immediately began. She was in her office, making travel arrangements; airplane tickets, hotel room prices, etc. It sounded like a very complicated job.

She called me in the night: "I'm really regretful that when I was in high school I didn't learn my math well."

The weather was very hot.

After the test, I didn't see Cheng Jia Yang again.

All of my basic plans had been stalled. Before I could go to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs I had two weeks of break.

I returned home for a while.

Originally I was only a little famous. This time I returned from France, and immediately got a job at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. All the neighbors came with their children to pay their respects.

The head of the neighborhood who had always taken care of my parents wanted to give me a little classroom in the small district's kindergarten, and wanted me to tell the children all of my experiences. Education, personal education, it wasn't only that age group but it ranged from kindergarten to primary school, high school, university. Anyone who could read was to attend. If the age was too small, and the child spoke out of turn, he also asked the parents to accompany them.

I bit the bullet [4]. I knew the high notes all right [5]. My parents had a lot of

face [6].

- [4] Bit the bullet- Endured
- [5] Knew the high notes all right- I knew my way around this situation all right.
- [6] Face- refers to reputation.

I hadn't returned home for a long time. At night, I slept together with my mom.

She knew the moment I returned I would have to work at the Ministry, and said that she would definitely buy me a high-end Western suit.

I said I didn't want it. I had just begun training, and I still didn't need to attend any occasions. Plus, I had a Western suit. I bought it when I was attending school.

That one is not good, too old. My mom said, are you afraid we are going to spend money? Fei Fei. Don't worry. The money you gave us is still left. I opened a small canteen with your dad, selling vinegar and soy sauce. Our business is pretty good.

Really? I said.

Of course.

All right you two. I laughed, You guys didn't work for nothing.

Right, did you do the thing I asked Auntie to tell you last time? She asked me.

What thing?

Letting you thank that senior brother that came to our house.

I thanked him I said. I turned around and stuck out my tongue. Yea, I had really forgotten, but I hadn't seen Jia Yang again.

Is that boy interested in you? Mom asked.

I looked at her, Oh, probably.

What about you? Fei Fei?

I don't know. Mom, his family has too much money. His parents are all great

officials.

Really?

I nodded.

Then you better tell him earlier. Fei Fei, we can't match with him, so don't walk this path. I'll give you the money and you can return it to him.

I know, mom, how can I not know?

But the moment Cheng Jia Yang was mentioned, I was very chaotic. Return his money? I owed him too many things: studying abroad, work- he had always been good to me. Even if I tried to return it, it would never amount to much

My sign language was pretty fast. I said to my mom, Don't worry, nothing can't be explained. He has a girlfriend, well matched. I'm closing the light. Let's sleep.

I closed the light and used the blanket to cover my head. My eyes only had that woman ahead of me. Was it knowing that it should not happen or was it that from head to toe, the other party was stronger than me in everything.

My mom yanked the towel on my face down.

I returned to the big city.

That day, I ate a hearty breakfast, energetically heading to the Ministry to report.

In the high turn meeting room, I saw many peers that were with me this year. They were all different high level talents that tested in from different Departments and excellent schools.

I found a place to sit, and greeted the people around me.

A boy said: "Aren't you the person that came in late to the testing?"

He really was bold. I looked at him: "Ah, what's wrong?"

"You also tested in?"

"Or else why would I be here?"

"Don't be unhappy." The boy laughed, "I'll say your business is pretty good. I'm called Zhao Peng Yuan. English."

“Qiao Fei, French.” I shook hands with him.

At this time a few more people came in. Cheng Jia Yang stood at the front.

He wore a white short shirt and black long pants, very lean. He also saw me, no expression.

Jia Yang spoke: “I am the high level senior translator, Cheng Jia Yang. I represent the Ministry in welcoming and congratulating everyone. After all the selection we go through, everyone here are all talents of their own languages. From today on in two months time, we senior translators will coach everyone, and chose again. Only the best French and English students will stay in the elite translation bureau. The other students will be put into different ministries, embassies, and consulates abroad. In this time, before everyone officially enters the Ministry, I think you already have a certain understanding. So without further ado, I will first wish all you success. Now I will introduce the different teachers of the different languages in charge of training you.....”

The people in charge of training us, new people, were all because of age or health reasons that they were unable to continue being the original talented interpreters they would have become.

Me and the 15 other French students, under the tutelage of Teacher Wu became a new class.

At night I called Xiao Dan and said: “It turns out I have to continue being a student. Throughout this lifetime it can be considered that I will never be able to be a teacher.”

“Damn,” she gave a yawn, “I admire you to death, everyday my work is so tired that I could die. I can’t talk anymore. I’m tired.”

I hunt up, and stood on the balcony, looking at the summer night sky. The night wind blew into my nightshirt. The heat receded and it was slightly cool.

I thought of the morning. Cheng Jia Yang finished our training, we left the meeting room. Downstairs when we were going to class, he was behind me and said: “Did you find a good house?”

I looked back at him and nodded.

“Is it far?”

“Yuquan Road, near the Academy of Social Sciences.”

“It’s a little far.”

“It’s pretty good, next to the subway.”

He didn’t reply again, and only stood beside me.

“Ah I forgot to say thanks to you.”

“Thanks for what?”

“This work. My exchange student opportunity. I laughed as I looked at him, “I returned home two days ago and showed off a lot.”

I didn’t mention the matter of him going to my house.

Jia Yang smiled: “Qiao Fei, you are exceptional, this is what you deserve. From now on you should work hard.”

Yes, I was working, I was an adult now.

Jia Yang said it right, graduation, this was a ridge. I stepped over it, and everything had passed. Everything sad, happy, pressuring, indulgent, what I should do, and what I should not.....

I’ll just leave it like this, never mind then. *(TL: To the best of my knowledge, Qiao Fei is talking about the thing where her mom asked her to thank CJY)*

I put my palms together.

Chapter 51

I think after being separated for so long, they are warming up to each other...

Translator: Tranzgeek

Chapter 51

Qiao Fei

Besides the weekend, everyday I was at the Ministry taking classes. I learned a lot of Chinese characteristics, entries, and sentence structures. Most of the time, we were doing practice of intercourse and interpretation, just like what we had done in Montpellier. Sometimes we would casually meet some foreigners to interpret for. In a day, all three meals were eaten in our unit. This way we still had more than 2000 dollars of wages. Of course, it was less for someone hanging around in the big cities but I was already very satisfied.

Sometimes I would see Jia Yang. When we were in class, he would sometimes come to take a look, and say hi to the teacher. On a pretense, I asked Teacher Wu: "Why does that senior brother Cheng keep coming?"

"He is in charge of arranging the new recruits' training."

"Besides translating he also has to care about us?"

"Able people should do more work." The teacher said.

Our class had some fans of Jia Yang. Whenever he came, the girls would all have small commotions. My heart was very angry. We've graduated, you know? Why are you still belittling yourselves and becoming little girls? This dissatisfaction was inadvertently revealed when eating lunch one day. One Shanghai girl sharply pointed out: "Qiao Fei, if you don't say anything, who knows what comes to your mind?"

What type of person would falsely accuse this? I was mad, and couldn't help but laugh.

Suddenly their attention wasn't on me.

Someone waved his hand: "Senior brother, senior brother, sit here."

I turned. Cheng Jia Yang sat at their table. The drink he grabbed was a box of iced green tea.

He sat at our table, everyone saying so many things to him. The content of what we talked about was pretty shallow, it was only to say something to him only. Jia Yang had always been good tempered.

I finished eating, using a straw to drink milk, conversing, joined in, laughing.

Zhao Peng Yuan and a few other guys finished their food and came to socialize. At this moment we were pretty familiar with each other.

Xiao Zhao asked Jia Yang: "Senior brother, when can we come to settle it?"

Jia Yang said: "After 11. In previous years it has been this time." At this time he looked at me, "After 11."

He finished eating, and grabbed the green tea about to leave. He said to us: "Stay here for a while, I'm going to back to my office."

He walked beside me. I opened my mouth to say: "Senior brother. After you finish eating, drinking tea is bad for your health."

Jia Yang stopped, looked at me, looked at the tea in his hands: "Really? Thanks ah. I was thinking to refresh myself.

As he said this he walked away.

I thought of being with him before, and one time my stomach hurt so much.

This afternoon, Teacher Wu gave us many files to interpret. Everyone complained, weekend ah, there were still so many classes. Wasn't it just killing us?

The teacher said, isn't this for your benefit? What is interpreting? Interpreting is being more prepared than others. Right now I am letting you do some work, so it will be better than meeting up with many problems in the future and having to use the power of your tongue."

Before I got off work, I did some more. We split the work. Everyone got some files, and took them back to do, and then on Monday we would do a summary

and hand it in to the teacher.

I interpreted pretty quickly. I planned to stay in the office and leave yesterday night, but firstly, this places resources were a lot more, and secondly, I had basically understood Xiao Deng's habits. Over the weekend her boyfriend would come and I tried to give them some space.

I ate in the cafeteria. After I bought some snacks I returned to continue to work. The cafeteria had made eggplant for dinner. I was at fault and ate more. When it was almost the end of my interpreting I dazedly fell asleep.

When I woke up again, I was woken up by someone pushing my arm.

I even thought I was dreaming because the person in front of me was Jia Yang.

I looked at him, my head hurting.

Jia Yang got a handkerchief from his pocket and helped me wipe my mouth: "From a little age, did you allow too many people to pinch you too much? Why is that after you've grown up you still drool when you sleep."

So I hadn't been dreaming. Then that meant there were many interesting things that couldn't be done.

I sighed and organized my things.

I still had a bit more to translate. I had to take it all back home to do it.

"So hard working?" He said.

"There's no other way, too much homework. What time is it?"

"10:00"

"What about you? So late too?"

"I just wrote some materials. I saw your light still on and came over to take a look.

He closed my office light and we went down the stairs together.

At this time, the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and some other departments were still brightly lit. Some colleagues were still working, some chefs sent up supper.

We walked outside. Jia Yang asked me: "How are you going to return?"

“Subway.”

He looked at me: “I’ll send you.”

“Will it be convenient?”

“What are you talking about?”

So I went with him to the parking lot and got on his car.

He lowered his head, and didn’t speak. He helped me put on my seat belt.

“My house is at Yuquan road.”

“Mm.”

I sat on this common and familiar car, that guy that used to be so familiar next to me. We weaved through the city.

At this time in the city, it wasn’t as bustling as it was in the morning. At night, it seemed a little quiet and warm, changing into something that people could withstand.

I opened the window, leaned on the chair, looking out I concentrated on looking at the nightscape, feeling a light breeze.

It was like this that we got to my old style residential place. I said: “How do you know where I live?”

“I looked at your form before.”

“Oh.”

“What floor do you live on?”

“3rd floor.”

In the darkness, Jia Yang’s car’s light gave off a yellow radiance. His face, his eyes, seeing them in this moment, it seemed extremely beautiful.

“It has gotten late.” I said.

“Right.” He said.

“You should return.”

“Ok.”

I opened the door to get off the car. When I got to the entrance I said:
“Thanks.”

He nodded his head in the car.

I returned home, opened the door by myself. Xiao Deng watched TV by herself. Her boyfriend did not come.

I ran to the balcony, and saw Jia Yang’s car leave.

Who knew Xiao Deng would run with me to the balcony. She asked; “What? Who sent you home?”

“Why are you caring so much for?”

“Such a luxurious car.”

I walked back, and felt my stomach was hungry so I boiled some water to make something easy.

I said: “Why didn’t your boyfriend come today?”

She didn’t reply. I finished my noodles and looked at her, but I saw a strange shape.

Xiao Deng sat on the sofa, her two hands on her separate knees, her thumb and middle fingers gripped together, closing her eyes and breathing deeply.

“Why are you practicing qigong [1]?”

- [1] qigong- a Chinese system of physical exercises and breathing control related to tai chi.

“Ignorant child, do not say nonsense. Big sister is practicing, yoga, gamma, power.” She slowly said.

“You want to lose weight. Why don’t I teach you the Yangge dance [2] from my hometown?” I said, eating tomatoes.

- [2] Yangge dance- *Yangge* is a form of Chinese folk *dance* originating from the Song Dynasty. It is very popular in northern China

I watched Xiao Deng slowly breath in, and finish. She suddenly stood up and

turned to me, her mouth said: “Today if I don’t repair you broken child, I will be sorry to myself.”

I was so startled that the tomatoes dropped.

The night that I brushed my teeth with her, Xiao Deng said to me: “My that, I broke up with him.”

“Why? What reason? Weren’t you guys good last week, you guys were good for six years already?”

“Plus high school, it’s been nine years.” She spit out the toothbrush, “But what way is there. I want to be with him, but it’ll be very bitter. He doesn’t earn as much as me, and often runs around. How will we find the money to marry? House? What about our children?”

“You broke up with him, and you had one?” I asked, roughly not thickly.

“Everytime I think of it, I think the pressure has decreased. I don’t have to consider others, and as long as I am happy it will be okay.” She washed her face, wiped her face, and looked at me in the mirror.

“I will continue to look and then I will definitely find a rich person. At least he is in this city and has a car and a house.”

Xiao Deng was right. Reality made everything easy change so much, more so people’s hearts.

Chapter 52

Who's conning who now?

Chapter 52

Translator: Tranzgeek

Cheng Jia Yang

In September, the country had a big meeting, towards foreign propaganda, attending the reception of foreign guests, news and foreign comments had to be interpreted. We were busy for a month. Qiao Fei also got high grades after going through learning and training. During the meeting, Qiao Fei also participated in the translation work; her level really had a great improvement, people sat up and take notice. After October 1, we will be based on their performance assigned, and Qiao Fei will stay in the high turnoff. She has basically become fixed, of course, this is not what I only think.

An interesting event took place during the meeting, and Qiao Fei even caught the attention of our Director.

As an observer of one of the French representative, a mother came with her to China. The old lady was deaf, we were not prepared in advance, the reception process was very troublesome. Qiao Fei had to work at the meeting site. When she knew the situation, she rushed to the hotel to save the scene, and in the next few days, she accompanied the representative and her mother while they went around. The foreign guest was impressed by her, when she left to the Ministry, she expressed deep gratitude to Qiao Fei.

I heard of this matter later. The director asked me, Is this maiden new? How does she also know sign language?

I said: "You forgot. I mentioned her to you before, from the Institute of Foreign Languages. Last year, it was the one we sent out with cooperation from the Ministry of Education."

"Really?" The director was pretty happy, "This maiden is pretty good. It seems her French is also good. Jia Yang, lets let her stay, one person for two

translations.”

“You can also do business, what’s the starting salary?” I laughed.

I thought sometimes. This young, new person. Her body’s enthusiasm and vigor made one admire it. There were always infinite kinds of possibilities in front of her. Some opportunities entered like shooting light. She said she wanted to thank me, but I was clear. With me would have been the same as without me. Whether she was in the Ministry or in another place, she was always an outstanding person that no one could ignore.

The weather cooled. Xiao Hua got a cold in this time. Originally, it was only some light symptoms. She worked with her sickness and it became heavier, and she got acute pneumonia.

Fortunately, I was busy over the General Assembly, so I had a little breathing space. I had time to take care of her, she didn’t live in the hospital for too long, and I took her home.

At night, I boiled some porridge for her to eat. I blew on it and sent it to her mouth. Xiao Hua opened her mouth, but didn’t eat. Her tears began to flow.

“What is this for? As for?” I put the porridge down, “Isn’t it just leaving a few days of work. Just take it as you’ve celebrated October 1 [1]. You are busy from the beginning of the year to now, and now you can rest. Isn’t this great?”

- [1] PRC national holiday

She shook her head: “No, Jia Yang, it isn’t because of this.” Her tears multiplied, as she looked at me under the light, holding my hand, pressing it to her own face, “Thank you. Without you, I don’t know what I would do.”

Xiao Hua’s words- I could understand them.

People like us, we had a life of luxury, a famous name outside, but our hearts were weak. We wanted warmth. We wanted comfort in times of pain.

I supported her up, helped her wipe her tears, feeding her porridge with soothing tones.

Like, the other person who had done the same thing for me.

Before October 1, Xiao Hua's body had generally recovered. She discussed wanting to go to Dalian for vacation.

When I heard her words, I was drinking water. A gulp of water clogged my throat. I swallowed it, resisting the urge to cough.

"Time is so abundant, why do you want to go to Dalian? It's too close." I said.

"I remember the last time you went on my show, I asked you where you liked to travel the most. You said it was Dalian. You don't remember?"

I didn't speak. My impressions seemed to hold what she spoke about.

Last time I went to Dalian, it already been two years. That time I went with Qiao Fei. The time passed quickly, it had been two years.

"You are unwilling?" Xiao Hua said.

"No, we can do whatever you want. If you want to go, we can go. It's Dalian ah, the scenery is really very good."

She was very happy: "Then we'll settle it like this, Jia Yang.

In the cafeteria, I ran into that class of new students. When they were ordering their meal, I saw Qiao Fei speaking. She seemed very vivid, everyone listened carefully, and then a burst of laughter emerged. She was saying jokes again.

They called me over to eat with them.

Xiao Zhao said: "Qiao Fei, say the joke you just said again, for senior brother."

Qiao Fei said to them: "You repeat it. I want to see if you remember it."

I said: "I'll say one then."

They all had abundant enthusiasm.

"A said: I recently had a part-time job.

B asked: Where?

A said: A mental hospital.

B said: What do you do?

A said: I was studied."

Everyone laughed. Qiao Fei said, poker faced: “Then what? Senior brother.”

The laughing got bigger. I also laughed, watching her.

While we were eating, everyone discussed their plans for October 1. According to tradition, the Ministry planned for them to go to the nearby reservoir to play.

A female classmate asked: “Senior brother, are you going?”

“Me? I won’t go.” I said, “This is something arranged for you guys who have just entered the Ministry.”

“Oh. Then senior brother, how are you going to celebrate October 1?”

“I, am going to Dalian.”

Qiao Fei focused on eating, eating very fragrantly.

“You aren’t going by yourself right?” Someone asked.

I laughed, shook my head, not answering.

“Ah, I graduated from Dalian’s foreign language department.” A girl said, “Do you need a tourist guide, senior brother?”

“Thank you, thank you,” I said, “If I need one, I will definitely find you.”

Qiao Fei said: “Oh Zhao Peng Yuan, you aren’t going to drink your yogurt? Give it to me then.”

But Xiao Hua and I didn’t go to Dalian for vacation. She changed her plan. She wanted to go to a seaside island.

“Why do you not want to go to Dalian anymore?” I said.

“For October 1, there will definitely be many people in Dalian. Going to an island will be so good, it’ll be quiet, and the air will be great.”

“Well whatever you want.”

“I know you are willing to go anywhere with me.” She said, she tried on a custom-made hat in a famous shop, “This is very important to me.” She smiled.

“Oh Jia Yang, look, this hat doesn’t look right.”

I looked at her: “It’s pretty good. What’s wrong?”

“Look, this side is a little oblique.”

“Can’t be.”

“It’s right.”

She put down the hat and called that shop. After a few sentences, the other side said that it was currently the season. The master was too busy, and could not come out, and let us send it in to be fixed.

Xiao Hua was mad: “They made it badly, and even want us to send it back.”

I said: “That’s enough. Don’t go, your body just recovered. I’ll go.”

Xiao Hua said: “How is that good. But, Jia Yang, you don’t need to wait. Let them send it in.”

On the way, my car was very slow. The September sun was too good, making people lazy and scattered when it shone upon them.

That famous shop was in an old commercial street in the alley, I found it, and was just about to stop, when I saw see Qiao Fei. She was carrying a handbag, wearing a green skirt, looking from left to right, shopping in the street.

I looked at her from far away, smiling.

This was the person in my heart.

I pressed the car horn and got off the car, she saw me.

“Let’s find a place to sit. Do you have time?” I asked.

“All right.” She said, looking at me, her eyes bright, “But where?”

“Are you hungry? Let’s eat hotpot.”

“Let’s eat Maodu hotpot [1]. I know a small restaurant. I’ll treat us.”

- [1] Maodu hotpot- Traditional hotpot of the Han Chinese in Chongqing

“Ok, you lead.”

When I saw her, it really made one happy. I helped her open the car door. She pointed inside and looked at me.

In the copilot’s position was Xiao Hua’s expensive hat box.

I quickly took it out and put it in the backseat.

Fei brought me to a place that wasn't far, not big, but very clean. Maodu hotpot's fragrance was really very good. We got a lot of things to eat and a little bit of pure grain liquor.

I was hungry, she was also hungry. We didn't speak much, and first solved the stomach problem.

Fei drank a lot. I remembered she had a high alcoholic intake.

I poured a little for myself, but was pressed down by her hand: "Oh, don't drink it, you can just drink Sprite. Later you still need to drive."

I didn't know how my hand could be pressed down by her hand. I didn't speak, my heart jumped around wildly.

But, the good part was that she didn't take back her hand.

I looked at her, she looked at me. We were in the midst of the hot oil steaming from the hotpots.

Fei's small face, was red, her eyes, dense with fog.

"Fei, I have something to ask you." I slowly said.

She watched me.

"That day, when we made an appointment, you went to Paris, right?"

She nodded.

"Why did you trick me, and say you didn't go? Why didn't you go see me? How did you meet up with the explosion?"

Today, I must understand everything.

She didn't immediately reply. She slowly flipped the hand pressing on my hand over.

I looked at it. There was a red scar on it, on her white palm, startling.

"I went to Paris. But, I was with another person. Jia Yang, a boy. We used to be very good in Paris." She clearly spoke, little by little breaking my heart, "At that time we were at the Lyons Train Station. The explosion happened. To save me,

he died. I cannot forget him.”

“Lies.”

“Zu Zu Ferlande, gendarmerie, his body was buried by the flag. You must have seen this name in the newspaper. Everytime I think of him, I feel he has never left. Did you see the scar on my hand? It is he that is accompanying me. Jia Yang, I am just like this.”

I let go of her hand, I felt after my internal organs were frozen, Qiao Fei used a hammer to hammer them apart.

Qiao Fei drained the small cup of liquor, smiling gorgeously: “Let’s go home, Jia Yang.”

I returned home. Xiao Hua seemed to ask about the hat matter. I don’t even know what I said. I fell asleep the moment I hit the bed.

Xiao Hua didn’t ask about the hat matter again. On October 1, we went to a nearby city on an island. The island was sparsely populated, its environment was pretty good. There were only resorts for high ranking officials.

Our room was on the third floor, facing the big sea and the black reef.

Xiao Hua looked at the seaside scenery with me. She leaned against my embrace and said: “Jia Yang, I hope we will forever be like this, together, only us two.”

I held her hand: Okay, Xiao Hua, okay.

But that night, I dreamed I was not here.

At Dalian, at the beach, it was raining. I was with Qiao Fei; but suddenly, this place changed into the Lyons train station. The woman I loved had a man next to her with an obscured face. I knew this place was about to explode, but I couldn’t let him be there. I was about to run over there. If anyone died, it should have been me. To save her, I would die, but I didn’t run far, I couldn’t run faster than the explosion. The sound boomed, and the heat escalated. I yelled loudly Qiao Fei!

I woke up, thinking I was still in my dream.

I only saw the room burning, smoke and fire pervading the air.

[] []

Chapter 53

More foreshadowing~~ The suspense is real! Another long chapter ahead for you guys. I take back what I said about preparing Chaps 54-55 too this week, although I may do it if I have time this weekend.

Chapter 53

Translator: Tranzgeek

Qiao Fei

We were off for October 1 now. I slept at my house for two days until I exhausted my food supply. Only when everything ran out, did I wash my face and go downstairs to buy things at the supermarket.

In front of the yogurt platform, a brand was having a promotional.

Promoting things- usually sales were not good. I had a look, the waiter took a cup for me to taste. It was mint flavored yogurt.

I said: "Ah, like toothpaste, who would like that flavor?"

The waiter looked at me, mysteriously smiling: "After you eat it, your breath will become fresh and very interesting. Think of it, who wouldn't be willing to kiss someone who has brushed their teeth."

This was very reasonable.

I remembered, being with Jia Yang before. One day, he ate all the mint ice cream and wanted to kiss me. His mouth had a very fragrant taste.

As I indulged in my memories, I made the waiter misunderstand. She grabbed one and gave it to me: "How is it? Buy three, get one free."

"Thanks. I am single." I laughed as I rejected her, and pushed the cart to leave.

- She says she is single to imply that she won't be able to finish so much ice cream. Hmm maybe other reasons too but I think ^^ is main.

I wanted to go buy chili sauce, and eat it with cucumbers when I went home.

Someone called me, it was a stranger's number.

I picked it up: "Hello?"

"Xiao Qiao comrade."

"Hello, Huang Wei De Chief Engineer."

"Whoa, you could tell who I was in an instant?"

"Haven't you seen what I do?"

Lao Huang laughed in the phone: "Do you have time? Let's go out and I'll treat you."

"You are currently here?"

"Otherwise why would I find you?"

"All right."

No matter who it was, only a lonely person appeared, not to mention, he was my enemy in France. Lao Huang, this person was really fun and interesting. I happily accepted the invitation, we decided to eat at a Spanish club.

I organized my house a bit, sat in a taxi to go there. When I got there, Lao Huang was already there. Across from him was someone with his back towards me. His back made me feel very familiar and intimate.

Lao Huang hugged me as soon as he got over and said: "Qiao Fei, your color is great."

"I'm on break, I sleep well."

I said these words to him, when someone turned, and stood up.

"He, you should know. My doctor, good friend, Doctor Cheng Jia Ming. You guys talked by phone before." Lao Huang introduced us and said to the other person, "Jia Ming, this is my blood-related little sister, Qiao Fei." *(TL: Ok I'm pretty sure he's kidding about them being related)*

Right, this face, this name, I knew them all.

We had met each other before, at the beach outside the city. That day Jia Yang

had gotten drunk. His big brother picked him up.

When we were on the phone before, I interpreted for him and the French doctors. Cheng Jia Ming said your voice is a little familiar.

As of now, I was across from Cheng Jia Ming. I shook hands with him, seeing his face just as cool as Jia Yang's face.

Ah such a complicated matter. I didn't know how to begin.

I could only pray this person didn't have such a great memory as I did.

"You say you are an exchange student? Are you working now?" As he sat down to drink stuff, Cheng Jia Ming asked me.

"I've graduated. Right now, I am working at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs." I answered honestly.

"No wonder you don't go over to my place." Lao Huang helped me pour some tea, "Where are you interpreting now? I know, you may go abroad again right?"

"Before October 1, I have always been learning to determine if I should stay in the high elite interpretation bureau or go abroad. After October 1, we will be split up." I said.

I saw Lao Huang put a spoonful of sugar in his black tea.

"Oh, Lao Huang, don't you have diabetes?"

"So loud, do you want to tell everyone here?" Cheng Jia Ming said.

I looked at him: "You are his doctor, you don't even care?"

Lao Huang laughed, drinking his tea, seeing how Cheng Jia Yang would combat me.

"Care about what?" He said.

"Controlling the diet, making sure one is healthy."

"Why?"

"A long life of 100 years."

"Do you think you can?"

"No, it's not this. But at least you will live longer, live a little more

comfortably.”

“What counts as comfortable?”

It was finished, I could not keep up.

“What do you think counts as comfortable?”

“As long as I can eat, drink, play, sleep, it is comfortable.” Cheng Jia Ming said, “He is sick, I only care about giving medicine, therapy. Whatever he wants to eat, as long as he is comfortable it is okay.”

Whoa, that was all right. Sometimes, I really couldn’t look down on the mid-youth.

He was very satisfied as he looked at me, smiled, and only said to Lao Huang: “Did you see that? She is still a child, so see through.”

“Aren’t you a hepatobiliary doctor? You switched right? Were you a lawyer before?”

“Are you saying that my mouth is better? Maiden?” Cheng Jia Ming pointed to himself as he said this, even more happy.

“I am saying you are good at making excuses, especially at making the black into white.

Lao Huang laughed loudly, waving his hand to call the waiter over to order food.

Lao Huang’s taste included cholesterol high, fat high, high-calorie Spanish food, baked eel with fat oil, with white wine, drink a bottle of their own. He used half of the liver to get his blood metabolism flowing. When I saw this, I was struck silly.

A female singer was singing a Spanish song, a male and a female were dancing. They danced a very hot and beautiful dance.

Cheng Jia Ming was sucked in by the female singer, listening to her voice.

I also felt this song was very good, I asked: “What are they singing.”

“Happy Life.”

“Then how do you understand Spanish?”

Cheng Jia Ming watched me: “Why didn’t you see the projection next to the stage?”

Really, I was absentminded and actually didn’t see the projection next to the stage with the lyrics and translated Chinese.

Cheng Jia Ming ate quite a bit, grabbed the pen that he brought wherever he went and wrote down some things, giving it to the waiter. He paid money and said to him: “Give this to the singer, and help me send a bouquet of the flowers she likes.”

Lao Huang saw this: “Jia Ming, your nature really does not change.”

The man laughed lightly: “Didn’t you hear the song they’re singing? Happy life, happy life.”

His fingers were slender, the goblet with red wine in the palm of the hand gently turned, the side of his head looked at the beautiful singer. She received his flowers and money, smiled to him. He nodded, and raised a glass of wine to the woman.

Next was the dance. The singer became Cheng Jia Ming’s partner. The two of them danced. He was really good at dancing.

How was I to exercise restraint, I could not control myself and looked at him carefully.

This man’s face was so similar to Jia Yang’s.

High forehead, straight nose, thin flying lips, white transparent color.

But it was only, the other person, would not be like this. Saying things casually like that, laughing dissolutely, dancing beautifully, nothing else in his eyes but his own happy life.

Lao Huang drank about enough. He nagged at me: “Qiao Fei, big brother will be going off to Shanghai now. In the future, I will come see you again. You too, if you go, definitely look for me.

Little sister, you are really good, you are cool enough.

.....”

“Don’t you feel, I am like a boy?”

“Oh, right, that’s right, you are like a small buddy.”

Most of the people thought this. I sighed.

A song ended, Cheng Jia Ming kissed the singer’s hand, walked over, looked at me, and looked at Lao Huang.

“I’ll send you guys back.”

“Back?” Lao Huang said, stood up, his body swaying, “Where else are we going to play?”

“You have talent. The maiden still needs to rest.” Cheng Jia Ming patted his back, “Let’s go, let’s go, Lao Huang. We are going to return.”

Cheng Jia Ming and I sent Huang Wei De back to his hotel. Before we left his room, he grabbed some medicine for Lao Huang to eat.

We went on the elevator together, downstairs.

In the elevator of the high class hotel, the walls were shining brass, like a mirror, but it had a soft luxury light.

I looked at myself, Cheng Jia Ming looked at himself.

Then we looked at each other.

“Qiao Fei, how old are you?”

“Ah!” I looked at him, “Who asks these things?”

“Last last year I was 29.”

“Then I won’t tell you either.”

“It’s a little weird.”

“What?”

“Why do I feel you are like the branch secretary from my junior high school.” He seemed like he was talking to me, but also talking to himself.

My heart thought, Uncle, when you were in junior high school, I hadn’t even graduated from kindergarten okay?

“You’re so old now, why can’t you remember the classmates you had in middle school?” I asked him, word by word, emphasizing the word “old”.

He had never been told off by anyone like this. Seeing my expression, he looked like he had eaten a fly.

“Really, you brought back my memories of her.....”

“W-h-y? No, please, teach.....” I waited for him, to see what this person would say.

“She controls everything, Mom in my classical matters.”

As soon as I heard this, I felt these words were truly ridiculous, so I laughed, and stopped fighting: “This is the first time I heard the words ‘Mom in my Classical Matters’, hahahaha.... Small phrases, are very sharp ah.”

The elevator reached our destination, we went out.

We went out of the hotel. Cheng Jia Ming said: “Get on my car. Where’s your house?”

I stood: “No need, thank you. There is the subway. I’ll take the subway home.”

“It really is that you are younger. Getting mad so easily? As for what? Come, I’ll send you.”

“Really no need. Thank you, Dr. Cheng.

Lao Huang isn’t here. I don’t sit on strangers’s cars.” I said.

Cheng Jia Ming stood next to his car, a very interesting smile on his face.

“I also am not familiar with you, but, are we really strangers? Qiao Fei.”

I couldn’t understand the meaning of his words.

There were words inside these words ah.

I looked at him.

At this time, his phone rang.

He said sorry to me, opened his phone: “What?

..... what time?

..... now?

..... ok, I will go there immediately.”

He said to me: “I’m really sorry. I have some matters. I must go immediately.”

I nodded, feeling like something serious had happened: “Okay, go quickly.”

He went on his car and said to me again: “Really sorry, I cannot send you off. Something happened in my family.”

I sat on the subway, thinking about Cheng Jia Ming’s words. He said, with a heavy tone, something happened in his family.

My stomach was a little hurt. I used my hand to press it a bit, really, I hadn’t eaten anything before, but the pain gradually intensified. In the end, I shrunk into a ball on my seat.

I clutched my stomach, going home, puking a mess, staying on the toilet, until I couldn’t straighten my waist, until I puked all over the place. Xiao Deng was scared, and supported my back: “Fei Fei, how are you? I’ll send you to a hospital.”

I waved my hand and touched the wall, standing up. When I saw my face in the mirror, devoid of all color, only seeing my black eyes, this was not right ah. I had never had this kind of problem.

I suddenly thought of something, my abortion. When I gave up on me and Jia Yang’s child, Jia Yang told me, in another place, he had basically been pained to the point of blood seeping out his stomach.

A huge fear enveloped me in an instant.

Chapter 54

Really sorry about the earlier chapter that was leaked today! Thus, here's the chapter brought to you by Jeslyn and me. Yup I've decided to take a break from studying and post this... but also because I am really really sorry to the many people who clicked on Chap 55 and didn't find anything!

Also pls thank Jeslyn for taking the time to translate the first half!!

Ugh I was actually feeling sorry for Xiao Hua when she ***** Cheng Jia Yang, but now all she can do is cry!

Chapter 54

Translator: Jeslyn ->

Qiao Fei

I grabbed the phone and called Jia Yang. Apart from his handphone number, my mind was completely blank. What manners, self-esteem, self-knowledge? I threw them all aside. I just wanted to make sure that Jia Yang was safe and all right. No matter how far apart we were and no matter who he was with, it was fine with me as long as he was okay.

However, I was unable to contact him. After the tone, the call was unable to go through.

My stomach was still hurting. I curled up in my own bed, and dialed his number over and over again. I heard repeated beeps over and over again. I was only thinking about Jia Yang in my mind.

He loved me and treated me so well. He wanted me to be happy and carefully suffered his grievances all by himself. But what did I ever do for him? It was not easy for him to come Paris for work and I was already at the lobby of the guesthouse, yet I did not go see him. I even told him that I was with another boy.

It was not like that, Jia Yang. I did not tell you, but ever since I met you, there was no one else in my eyes and in my heart. Did you know how painful it was to learn, and be an intern, and yet I still continued to be silly and pretended to be

happy everyday. What supported me for so long? What made me persevere on and not give up? It was you, Jia Yang, and only you. I want to be with you, work together with you, live together with you. I have never been willing to do anything else.

Jia Yang, you need to be fine. I want to see you and I still have a lot of things that I have not said to you. Nothing must happen to you, Jia Yang, I do not have much of anything left already. Even if I have to look at you from a distance that is all right. But if I lose you, what reasons do I have to live on?

I was confused. Xiao Deng snatched my phone away, and forced some chinese herbal medicine into my mouth. I choked until I was a mess, however my stomach pain seemed to have slowly become better. But I started to have a severe headache, and fell asleep in a daze.

When i woke up, it was dawn. I picked up the phone to continue dialing Jia Yang's number however it still could not be connected, it still could not be connected

Xiao Deng heard me and ran over from her room and snatched away my phone.

"Please give it back to me, I beg you."

"Are you out of your mind?"

"I have a friend that seems to have gone missing."

"Then go around and ask people. Being like this is not solving the problem."

She was right, I really must be not thinking straight. I cannot find him but I can go look for Cheng Jia Ming. I have his name card that he gave me yesterday in my pocket. I trembled as I dialed his phone number.

After ringing 3 times, Cheng Jia Ming answered the phone.

"Hello?"

"Hi Dr Cheng, I am Qiao Fei."

"Hello."

"I, I want to ask you....."

I was incoherent, and could not even continue talking.

On the other side of the phone, Cheng Jia Ming said: "Listen to me, Qiao Fei. I am in the hospital now. My colleague just operated on Jia Yang and he is resting now."

He went for a surgery? What exactly happened to him?

I could not care less and asked: "How is Jia Yang?"

"He was having a vacation on the island, and his hotel caught fire. He was hit in the back by the lintel, but fortunately he was rescued by his companions.

"What kind of injury does he have? Is it serious?"

"He broke his shoulder bone, he needs to recuperate."

After hearing what Cheng Jia Ming said, I could not say anything. I just felt that my whole body and limbs became empty.

After a while, Cheng Jia Ming said: "Hello?"

"Yes, Dr Cheng, it's me."

"Jia Yang is in a stable condition now. His family is taking care of him. If you wish to visit him, you will have to wait for another few more days, and come visit him together with your colleagues. Do you understand what I mean?"

"Yes, I understand. Thank you, Dr Cheng."

I put down the phone and placed all my weight on the bed as I lay on the bed.

Xiao Deng asked me: "So how was it? Do you know of the situation now?"

I frowned and said: "Xiao Deng, do you believe that there is really telepathy between people?"

"I believe." Xiao Deng sat beside me, "If two hearts come together, the body will also feel the telepathy."

"Really?" I muttered.

"Is his injury serious? Do you want to go see him?"

"His shoulder bone is broken. I will go see him in a few days. I'm not very worried about him. He has a lot of people who will take care of him.

Then, go take a shower and sleep for a while, Fei Fei. Look at how you are tormenting yourself.”

“Thank you, Xiao Deng.”

I turned my body over and rested on the bed.

Cheng Jia Yang

I woke up and felt my body in pain.

I heard someone say: “He is awake. Jia Yang woke up.”

I just felt the glaring sunlight, and slowly opened my eyes to see my mother in tears.

I heard the doctor say: “Cheng Jia Yang?”

Translator: Tranzgeek →

“That’s me.” My throat was so dry.

He used a flashlight to shine into my eyes, and nodded to the people around me.

I became like a panda surrounded by people. It was hard for me to see my parents and my brother at the same time, and my uncle and aunt on my father and mother’s side. So many relatives. I slowly opened my mouth and asked: “Xiao Hua, where is she?”

The scene in the past still flickered in front of me. In the fire, we fled panickedly, outside. I pushed Xiao Hua, but I fell myself on the lintel, falling to the ground, unmoving. Xiao Hua cried out my name: “Jia Yang, Jia Yang, let’s go, quickly, move a bit.” Her hands pushed hard on the hot red lintel. I heard some sounds, I was pressed underneath, but my head was still clear and sober. I said: “Xiao Hua, go, quickly go. We cannot be here together!”

“No, no, Jia Yang, what did you say to me? Didn’t you promise me that we would be together forever?” She cried and refused to give up. Using her hands, feet, using all of her strength to push aside the object pressing down on me, already wounded, “Jia Yang, don’t continue to be on the ground, I’m begging you, promise me, okay?!”

I heard her crying sounds, my body slowly loosened. I moved out. Xiao Hua grabbed me. I only felt a tear on my shoulders and legs, like a sharp pain. I was pulled under from the lintel by her.

The last thing I remember was that we fell heavily on the bench, looking for a window, jumping down from somewhere. The last thing I remember was that we heavily fell on the sandy beach, and then I lost consciousness.

I said I wanted to see Xiao Hua. They were anxious for a moment, but not after too long, Xiao Hua finally came. Behind her were her parents. I saw her, and felt very scared. Her hands were covered with heavy bandages and she was pushed in by a wheelchair.

I thought of it, but I could not move. I reached out my hand towards her: "Xiao Hua, are you okay? Why are you like this?"

She reached over to grab my hand: "No, don't worry. My legs hurt, and it is only a mobility inconvenience," as she said this, she began to cry again, "But you, Jia Yang, you must stay in bed to recover."

"Sorry." I said.

"What are you saying?" Xiao Hua used her handkerchief to wipe her tears, at last she couldn't control it and they dripped down, "It was I who shouldn't have, I shouldn't have mentioned going there for break."

I did not really experience life and death. When I saw people burst into tears after a catastrophe, it would feel less realistic, such sensational scenes, like a drama. I just thought, in this profoundness, the plot of a drama seemed to be all the same. I was dependent on this destined woman, the one that had been through life and death with me.

For this sudden accident, there was even a more important meaning.

Xiao Hua and I had formerly had different identities, respectively meeting each other's parents.

Under this tactic of love unto death, it made the elders feel moved.

I didn't know which elder whispered: "These two children ah, they are naturally supposed to be together."

My wound was very sensitive, I didn't know which step had been mishandled, this day had become burning hot. I did not hurt, but it became swollen and swelled. I began to have a fever, the heat was comfortable. Many people turned me around and around, only caring about injecting needles or another tube. My heart still felt fortunate. If it wasn't for this fever, soberness, I would have to painfully die. Some people cried. I struggled to open my eyes. It was Xiao Hua. I wanted to tell her, Xiao Hua, you don't need to cry anymore, don't always cry for me, I should still sleep for a while more.

Sometimes I would dream.

When i dreamed of Qiao Fei, I would pinch myself. Warm and soft, I was really dreaming.

Then there was nothing to fear and I said the words to her straightaway: "How did I offend you that you would do this to me?"

She did not rebut, she watched me, good temperedly listening to my lecture.

"I am not sick, I am about to die. I feel like I have to train you. Sometimes when you do things, especially towards me, it is really not right.

When two people love each other, will they separate the money so precisely? So what if I want to buy something for you? What cynical, stuffy life do you live ah?

I said a sentence, a phrase, origin, my unintentional sentence, You almost sent me to my death.

What studying abroad, work matters, let me tell you, you also don't need to thank me, I am doing this for myself. I know, your thanks, is also unreal, your heart still hates me, right?

So I have known you for a long time, I do not need to be afraid to tell you, I actually have a lot of interest in you. You pretend to be bold, but you are usually generous, you will consider everyone, but you just don't care about me. I am not the same, I don't care about anyone else, I just want to ask you.

All right, you don't need to apologize, say something happy. Can you two be together?

Give me some happy words.”

Why did speaking in my dream also require physical strength.

I was so tired enough to choke. Really disappointed. I hadn't dreamt of Qiao Fei's "give me some happy words" yet when I woke up.

When I woke up again it was Xu Dong at my side. His hand was on my face: "Jia Yang, why did you toss and turn into this state?"

Jia Ming sat at the side: "Xu Dong you are right. He almost did not get leukemia."

"What happened to me?"

"No, you've been in a coma for two days and nights." Jia Ming said.

"Did anyone come see me?"

"Family. You guys chat, I'm going to go tell Xiao Hua you have woken." Jia Ming said as he went out.

"Isn't the person you want to see most, here?" Xu Dong's hand was still on my face. This guy, at this moment, accounted for my cheapness. I hit him with my injured hand.

Xu Dong made his move: "I have seen your skills for a long time, rascal, your big brother even said you have been extremely sick."

"Cut the crap." I said, "As for you, I haven't seen you for a long time, how are you?"

"Can I smoke or not?"

"Open the air conditioner, give me a cigarette."

Xu Dong lit a cigarette and put it in my mouth, watching me deeply breathe it in, he said: "I am going to be a dad. My wife is pregnant."

I was thrown back for a moment: "Which wife?"

"First wife."

"You got it?"

"Within the plan."

I didn't mention Wu Jia Yi. Seeing Xu Dong smoking, his back to me, I was silent for awhile: "You know, Jia Yang, some women are used for life, some people can only be used for love."

The door opened, Xiao Hua walked in.

I said: "This is....."

This is....."

Xiao Hua laughed to Xu Dong as she said: "You came over to specifically send cigarettes right? I know you guys are childhood friends, so only you know him the best, right?"

Xu Dong laughed, lighting his own cigarette, taking my cigarette also, pinching it out, the traitor.

"He's all right, let's eat together." Xu Dong said, "I've only seen your show before, the actual person is a lot prettier than on the TV."

"Thank you." Xiao Hua was very happy.

Xu Dong hadn't sat down for a while when he said the company had some matters and left first.

Xiao Hua sat by my side, watching me: "You almost scared me to death."

"Oh," I said, "Who knows, I have never gotten sick, but now I have gotten a huge illness." I shook my head.

"Right," Xiao Hua said, "Your single colleagues called, they said they wanted to come see you, I didn't let them."

The me who was laying down immediately sat up, enduring my pain on my back as I asked her: "What time?"

"When you were muddled."

She looked at me: "Jia Yang don't worry. Aren't you better now? I'll let them see you tomorrow or the day after that okay?"

Chapter 55

They fight. As expected... none of them tell each other of their wounds. What do you think Cheng Jia Yang thinks of Qiao Fei and Zu Zu's relationship? I'll be darned if it's the only thing holding him back from outright pouring out his soul to Qiao Fei. And this chapter is poor translation quality because I didn't "edit" it

Translator: Tranzgeek

Chapter 55

Cheng Jia Yang

I thought Qiao Fei would come along with my colleagues to see me, but she didn't.

My feelings were very complicated.

This fiery situation made my heart feel at ease, but it also destroyed my heart. All this time, what had I been struggling with, what had I been pursuing? A person's destiny was like the trajectory of the stars, not allowing the slightest deviation. I had accidentally passed by Qiao Fei, making me not able to find my direction for a long time. As for Xiao Hua, she pulled me back to my original direction.

I would have to go down this path for the rest of my life, calm, peaceful, until I died.

I turned on the cot, when another issue emerged that troubled me. I thought about it carefully and was very clear on what I would tell myself: 80-90% she did not know I had been injured, otherwise she would come to see me. I had a fever one day, she was very anxious. If she knew my circumstances currently she would come no matter what.

Thus, she definitely didn't know.

I came back, injured. I would have a look of indifference. She would ask me, I would say, It's all right.

Right now I was basically all right, then I must go back quickly.

When the doctor suspended my arm, my father came.

He didn't say much to me, waiting only by my side. Pretending to be a statue, the bandage tying took two hours, he was there for the whole time.

The doctor finished it for me. I sat in his car to return to the Ministry. When I got off, he said to me: "Don't do much these next few days, return home to rest a bit earlier. Your wound, you still must take care of it."

I said: "Yes, Dad."

I returned to my office, naturally going through a passionate welcome, warm greetings. I wanted to exchange my work with my colleagues, the head said: "Don't worry, Jia Yang, rest more."

I said: "Did you finish the new translation?"

The head said: "It's basically done. Ah, this is the names of all the people staying in the Ministry. Take a look, you should still take care of the new trainees."

I took the roster he gave to me and looked at it. Qiao Fei's name was not on it.

I looked at the head: "You didn't let that child stay?"

"Which one?"

"The one that knew sign language. The one that you said was equivalent to having two people."

"You mean Qiao Fei?" The head asked.

"I was still afraid you didn't know her. Right, Head, where has she been divided to?"

"I don't know her? The whole ministry knows her." The head said, "This maiden applied for an office in Côte d'Ivoire herself."

I immediately froze there.

"What happened? How can you allow female colleagues to go there? It's chaotic and full of plague. She applied there, did you approve it?"

"If it wasn't for a lack of people, no one would go, Qiao Fei insisted, and kept reporting to the roster, so her special request was granted, and now this girl is all

typical. We must call on the diplomatic front to learn from her .. She'll leave in a few days, we're on break now so might as well pack now.

I nodded my head: "Then I'm going. Director, you go do your stuff first."

I quickly left the head's office. I heard him say behind me: "Jia yang, don't be so anxious to start working, take care and rest....."

I called Qiao Fei's phone number, this time it was great, she quickly picked up: "Jia Yang?"

"It's me. Where are you?"

"At home."

"Don't go anywhere, I will be there in half an hour."

"I have to go out now, do you need anything?"

"Let me tell you," I said into my headset, "Don't go anywhere."

I hadn't knocked on the door when Qiao Fei opened the door. She looked at my arm, her face devoid of expression: "You've been discharged."

"You're still pretending with me, right?"

I had never felt so evil before, but I had really had enough of this act.

She watched me, quietly making way, letting me in. The door was still open.

There was only her at home. I sat on the sofa, suddenly not feeling like I had to say anything.

After a while, Qiao Fei poured me some water. I lifted my head to ask her: "Do you know what kind of a place Côte d'Ivoire is?"

She didn't speak, sitting down, her head looking out towards the window.

"I'm speaking to you."

Then she turned her head, laughing happily, saying: "What about it? As for what? Someone has to go."

"You worked so hard for nothing? In that type of place, people who know average French can go. Your French studies were all for nothing?" My throat was sore, otherwise I would have roared this.

“Don’t you feel you are caring about too many things? What status are you using to speak to me?” She kept smiling, but she sharply refuted me, “Listen to me, Cheng Jia Yang, no matter what status you have, you and me, we speak a bit more than we should. Don’t you think this too?”

We had never argued before. Qiao Fei’s words made my fire rise, my legs stood up in an instant, an arm hoisted by my shoulder. I shook it: “You do not know good and evil, Qiao Fei. I, you’re asking me what status I’m using to talk to you? I, what status?”

I was so mad I was speechless, “Yes, you are right. What do I count as? Why am I caring about you? But, Qiao Fei, you won’t think about your parents right? They’ve raised you for so many years, and now you’ve become an interpreter through so much effort. Going to Africa, two years until you return, who can you confront when you come back?”

She didn’t speak, but turned her head around. Her hand trembled, lighting a cigarette for herself, I said: “Give me one.”

She looked at me, putting a cigarette into my mouth, helping me light it.

We were both stabilized for a moment.

I fiercely breathed in a mouthful of smoke, saying to her:

“I have not come to you to discuss this. I have come to tell you, Comrade Qiao Fei, you cannot go to Côte d’Ivoire anymore”, word by word, I said it very clearly, “Don’t you not want to be an interpreter anymore? That’s too good, you don’t even have to be an elite interpreter of the Bureau. I can find you another good place.”

I planned to walk away, not saying anymore words, this more painful than the surgery knife: “You don’t have to go work first. Wait for me to get a new report.”

I said this as I left. My shoulder’s wound was really hurting.

“Jia Yang, what are you doing this for?” She asked behind me, “I do not agree. I will not accept.”

“The civil servant obeys his superior,” I said to her, “and Qiao Fei, you have known me for so long, have you seen anything I can’t do?”

She didn't say anything sitting there, watching me.

I originally couldn't stand stable, being like this, a small face, her pair of alluring cat eyes, made my mind shake.

"Who did you learn to smoke from?" I asked.

"Foreign friends, I've been smoking for a long time now."

"Do you know it is bad for your body?"

"Do you know?"

"I don't care." I said the truth.

"Me too." She said.

We really were unsavable, I couldn't speak anymore with her.

I slammed the door and left.

Qiao Fei

Jia Yang's recovery was pretty nice, running towards me and roaring.

After he left, I got angrier and angrier. I was usually someone who could talk back, but when I saw Cheng Jia Yang, I ran out of power.

I fell asleep the moment my head fell back.

I was awoken by the ringing of my cell phone. It was already the nighttime.

I looked at the number. It turned out to be Bo Bo. She had just returned from Paris, and wanted to treat me and Xiao Dan to some wine. I didn't have any energy, and was pretty lazy, so I said to her: "Next time, I'm tired."

"Why are you so boring ah? Quickly come out. It was hard for Xiao Dan to get out of overtime. Plus, we haven't seen each other for so long."

"Ok ok."

I got up. I washed my face and went out the door.

When I reached the appointed bar, I saw a pair of pretty and bright people.

They looked at me. Bo Bo said: "Ah sit farther away, I don't want to know what I shouldn't."

I felt very sleek.

One day, when I was reading the newspapers, in the April issues, the French Paris Lyons train station bombing news was mentioned, and Zu Zu Ferlande gendarmerie was killed to protect the innocent citizens.

At that time, I crawled under the desk under my window, the sunlight streaming through the big glass window and shading my body, like a warm pair of hands. I opened my own palms. On it was the mark Zu Zu had given me.

“Are you alright?” I said, “Zu Zu, you said, God would send you other errands. Are you doing well now?”

I am good now, I am a civil servant of my country now, but, sometimes I am a little lonely. If you have time, come see me.”

I heard someone cough. Looking over, Cheng Jia Yang stood at the other side of my book shelf.

Chapter 56

Cheng Jia Yang is being peer pressured! And by his own mom no less! So evil!
Peer pressure is the worst!!

But good things happen for Qiao Fei! Let us cheer her own as she goes her own way through the workplace.

Chapter 56

Translator: Tranzgeek

If you are not reading this from tranzgeek.wordpress.com then this has been posted without the consent of the translator.

Qiao Fei

Jia Yang's arm's bandages had been removed. His hand hung about as he watched me.

I stood up, asked him: "Do you need anything, senior brother?"

"Yes." he said, "Please help me find a report on the NATO military forces in Yugoslavia on the world newspaper.

This was very old news, I opened the the computer to check.

I found the newspaper year, date and archive number, according to the number of the fifth shelf it was on the second level of newspapers.

I gave him the newspaper, then I logged it.

Jia Yang took it, watched me: "How is it," He looked like he was looking for suitable topics to talk about, "Are you you busy?"

"You saw it." I said, "I originally wanted to go take an afternoon nap."

"All right. Thank you. I'm leaving first."

"Ah, no problem."

Jia Yang had just left, when i received a phone call from a high level

interpreting company, they wanted me to go for a trip. I asked for leave from the old interpreter, he held scissors cutting the newspaper, didn't raise his head as he said: "Go early, come back early, if anyone else borrows a newspaper, I can't find it."

It turned out to be an international meeting. There were not enough interpreters in the Ministry so they temporarily transferred people from other offices, to help out with the meeting, reception, escort, and so on. The senior sister in charge of this time's interpretation group read out everyone's job. I estimated I could accompany the representative's wives watch the conference. I could do this. The English interpreter Zhao Peng Yuan greeted me from far away. I smiled to him when the senior sister came to my name.

"Qiao Fei."

"Here."

The senior sister saw me sitting by the window and slowly said: "On the second day of the meeting, November 15, you are going to participate in the morning, 9:15 to 11. In the afternoon, 14:15 to 16:00 as the meeting's French simultaneous interpreter."

After she finished, I dumbly stayed there. I recovered my senses after a while. What kind of a job opportunity was this? This was too great, my situation had improved, my, Qiao Fei's luck had changed!

I looked at the many jealous looks besides me. I suppressed my smile. Their hearts were just cursing that I was a fool. Well now watch. I prepared the work well, and I would definitely complete the task exceptionally. Just watch.

After she finished arranging the assignments, the senior sister adjourned the meeting. I was called back by her and stayed back.

She gave me a huge pile of files: "Qiao Fei, this is your first job. You must prepare well."

I said: "yes yes yes."

She looked at me, puzzled: "Such a good child, why did you want to go to Cote d'Ivoire back then?"

I said: "Aren't we doing things for the civilians?"

"All right, prepare well now. Help our citizens in China and it'll be okay."

I took the files the senior sister gave me and began my fierce battle. This sudden assignment seemed to give me new energy. I ate a lot, exercised a lot, and slept well.

One night when i was eating with Xiao Deng, the TV was playing ["The God of Cookery"](#).

The newly arisen Stephen Chow said to the bad guy played by Ng Man Tat: "You have to admire me, I've risen again!"

I fiercely shook my head.

Xiao Deng said: "Did you put yourself into the movie again?"

Embarrassed, I said: "No, quickly, eat fish. It's good."

However, I was so full of energy and high spirits about the meeting that morning. When I put on my suit and attached my interpreter card to my chest I found my heart suddenly beat suddenly accelerated.

My team leader didn't notice when I walked out of the rest room. I saw the different representatives of the different countries had already entered.

I looked towards the meeting area. I had seen this venue before. At the time, I saw the outstanding performance of Cheng Jia yang, and today, this would be the first place I worked at. The first time, I did simultaneous interpretation.

No, I must go smoke.

I was just about to go find a smoking room, when Cheng Jia Yang's voice came from behind me: "Qiao Fei."

I turned around to look at him.

Cheng Jia Yang wore a black Western suit, the same color as his shirt and tie, a white face, a white skinny face, with meticulous clothing, he was really very handsome.

At this moment, I had many things to say to him, but I didn't know what to say and what to not say. I only looked at him.

He warmly extended his hand, helped me adjust my nametag in front of my chest- slowly, gently saying: “Don’t worry, Qiao Fei, no one is better than you.”

I nodded: “I am not anxious.”

He could not help but laugh.

“What are you doing? Are you going to interpret today?” I asked Cheng Jia Yang.

“”I will accompany the United Nations leaders, after a while, there will be talks and interviews.”

I continued to nod my head.

“All right, you can go. Do you remember what I said to you?”

“Of course,” I used my finger to point at myself, “I am very exceptional.”

A senior brother and I will be partnered together. Before we sit down we will shake hands and make our greetings.

When my hand held the pen, when I pressed the open/close button for the professional interpretation, when I heard the first sentence in French, and I simultaneously used fluent Chinese to say: “Our sustainable development of economic and social development, as people admire longevity”

It was very clear. I, Qiao Fei, was very exceptional.

Cheng Jia Yang

After the meeting ended, we sent the great leaders of the United Nations on their way, and there was not any important tasks for a while.

I heard Qiao Fei’s work recording, and felt she could be rated at an 85% now, even though it wasn’t chic enough, she had already prepared well. Over more time, she would become the greatest interpreter of all time.

When I thought of this, I was sitting in front of the computer, playing pool. I couldn’t find an opponent so I could only play with the computer.

Xiao Hua helped me pour milk. When she saw me playing pool, she laughed.

“How do you have the mood to play with yourself?”

“Not really,” I took her milk, and drank a sip, “I used to have a pretty good opponent but I don’t know where she went off to.”

“Really? You also have an online friend?”

“Why can’t I?” I looked at her.

“Guy, girl? You won’t be having a love fling over the internet right?”

I laughed: “Don’t be so crude.”

Speaking of this, I really had not seen the “I do not believe I cannot register for it” who had changed her name to “Pear Concedes to Kong Rong”. It seemed that everyone had what they had to do, what they had to be busy about, and no one would have time listen to your talk.

Xiao Hua said: “If you’re about done then rest. Don’t be too tired.”

“Ok, you sleep first. I’ll bathe and then come.”

Qiao Fei who excelled in the conference was promoted to an elite translator by the director, and worked in the neighboring office from then on.

On the second day, the deputy director of personnel management brought her to the offices that had similar duties, meeting colleagues, when we were introduced to each other.

We shook hands. Qiao Fei said to the deputy director: “I know Senior brother Cheng. We were classmates.”

The deputy director hit her forehead: “You see, I forgot. Right, your training was also overseen by Jia Yang.

I said: “Work hard.”

Fei said: “Thank you.”

In the afternoon, my mother called me. It was her secretary who had the phone: “Jia Yang, wait a while. The chief has to talk to you.”

“Jia Yang.” My mother’s voice.

“Mom.”

“In the afternoon let’s eat together.”

“All right.”

“We’ll get in my car to go to a Western restaurant. I’ll wait for you at the door.”

“All right.”

I put down the phone, sighing.

It was almost the afternoon, a little empty. The brother sitting opposite me made a long distance call home. He said into the phone: “Mom, really, I already ate breakfast, can I not eat.....”

I wore a windbreaker to go downstairs. When I was in the hallway I saw the English interpreter, Xiao Zhao standing behind Fei saying: “Really, that time, I was really worried about you. I even said, how can a maiden go there. But, you really are great. I heard them say that your business is quite outstanding.....”

I stood next to them waiting for the elevator, Xiao Zhao saw me and greeted me: “Senior brother.”

“Hi.” I said.

Qiao Fei laughed along: “Going to the canteen?”

“Ah, no, I’m going somewhere else to eat.” I said.

When they reached the floor for the canteen they went off the elevator.

Xiao Zhao was behind Fei half a step. He was quite protective of Fei.

My mother’s Chinese car was in front, waiting for me. I got in. She was still holding files in her hand as she looked at them.

When we reached the restaurant, she put down the work in her hands.

She watched the me who was eating foie gras: “How are you so skinny now?”

“I’m not.”

“You don’t feel it yourself. You’ve thinned quite a bit.” She drank a sip of juice, “Recently I have to go out for a trip with your dad, it will be quite a long time.”

“Oh.”

“Before we leave, I want to make an appointment with Xiao Hua’s parents to

see them.”

I lifted my head to look at her: “All right. You won’t need me to accompany you right? You know, I will not entertain the elders.”

My mother sighed: “Jia Yang, you are no longer small. I was thinking to settle you and Xiao Hua down.”

I was not that surprised. I basically felt this day would come. I used my napkin to wipe my mouth: “Why hasn’t anyone pursued Jia Ming like this, and he hasn’t married?”

“Jia Ming?” My mother disapproved, “If he loved a compatible girl so well like you and Xiao hua I would have thrown him a wedding by now.”

This sentence had two points: One, this was a “compatible” girl; Two, she felt Xiao Hua and my feelings were “so well”.

My mother spoke in a light tone, not knowing how high the standard was.

I didn’t speak.

“Jia Yang, what objections do you have, tell mother.”

“.....I have no objections, mom, what do you want me to do? I did what you did already. Do you want me to propose to Xiao Hua? Ok. I’ll mention to her tonight; will you get an appointment with Xiao Hua’s parents or will I do it. Tell me. If you want, we can get married quickly and get children quickly.

Mom, I don’t have any objections. Why don’t you tell me what you hope I’ll do?”

My mom was a little thrown off. I continued to eat.

“Jia Yang,” she slowly said, warmly smiling to me, “What is it, Jia Yang. Mother is doing this for you. I thought you had been together with Xiao Hua for so long, and there should be this ending. You guys are not little anymore.”

The steak was very hard.

I called the waiter: “The steak doesn’t taste good. Please change it to fried noodles.”

He was conflicted: “Sir, we only serve Russian food here.”

My mom looked at me.

“Please change it to fried noodles, and cucumbers.”

“Jia Yang.”

I looked at my mother: “Mom, can I choose what I want to eat myself?”

“What you wanted just now, was what you picked yourself.”

“That’s right, because you only brought me to this restaurant.”

I threw down my napkin, walking to the door in big steps.

I walked in the bustling streets, watching people pass by me.

I only felt life was a secret network. I was like a secret intersection, tied to countless clues.

I wanted to calm down. I still needed to work in the afternoon.

At night, my mother called me again. She asked me, if I was busier lately, and if my mood was bad.

I said, Mom, sorry, I shouldn’t have left first in the afternoon.

My mother said, what she spoke of in the afternoon, if I had not prepared for it, she could put it aside, but when the time came I would have to explain to Xiao Hua.

I hung up on my mother’s phone call. Xiao Hua called again, to ask why I had not returned if it was so late.

I suddenly felt very irritable, but I could not attack Xiao Hua so I controlled myself and said: “Wait for me to finish my work and then I’ll be done.”

I didn’t wait for her to reply, when I hung up.

I should have returned to Xiao Hua’s place, but I drove down the street crazily, driving while pouring beer into my mouth. It passed a long time, when I realized I parked in a familiar place.

The persimmon trees, the old styled buildings. I looked around. This was the downstairs of Qiao Fei’s house.

I only felt my heart get a little wet, like a drowning man, struggling, and I finally

ran onto the beach.

Now, I really wanted, really wanted, to see her.

I could say anything, was there anything I couldn't do? I was this coward already.

I knocked on her door. A strange girl opened the door.

I saw Qiao Fei's shoes at the door.

I said: "I am looking for Qiao Fei."

Her voice came from inside: "Jia Yang."

I entered her room with her. She opened the door, I closed the door.

She sat on the couch, as she watched me.

She looked like she had just bathed, her hair was very shiny, her body had the smell of a child.

I sat next to her, I looked at her.

"What's wrong?" She asked me.

"Fei," I called her name, my tears flowing, I put my head on her shoulder, "I am tired."

Her warm hand hugged me in her embrace.

Chapter 57.1

I swear the author is trying to make me suffer as we get closer to the end. Why so long dude? Ok ok but I'm going for Cheng Jia MingXQiao Fei. Not as a ship, mind you, but more as cute interactions of funny moments. ^_^

Chapter 57 Part 1

Translated by Tranzgeek

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Qiao Fei

I held Jia Yang. I held him for a long time until he fell asleep.

I supported him to my bed, putting him into my bed, helping him take off his shoes and clothes, until all he had on were some shorts.

When was the last time I had seen this scene?

I wiped his face with a hot towel.

He closed his eyes, his eyelashes black and long, leaving a shadow on his white face.

This kind of a man, had firmly given me warmth and someone to rely on, but now he was so helpless, crying into my arms.

Why did I always see his tears?

And these tears- most of them were because of me.

Was there any other incredible woman like this?

Making the man she liked cry.

Jia Yang turned over, arms around the quilt, his back towards me.

I saw his back didn't have any healed wounds and had formed into little red scabs now. I used my hand to touch it, he moved a bit.

I slowly put my mouth on it. I lightly said: "Jia Yang, does it hurt?"

I was tired. Like this, I put my arms around the person I loved most, Cheng Jia Yang, and slept next to him on the warm and soft bed.

Cheng Jia Yang

I slept very well. I opened my eyes to say: “Fei, my back is itchy, help me scratch it a bit.”

No one replied.

I sat up. I saw there was milk and bread next to the bed. I wanted to find a piece of paper, but there was nothing.

Fei and her friend went to work.

I wore my clothes, washed up, and observed her room.

Before when I came, I ran over to argue with Qiao Fei about going to Africa, but I didn’t carefully examine her nest.

She liked light colors. She had used a light green for her curtains, bedspreads, and tablecloths. In the deep autumn air, her room also had the breath of spring.

I opened her wardrobe. There were some simple, clean clothes. I thought, Maybe I can find the things I bought for her before. Even one piece of clothing, a skirt, would be good, but I didn’t find any.

I flipped through her drawer.

I looked under the bed. I hoped I could find something in her place, something that had to do with me.

Nothing.

I was very dejected, and I sat in the chair finishing the things she had prepared for me.

I drove to work, meeting Qiao Fei in the hallway who was going to copy files.

We were both a bit embarrassed. I said: “Where are you going now?”

“Senior sister is letting me go abroad.” She let me see the files in her hands.

“Where?” I grabbed the documents.

“You saw it, the Ministry of Health is going to hold some international medical

conferences in Chengdu. They need some interpreters from here. Senior sister let me go.”

“When?”

“The day after tomorrow.”

“The schedule is so tight? Why can’t they give you some time to prepare?”

“There isn’t time to prepare anymore. Originally, the Ministry of Health thought they could handle it sufficiently, so they weren’t going to let us go in the first place.” She took the documents in my hands back, “I won’t talk to you anymore. I’m going. I still need to work.”

I wanted to call her back, but Qiao Fei walked quickly, her high heels making a clear sound.

I wanted to call Xu Dong out to drink some wine. In the phone he was very conflicted. I said: “You might as well turn against me like you don’t know me. When you looked for me, when did I never appear?”

“All right, all right, I’m going now.”

We met in the bar. He drank with me, his heart not in it. He said: “If you have anything, say it.”

“You have to go home to accompany your wife?”

“I do have to accompany my wife, and my son. Now, I play piano for him everyday to teach him.”

I laughed immediately so that it all sprayed out.

Xu Dong was very unhappy: “Do not laugh at a prospective father’s responsibility.”

“I wasn’t, I was touched.” I continued to laugh.

“You, I won’t talk about you. After you marry and half a child you’ll know. Let me tell you, right now when I see you, I only feel you are immature, really, you rascal, really immature.” He said this as he shook his head.

“I haven’t even married, and you’re talking about children.”

“Oh right, you should be about ready to solve your personal problems, how

long will you prolong this for? You're waiting, but the girl can't wait forever. That Xiao Hua isn't young anymore," He watched me, "But of course, she still looks pretty young on television."

"Can you say something else?" I drank wine: "I asked you to come out to relax. Why are you also discussing this with me?"

"Fed up ah?"

"Ah."

"This is it, you've gotten ahold of it, "He laughed, "Xiao Hua is in your palm, but you don't take it seriously. What kind of person did I think you were, Cheng Jia Yang. Really, you are the same as me. So stop mentioning the things I didn't do."

Was I? *(TL: I believe he's asking if he's the same as Xu Dong)*

I looked at him, if I wasn't, why did my heart obviously love one, but have another by my side; if it wasn't, why did I purposely entangle with Qiao Fei time after time, when my head knew, Xiao Hua was the destined woman?

Xu Dong saw Liu *Gongzi* holding a pretty girl by the door, extending his arm to greet him. I said: "Hold it. If you call him, I'm leaving."

"What? You two have really began a feud?"

I said: "You forgot, when we were little we didn't like to play with him."

"Why do I remember it was you two who ran on me?" Xu Dong said.

I returned to Xiao Hua's place, taking off my clothes, bathing, sleeping.

Xiao Hua said: "Did you sleep? You haven't slept yet right?"

I said: "What did you do?"

"Today I went to go see Ming Fang. I bought two sets of small clothes for her child. Let me tell you, Jia Yang, little kids, they are really things you can't tell clearly. In a moment she's grown to be so big."

"Really?" I sat up, looking at Xiao Hua. She had put her hair up in a pigtail, wearing glasses, her two hands helping her describe the events, "She is a little curly, so white, her small hand so fat. When she walks it is very strong. Plus, she

knows how to say 'Auntie' now."

I said: "How big has she gotten?"

"Incredible right? Really, Jia Yang. I held her for an afternoon. Her body had a little milk scent on it. Don't mention it."

I had never seen Xiao Hua say things like this before, like a little kid describing the toy she liked most.

"Right, I got Ming Fang's DV that she recorded of her daughter. Are you going to watch it?"

Xiao Hua said this as she got the DV machine and let me see Ming Fang's daughter recordings. When we saw the little white and fat rascal struggling with the couch, we both laughed.

Xiao Hua said: "It's really strange. Two years ago, I didn't like children. Now, I feel they're so fun. Did I get old?"

"Yes, I did too."

She looked at me, I looked at her.

Xiao Hua finally said to me: "Jia Yang, let's get married."

Qiao Fei

I arrived in Chengdu, registering in the hotel garden conference area. When I was registering, someone greeted me.

I looked at him, with more experience. The world in stories was really smaller than a fishtank.

Doctor Cheng Jia Yang half laughingly said: "You also came to have a meeting? I called you and you didn't answer, and I even thought you disappeared."

"That phone number was you? Haha, the number was weird. I even thought it was a scammer, so I ignored it. Haha....."

I knew it was you big uncle, so what if I didn't answer?

"Haha, I was even saying, were you unhappy?"

"Of course not, what matters, what unhappy?"

Hmph, in my experience the child of an influential family will have a sense of superiority and even know my secrets that I am not willing to tell others. I'll remember you, defending against you for a lifetime.

“I’m going upstairs. Bye.”

“Don’t ah. Let’s go together. We’re both on the same floor.”

In the elevator, Cheng Jia Ming asked me if I had ever came to Chengdu. I said, when I was studying or doing a part time tourist job, I would stay here for a whole morning.

“Then have you ever eaten Three Big Bangs [1]?” *(TL: Official name of the food is 3 big bangs according to Sina which is totally a credible source T_T I saw it also as three big cannons)*

“Is it like candied fruit?”

“It’s more pastry-like.”

“Is it good?”

“You don’t even have to ask. It is really.....”

When he said this, my stomach grumbled. The food on the airplane was hard and salty. When Cheng Jia Ming mentioned the cuisine, I was unable to control myself.

I held it in.

[1]



Chapter 57.2

Cheng Jia Ming and Qiao Fei bond over some food. Cheng Jia Ming has the worst backstory!! Can't say why I like him so much in the novel but he seems to be the only one who is actually rebelling against his parents even if he can't do anything. Step it up Cheng Jia Yang!

Chapter 57.2

Translated by Tranzgeek

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Qiao Fei (continued)

When he said this, my stomach grumbled. The food on the airplane was hard and salty. When Cheng Jia Ming mentioned the cuisine, I was unable to control myself.

I held it in.

I didn't have time to go out alone.

I reached my room, bathed, and became to prepare the new documents for the meeting.

Not after too long, someone knocked on the door.

I opened it. It was a server. He held an exquisite box in his hands.

"Do you need anything?"

"Miss, someone bought you desserts. It is the local favorite, Three Big Bang."

"This can't be."

I could already smell it, so fragrant.

I took it, opening the box. Inside, it was a crisp yet soft, fragrant yet sweet Three Big Bang. There was even jelly, a sesame ball, and steamed chicken with chili sauce*.

- *This is literally called saliva chicken.

Cheng Jia Ming, I forgive you.

I looked at my documents while eating.

The second day the big meeting started. The one who was partnered up with me was an interpreter from the Foreign Liaison Bureau of the Ministry of Health. He was a very young boy who stood up to shake my hand, called me senior sister. Frankly, even though my age had been called a little older by him, the embodiment of respect was very useful. The representatives of the Belgian Medical Association took the floor, I prepared, and energetically I successfully completed the task.

In the afternoon there was a buffet. Later in the afternoon, there was the French representatives' statement. I didn't eat much, otherwise I would become drowsy. I drank less champagne, and when I got wine, I saw the other end of the restaurant where Cheng Jia Ming was speaking to the Belgians.

I walked over. Cheng Jia Ming was speaking English extremely fluently. It was only that these Belgians only knew French and Dutch; they did not know English. The two people barely communicated.

"Do you need help?" I asked.

Cheng Jia Ming laughed: "All right maiden. You came at the right time. Concerning their computer-assisted fluid analysis of liver and gallbladder treatment currently in Europe that they spoke about in the morning and the specific implementation, I still have a question....."

The two people later began to talk happily, leaving their contact informations to each. In the future, they would ask each other about joint research topics.

Cheng Jia Ming said: "You're pretty great. This morning, your simultaneous interpretation was very good."

"Thank you for the snacks yesterday that you sent."

As we spoke, his interest rose: "Let me tell you, take-away three big bangs is worse by so much than big bangs that just get out of the oven."

"Really?"

“Tomorrow when we finish our meeting, let’s go and stroll around. What do you think?”

“I basically agree.”

That day after we finished our meeting, I made an appointment with Cheng Jia Ming at about 6:00. We were supposed to go out to stroll, but after 40 minutes the person still hadn’t appeared.

I wore my windbreaker and went to find him. What was the matter. If he couldn’t come I would go alone.

I hadn’t knocked on the door when someone opened the door.

A very tall woman.

Her face was thin, but she was very delicate, her makeup very bright.

She looked at me, laughed for a moment, sneering.

In the end, she left in bit steps.

The cleaning auntie pushed her work cart forward, a mysterious expression on her face.

What scene was this?

I used my knee to think, but I also knew this scene was very common in movies: The current girlfriend would meet her predecessor, that woman’s heart would say, you will be his ex-girlfriend sooner or later, the guy would say, sorry, I forgot to meet with you, and as of now, there would be someone passing by, going back to tell his own school-age children to not learn the game of love between guys and girls in the city.

Cheng Jia Ming saw me from inside: “Sorry, really sorry. I’m coming immediately.”

“There’s no need,” I said, clear and imposing, “I will go out to stroll, Doctor Cheng, if you want to eat anything, I’ll buy it for you and come back.”

Cheng Jia Ming quickly put on his jacket and come out.

His left hand pushed my back outside: “Oh, there’s no other way, when we get to the end of the world, these feelings will become a debt, one by one.”

My heart thought, This person really had the guts to open his mouth.

When we reached the elevator, who knew that he would continue with: “That woman just now was my child’s mother.”

What did this have to do with me?

But this really made me very curious.

“You have a child?”

“She had an abortion.”

My heart pounded for a moment.

“Is that why you can’t marry?”

“You could put it like that.”

We exited the hotel, walking along the road in front of the door.

“What do you mean? What does ‘you can put it like that’ mean?”

“You’ve known Jia Yang for a long time and you know our background. That woman, she is not from our group. The unfortunate me was discovered by my parents and I had to put it all in order.”

“Why does it feel like blood splattered everywhere?”

“Not at all.” Cheng Jia Ming said, “It was just some money. The girl agreed to break up, leave me, return to her hometown. Ah, she was someone from Chengdu, her skin was very good.”

We saw a teahouse, Cheng Jia Ming said: “What about this place? I’m pretty familiar with it, the food is good, and its programs are pretty good.”

“All right.” I entered with him.

The usher took us upstairs, we had some refreshments, my interest was attracted by the story of Cheng Jiaming, waiting for him to continue.

But he said: “Quickly taste it, 棒棒兔, is good.” (TL: I’m assuming the Chinese is a food... but it could also be an expression. Anyone know?)

“Don’t interrupt.”

But this person kept his listeners in suspense. After eating some things, he

wiped his hand and looked at me and said to me: "How do you see money?"

"You even need to speak, it's good stuff."

"Can it compete with feelings?"

"No no, how could it compete?" I said, upset.

"Everything has a price."

".....she, your girlfriend, how much money did she take from your parents?"

"Not a lot. I could have given it to her. Really not a lot." He drank some wolfberry soup, "This is only an excuse. She should have left me originally."

"Was there a problem with your feelings?"

"Look under there, Qiao Fei."

I looked downstairs. There were a lot of people, most of them were pairs of guys and girls, sitting there listening to songs, dating, hand in hand.

"If it was an average guy or girl, their love would be trustworthy, even if there was a little half-heartedness, but it would definitely not be a big problem. The person he loves, would ask him, would fight for him, and sooner or later they would take out all the stops to defend this feeling. It is really a disappointment that we ask for some things from the past. Problems occur over an 'eye for an eye'; but that's all.

This type of relationship had excitement and flavor, at least it was sincere."

He paused, looked at me, his eyes full of a gentle smile.

"But if this person, had a bit of money, his background would be more complicated than the average person. Then that would be bad.

Have a bit of sentiment, she thought, He had so much originally.

Be more passionate, her heart thought, How long would his enthusiasm last?

Giving a little more, but there were more misgivings, and he cannot hurt her pride.

If you have a temper then come at me. Someone you cannot easily attack, isn't this pressuring someone and bullying her?

So, she left me. That was right; my parents, they were also right. It was only that it was the perfect moment to become a catalyst. Me, her, we didn't do anything wrong. Someone like me, including my little brother, we are not qualified to have true feelings."

Cheng Jia Ming slowly lowered his eyes: "The wrong was that he was my child. He shouldn't have been my child."

I felt my throat get dry. This type of a person, living so happily. It turned out he also had this past.

"I said so much to you, are you bored? I feel, Lao Huang said to me before, Qiao Fei, you are not an ordinary child."

I slowly said: "So, Doctor Cheng, your heart is also bitter right?"

He didn't lift his eyes. He put down his teacup, turned his head to me and said: "There is a song playing, listen to this one, it is very good."

A woman wearing a green emerald [qipao](#) brought her [yueqin](#) up, warmly singing a small song. I didn't understand the lyrics, but only felt her voice was very clear and sad, like tears falling upon glass.

Chapter 58.1

Just 10 more chapters to go guys. The chaps are getting longer and longer as we go so...that's fun. Hoping to post 1.5 more chapters by the end of this weekend, if not more. Qiao Fei still has a lot on her shoulders. I can understand the boundaries between them but at the same time...guysssss are you going to get together or what?

Chapter 58 Part 1

Translated by Tranzgeek

If you are not reading this from tranzgeek.wordpress.com then this has been posted without the consent of the translator.

Qiao Fei

I returned from Chengdu. The day I got off the plane, it rained very hard. The plane hovered slowly for a long time. Some famous car came to pick up Cheng Jia Ming. He asked me: "What about it, would you like to go with me? Be careful that you'll be waiting for a long time until the buses can get out of the airport."

I said alright and got on his car.

In the car, the smell made me think of Jia Yang. How long had I not seen him?

Returning to this city from the warm and humid south eastern city, the weather suddenly became cold. I thought of Jia Yang, I thought of that night. I hugged him as he slept under my blankets, my heart very warm.

Cheng Jia Ming answered the phone, said: "Hello? Jia Yang."

I turned around to look at him. He winked.

"Yes, that's right. I went to Chengdu for a conference.

How do you also know?

Yes, it's the conference hosted by the Ministry of Health.

Haha, it was alright, not tiring, right, the plane was a little late.

Me ah, I don't know either. Tonight, I may go back,

Can I call you back later?

I have to first send a friend back home.

Mm, maybe you also know her. She is an interpreter who was sent out from your side.

I watched Cheng Jia Ming finish the call and glared at him.

"What's wrong, Qiao Fei? Are you unhappy?" He put his phone away and looked at me, "Did I say anything wrong?"

When he asked me, I also could not reply. Had he said something wrong?

But I knew his big brother's matters. I didn't want Jia Yang to know either. Even though there was nothing abnormal about it, this made the circumstances seem more complicated.

"What's wrong?" Cheng Jia Ming patted my shoulder, "You shouldn't go to far right? Didn't you and my little brother end it? Why do you have to be so nervous?"

"That is true." I said. The car already passed the international radio station. I said to the driver, "Shifu [1], I have arrived. You can just stop by the side."

- [1] Shifu- A respectful form of address for older men

Cheng Jia Ming said: "Didn't you say it was inside the Academy of Social Sciences on Yuquan Road? It's still raining. Lao Wang, drive in." (*TL: Lao Wang is the name of the driver*)

I said: "It's okay, it's okay."

Cheng Jia Ming said: "Go in, go in."

Very quickly, the car entered the courtyard. I saw Jia Yang's car underneath my house.

I was secretly conflicted. Cheng Jia Ming said: "Why aren't you getting off the car? That's perfect. We can go eat dinner together."

"I'll go, I'll go." I really surrendered to this uncle, but I feared that I would not

have complications.

I lugged my luggage off the car myself. Inside, Cheng Jia Ming said to me: “Qiao Fei, after a few days, let’s go out together. Give me some time.”

“Regarding this matter, you can discuss it with my secretary.”

He laughed and told the chauffeur to drive away.

I walked towards the staircase, as I waited a bit to think of what i would say to Jia Yang.

I saw him get off his own car, braving the rain to come help me grab my suitcases. I said: “Eh? How come you are here?”

He didn’t speak, only taking my suitcases, walking up the stairs in big strides. I followed behind him.

Xiao Deng opened the door, softly telling me: “He’s been waiting for you for a whole afternoon.”

I said: “I brought some spicy beef jerky. Try it.”

“I won’t be tasting it. Save it for me, Fei Fei. I’ve made an appointment with a friend to eat dinner.” She wore her jacket, grabbed an umbrella and left, turning back to wink at me.

Jia Yang put the suitcase down and said to Xiao Deng: “I’ll send you off. I also have to leave now.”

“Don’t don’t don’t.” She said hurriedly, “There’s no need. Thanks though, it won’t be far.”

Very quickly, only Cheng Jia Yang and I were left in the room. We were shut in by the rushing Xiao Deng. I turned back to ask him: “What’s wrong Jia Yang? Why did you wait for me? Do you need anything?”

“It’s all right.” He said. His face looked very bad, but he expressionlessly asked me, “Is there any water?”

I went to go get him some water to drink but I found the water dispenser was empty.

I could only use a kettle to boil some water for him: “I’m afraid you’ll have to

wait awhile.”

“You know my big brother?” Jia Yang said, “I saw his car just now.”

“Yes.” I said.

I took a towel to wipe my hair. I looked at him, and gave him another towel: “You’re also wet, wipe it a bit.”

He took it, wiped his face, his motions slow and warm.

When Jia Yang, this person, was thinking of things, even little children could tell.

I sat on another chair, slowly wiping my hair, thoughts flying through my head. No matter what, Cheng Jia Ming was Jia Yang’s brother. Knowing these two siblings, was just a coincidence. I did not tell him the clear circumstances. When I made it more mysterious it really made it more boring.

“I have a friend who was your brother’s patient. When he came over to see me, we ate together. Isn’t it so coincidental?”

“Oh.” He put down his towel and watched me.

You can believe it if you want, but the circumstances are like this.

I never lied.

At least, I rarely lied before.

The water began to boil. I went to the kitchen to close the oven. I put the water into a small bowl, pouring it into two bowls so that it could cool quickly.

“I’m a little tired. Tomorrow I’ll report to you and senior sister about work.” I said, “Drink some hot water, and leave.”

I hadn’t finished speaking when Jia Yang hugged me from the back.

My hands were still holding those two bowls, and I only heard the rain sounds outside the window get louder and louder. It got so loud that it seemed to overshadow all the other noises in the world.

Jia Yang’s chin lightly fell on my shoulder, his face sticking onto my face, his breath warm and gentle, his arm around my waist.

In this moment, I immediately lost my ability to think.

He held me like this for a long time, and finally slowly spoke into my ear: “Fei, where are you rushing me to? Where do you want me to go?”

If I was not Qiao Fei, if I was a compatible maiden with him, I would grasp this warm hug and happiness with him. If I was not Qiao Fei, even if I was poor, I was innocent, and a physically and mentally healthy girl, even if I loved him, I would do my part to fight for any possible future. If I was not Qiao Fei, if I was not be so hard and selfish, afraid to entertain any thoughts about him. At least I had to turn back and kiss him.

But someone like me, my household, my background. My heart’s wounds and my physical pain, made me bear all my lessons in my mind, letting me know, as a person, I needed to play my part, I could not break the rules, I could not become defeated, but I had to value myself more.

I spoke, spoke very warmly, but very clearly: “Where do I want you to go? Jia Yang, I cannot understand these words.” I straightened my body. I wanted to leave this embarrassing embrace, “The water has cooled. After you drink it then leave. I want to sleep, I am tired.”

I could not look back to look at him. I was afraid he would disintegrate my disguise, but I felt Jia Yang’s body grow stiff.

I put the small bowls down, and left him, going back to my own room to organize my luggage.

Jia Yang didn’t leave immediately. I heard him sitting on the chair in the kitchen.

I changed into different clothes and lay on my bed, looking out the window sideways.

Jia Yang entered my room.

I closed my eyes.

“Are you sleeping?”

Of course I didn’t speak.

Not after too long, he lightly slipped away.

He carefully closed the door to my house.

[] []

Chapter 58.2

Will anyone respond for my call to help? No commitment necessary at all!

The 2nd part of this chapter was a lot shorter so I got time. *scurries off to do HW* Lol. Anyways, it looks like Zheng Wei from To Our Youth That is Fading Away isn't the only one going on blind dates

Chapter 58 Part 2

Translated by Tranzgeek

If you are not reading this from tranzgeek.wordpress.com, this chapter has been posted without the consent of the translator.

Later I didn't see Jia Yang for a long time. I heard my colleagues say he went abroad with the Director.

Throughout this time, because the foreigners were going to celebrate Christmas, we got a rare leisure period. My work unit was organizing a singing competition. They helped me register for it.

I prepared a few songs to participate in the preliminaries. In the end, the commissioner helped me pick two. One was [Karon Mok's song called 《You Can》](#), the other was the [Cantonese song called 《Love and Passion》](#)

When Xiao Dan, Bo Bo, and I gathered together, I sang these two songs over and over again at KTV until we they couldn't stand it anymore.

In the first round of the competition, my opponents were too weak, and I could win decisively.

But this activity brought more effects. There was actually a lady who I didn't recognize who passionately asked of our internal activities. Sister Ma asked me if I, the noob interpreter had fallen in love yet.

"I didn't." I said.

Sister Ma was very happy: "Leave this matter to your big sister. I will definitely help you find a good one."

I heard people say, helping someone matchmake was the passion and the tradition of female coworkers who were older than 40. As for me, I was really overwhelmed with favor from my superiors.

I also heard that if this type of thing happened to oneself, one must never shirk your duties. You could break up after you married but you could never reject a middle aged woman's good intentions, otherwise you would have a ghastly death.

The middle aged women in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs were also middle aged women.

I said: "Could you? Big sister, I'll have to trouble you then."

The sister who was in many positions arranged a date. Very quickly, I was to meet with a guy from the Consular Division.

Before I went to the appointment, I only wanted to think of how I would deal with it. When I sat on the bus, I saw guys and girls appearing in pairs. This made me think that I was not young anymore, and thus I planned to try my best on this blind date.

We met in a newly opened restaurant. The guy from the consul was from Zhejiang. He wasn't tall, but his face was very decent, white and clean, like he didn't work a lot.

For me, it was the first time I met with a guy that someone else recommended to me. I was a little nervous. He probably relaxed to who knows where. For half an hour, we talked about the happenings in college.

I made an excuse to go to the restroom, looking at my expressionless face. I thought, Oh, it's not that I didn't try hard, but I don't know how I'll live my days having to entertain this stranger.

I thought of a way.

I said to him: "I just thought of it, I have some documents I didn't proofread. I might have to go back."

I saw him sigh: "Really? Oh, me too. I have some work I didn't finish. I need to return to my work unit."

“Then let’s go.”

That was too great. We mutually helped each other get out of the situation.

When the elevators opened, a wheelchair’s wheel got stuck in the entrance. I just happened to be by the side, and crouched down to help him pull out his wheel.

The person on the wheelchair said thank you. I went on the elevator and felt this voice was very familiar.

It was terrible that the door closed quickly. I didn’t get to see that person’s face.

After I got to work, Sister Ma asked me how it went. I evaded the question with a few sentences. Sister said, did you not like him. I said, Big sister, your words are too heavy. That rascal didn’t like me.

Sister Ma squinted her eyes at me, and said, full of experience: “I know, Xiao Qiao, next time I will help you find a local.”

“I didn’t mean that.” I busily explained it. When I was about to grab elder sister’s arm, the long disappeared Cheng Jia Yang suddenly appeared.

Sister Ma’s attention immediately shifted away from me. Her face was full of smiles: “Jia Yang, you returned?”

“Ah, yesterday I returned. Are you well, big sister? What are you talking about, to be so happy?” He said this as he watched me.

“Say it, find Miss Qiao a local man. Jia Yang, you know many people, help look around.”

I hated this old woman a little now.

It wasn’t because the one in front of me was Cheng Jia Yang, but was because of her concern towards other people’s private life.

I looked at my files at the table when I heard Cheng Jia Yang laugh: “Big sister, I don’t have anymore A4 paper in my office, grab another bag for me.”

“No problem, I can help you grab two bags.”

Jia Yang came out. I heard Sister Ma say: “You won’t have to look for a better

life. You have money when you need it, a position, knowledge and love.” Big sister turned back to look at me, “Do you know who his match is? It is,”

I didn’t even need to reply, she could finish the dialogue by herself.

“It’s Wen Xiao Hua, that beautiful host. The two families are pretty compatible. I heard Young Master Cheng is going to marry soon.”

My hand could not help but shake a little.

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